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THE NEW YORKER

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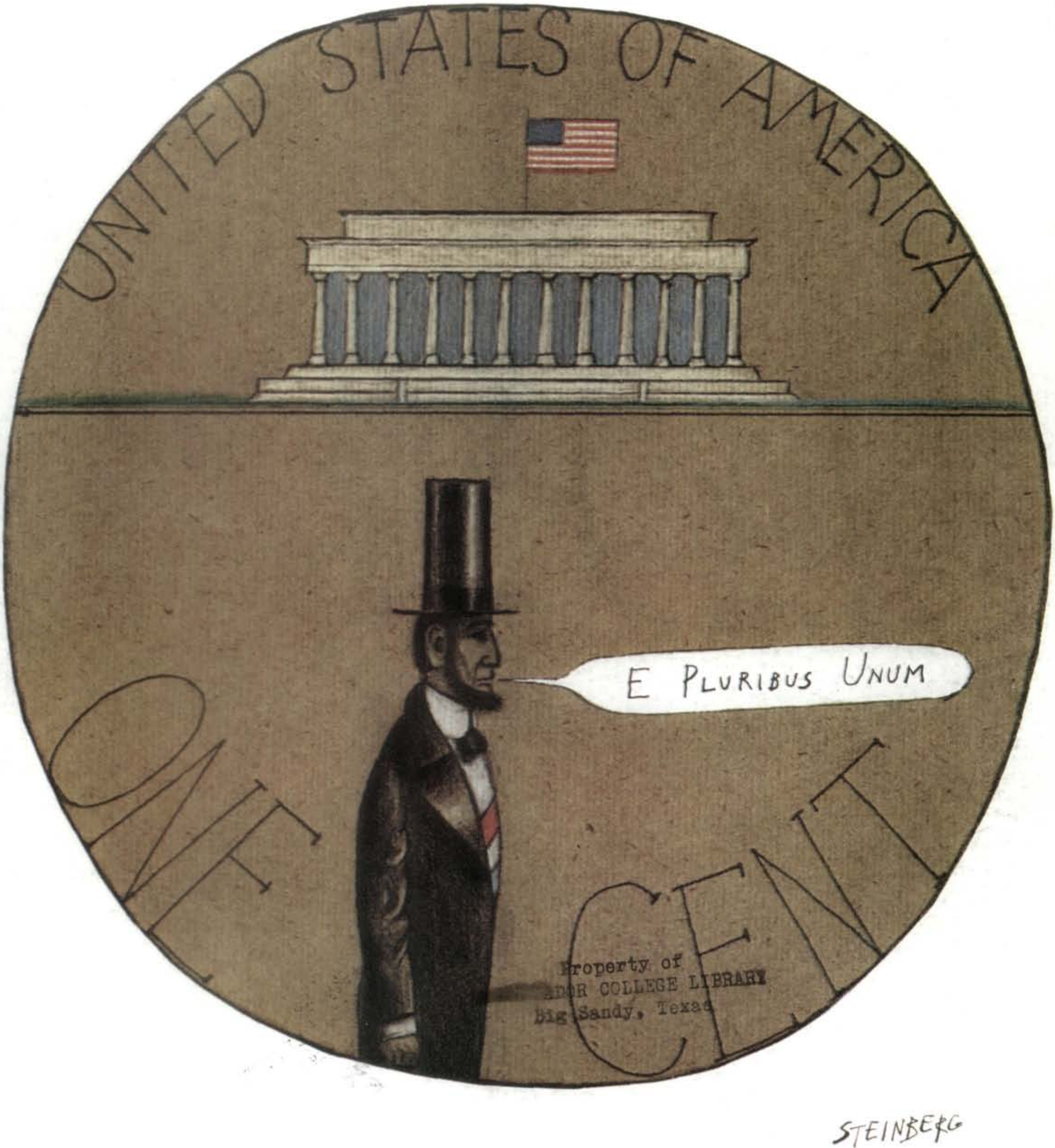
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Julie Harris in a one-woman show about the life of Emily Dickinson. Written by William Luce; Charles Nelson Reilly directed. Opens Wednesday, April 28, and will run through Sunday, May 23. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's Tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Can You Smell Gas?—British comedienne Linda Polan in a one-woman show, with sketches by Andrew Davies and music by Tony Hatch and Rick Jones. Preview Wednesday, April 28. Opens officially on Thursday, April 29, at 7. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Kim Hunter in a revival of the Chekhov play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Des Journées Entières dans les Arbres—A one-and-a-half-week engagement of the Jean-Louis Barrault production, written by Marguerite Duras, and starring Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Opens Thursday, May 6, and will run through Saturday, May 15. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—Opening performances of a three-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan that will run through Sunday, May 23. Tuesday, May 4, at 8 (preview), and Wednesday, May 5, at 6:30 (opening): THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 6-7, at 8, and Saturday, May 8, at 2 and 8: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias, who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast headed by Graham Brown is very good, indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30.)

The Heiress—A revival of the sturdy 1947 comedy that Ruth and Augustus Goetz fashioned out of Henry James's novel "Washington Square." With Richard Kiley and Jane Alexander as a disastrously ill-matched father and daughter. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Leonard Frey is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—Will Holt and Dolly Jonah in a program of Weill songs. The first of three performances. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesday, May 4, at 8.)

The Lady from the Sea—Vanessa Redgrave is the lady, and nothing else matters. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Medal of Honor Rag—The entire action of Tom Cole's play is a psychiatric session at an Army hospital, the patient being a black soldier—a Vietnam veteran who has won the Congressional Medal of Honor for an episode he considers shameful. The situation is in itself absorbing, and there is no melodramatic fakery. The performances by Howard E. Rollins, Jr., as the soldier, and David

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DRAWINGS: *Al Ross, Virgil Partch, Frank Modell, Charles Addams, William Steig, James Stevenson, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, William Hamilton, James Graves, Donald Reilly, Robert Weber, Everett Opie, Eldon Dedini, Jack Ziegler, Tom Funk, Dana Fradon, Stan Hunt, J. B. Handelsman*

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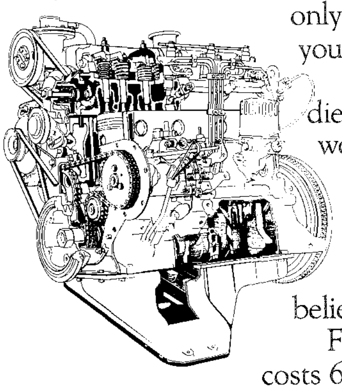

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Clennon, as his doctor, are excellent. David Chambers directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, May 2.)

Monty Python Live!—The British TV comics rush through their assorted acts of silliness as if the world were coming to an end, and not with a bang but a giggle. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 6 and 9:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—A venal husband seeks to make everyone happy by incessant acts of seduction. Alan Ayckbourn is a clever playwright, and we laugh continuously at his dark view of domesticity, which is presented to us in three independent plays, each complete in itself and staged at succeeding performances. The schedule is complicated—**TABLE MANNERS:** Wednesday, April 28, at 2; Friday, April 30, as well as Monday, May 3, and Wednesday, May 5, at 8; and Saturday, May 8, at 2. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, April 28, at 8; Saturday, May 1, at 2; and Tuesday, May 4, as well as Thursday, May 6, and Saturday, May 8, at 8. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Thursday, April 29, and Saturday, May 1, at 8; Wednesday, May 5, at 2; and Friday, May 7, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

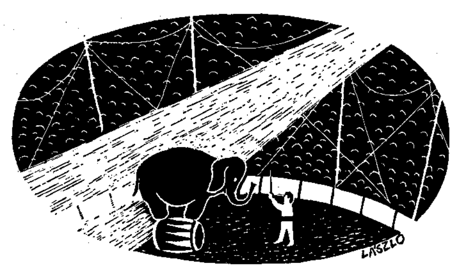
The Old Glory—A trilogy of plays ("Endecott and the Red Cross," "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," and "Benito Cereno") by Robert Lowell that are being performed as a single, double, or triple bill. **BENITO CERENO:** Wednesday and Thursday, April 28-29, at 1:30, and Thursday, May 6, at 8. . . . **ENDECOTT AND THE RED CROSS** and **MY KINSMAN, MAJOR MOLINEUX:** Wednesday and Thursday, April 28-29, at 8; Saturday, May 1, at 1:30; Wednesday, May 5, at 8; and Thursday, May 6, and Saturday, May 8, at 1:30. . . . **TRILOGY:** Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 6; Sunday, May 2, and Wednesday, May 5, at 1:30; and Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 6. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Pacific Overtures—A musical that, with comparatively little music, tells the unedifying story of how Commodore Perry helped open up Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian and almost all-male cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—Final performances of the engagement. Bella and Samuel Spewack's **BOY MEETS GIRL,** directed by John Lithgow: Wednesday, April 28, at 2, and Saturday, May 1, at 8. . . . ¶ William Gillette's **SECRET SERVICE,** directed by Daniel Freudenberger: Thursday and Friday, April 29-30, at 8; Saturday, May 1, at 2; and Sunday, May 2, at 3. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820.)

The Primary English Class—Israel Horovitz's one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. With Jill Eikenberry. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rex—A musical with Nicol Williamson as Henry VIII, a noisy king bent upon gaining a male heir to his throne. The music is by Richard Rodgers, the lyrics are by Sheldon Harnick, and the book is by Sherman Yellen. The best things in the show are the sets and costumes, by John Conklin. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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The Royal Family—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Alan Howard in **HENRY V:** Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays and Wednesday, May 5, at 2. . . . **THE HOLLOW CROWN,** an anthology of music, poetry, speeches, letters, and other writings by and about the kings and queens of England: Saturday, May 1, and Saturday, May 8, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

Season-Within-a-Season—Two one-act plays, Alberta Hill's **SUNSHINE, MOONBEAM** and Ali Wadud's **KINGDOM,** make up the final offering in a series of plays by black playwrights, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Leonard Bernstein (music), with Ken Howard, Patricia Routledge, and Gilbert Price. Gilbert Moses and George Faison directed. Previews through Monday, May 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 4. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

So Long, 174th Street—Robert Morse in a musical with a book by Joseph Stein (based on his comedy "Enter Laughing" and Carl Reiner's book of the same name) and music and lyrics by Stan Daniels. Directed by Burt Shevelove. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, Paul Rudd, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A revival of the Kurt Weill-Bertolt Brecht musical, in a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett, with Ellen Greene and Raul Julia. The final presentation of the season by the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Previews through Friday, April 30. Opens officially on Saturday, May 1, and will run through Sunday, June 6. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays and Wednesday, May 5, at 2:30.)

Tickles by Tucholsky—Helen Gallagher and Joe Masiell in a musical translated and adapted, by Louis Golden and Harold Poor, from the works of the German satirist Kurt Tucholsky. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Ted Pritchard, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

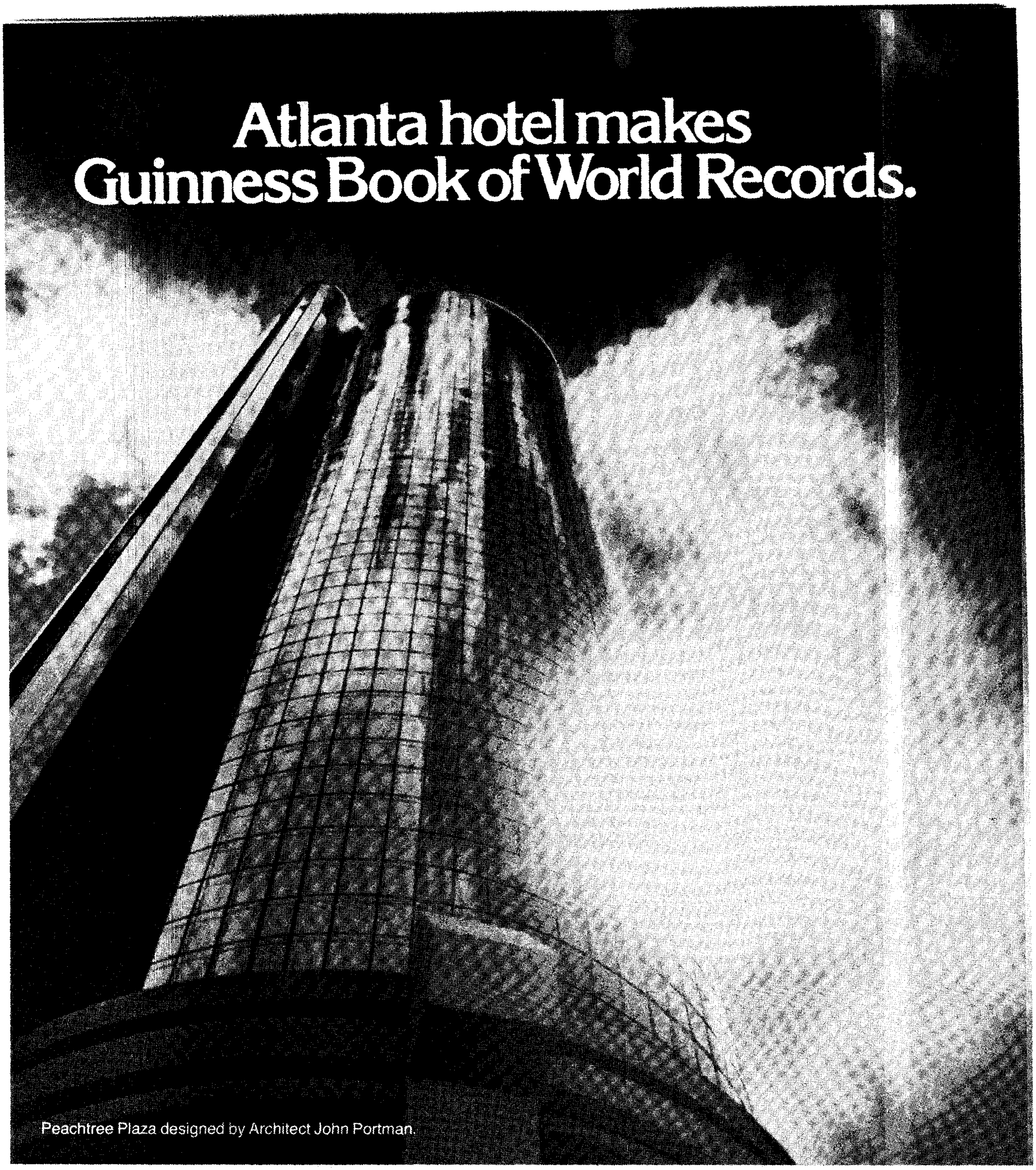
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee's witty and compassionate study of the human predicament. With Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara, ably directed by Mr. Albee. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Yentl—An awkward play about Jewish life in Poland in the nineteenth century. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which the many implausibilities of the plot must have been easier to steal past than they are onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

Long Runs—**CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Richard Burton, Keith McDermott, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,665 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but

Atlanta hotel makes Guinness Book of World Records.



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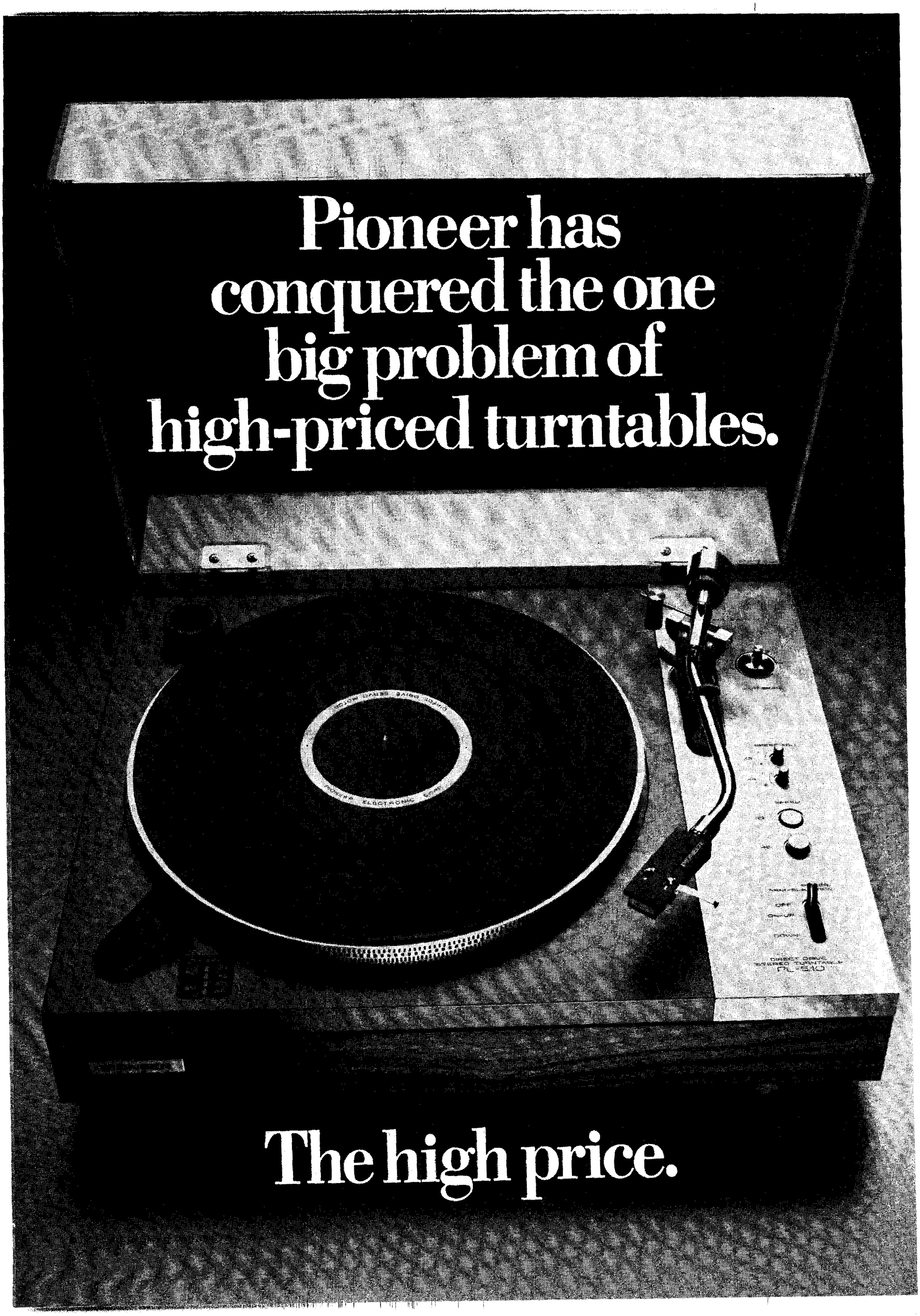
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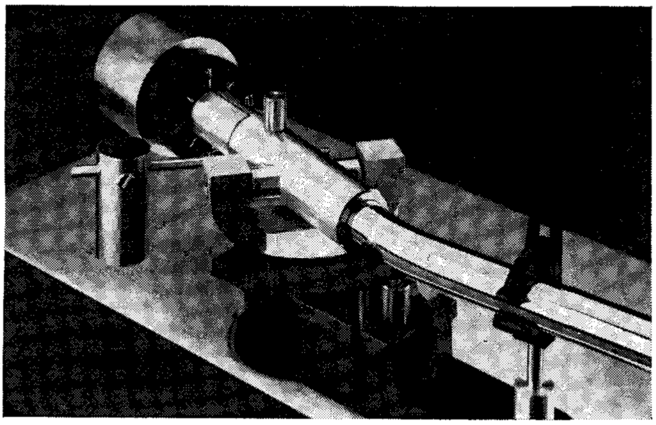

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's salute to two hundred years of circus in America. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10 and 2:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

Mummenschanz—A Swiss mime-and-mask troupe of three. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, May 1, at 3 and 8, and Sunday, May 2, at 3.)

Tribute to George Abbott—Elizabeth Ashley, Betty Comden, Arlene Francis, Jack Gilford, Adolph Green, Anne Jackson, Sam Levene, Shirley MacLaine, Liza Minnelli, Maureen O'Sullivan, Harold Prince, Maureen Stapleton, Jule Styne, and Eli Wallach will be among those doing bits and pieces from Broadway shows written and/or directed by Mr. Abbott, now eighty-eight and working on a new one. A benefit for the Theatre and Music Collection of the Museum of the City of New York. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. Sunday, May 2, at 7:30. For tickets, call 879-4890.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, April 28, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "La Sonnambula," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Thursday, April 29, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Friday, April 30, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Ivesiana," "Pas de Deux," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 1: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Rapsodie Espagnole," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 7: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Pas de Deux," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday, May 5, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Friday, May 7, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8: "Firebird," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

Royal Ballet—Wednesday matinée and evening, April 28: "La Bayadère," "A Month in the Country," and "Rituals."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, April 29-30: "La Bayadère" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 1, and Monday evening, May 3: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 4: "Elite Syncopations" (American première), "A Month in the Country," and "Rituals."... ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, May 5: "Swan Lake." ... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 6-7, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 8: "Manon." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, May 15.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 23—Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, May 4-5: "Night Creature," "Reflections in D," "The Mooche," and "Liberian Suite."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 6-7: "The Lark Ascending," "Hermit Songs," "After Eden," and "Caravan" (première).... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 8: "Streams," "The Mooche," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "Caravan," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Laura Dean Dance Company—Performing "Song," a new work in which the dancers also sing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 29, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 8; and Sunday, May 2, at 2.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A program of new works by Anna Sokolow, Kazuko Hirabayashi, and Daniel Lewis, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble conducted by Kenneth Jean. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Saturday, May 8, at 8; Sunday, May 9, at 3; and Monday, May 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. An absolutely first-rate, exciting quintet co-piloted by tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**, a Horace Silver alumnus, and drummer **LOUIS HAYES**, a veteran of Silver, Cannonball Adderley, and Oscar Peterson groups, is here through Saturday, May 1. The group also includes Ronnie Matthews, a successful more-is-more soloist, on piano; Stafford James, a colorful young bass player; and trumpeter **WOODY SHAW**, another wonderful soloist. They play new compositions by Shaw, Walter Booker, Larry Young, and others, and a healthy measure of Monk, too. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, April 28, second-generation Chicago-blues classicists **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS** and their band trade sets with rock singer Les Dudek. Three nights—Thursday through Saturday, April 29-May 1—of unadulterated jazz follow, with **CHARLES MINGUS** and his ensemble and **ELVIN JONES'** quintet. On Friday, May 7, two country-rock groups—J. D. Souther's and Tom Pacheco's—will arrive. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. **BOBBY DOROUGH** and his bassist, **BILL TAKAS**, take on the talkers through Saturday, May 1. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS**, whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is home and wearing a tux rather than a N. Y. Bets sweatshirt. He is assisted by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND**, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, weeknights (except on Wednesday, April 28, when **BARBARA CARROLL** fills in) from nine-thirty, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN**, not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is a fleet and immaculate player. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Songwriters **GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD** alternate with pianist Marty Napoleon and bassist Bucky Calabrese weeknights. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. Four-string tenor guitarist Tiny Grimes will sit in with the regulars on Tuesday, May 4. Red Richards plays piano most nights from eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, May 2, will be turned over to the **BILLY TAYLOR** trio, which will begin at eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space

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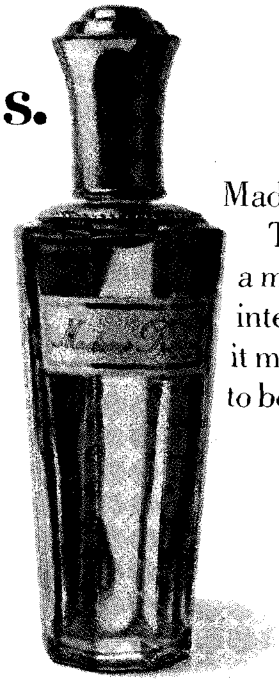

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but not on music: Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** is usually here, working with guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE.** They alternate with the lively resident swing trio—**BROOKS KERR, SONNY GREER,** and **RUSSELL PROCOPE.** On Sunday, May 2, Chiasson and Little will collaborate with pianist Derek Smith from five to nine. Sundays through Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three, **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, leads a trio. And, Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, it's presenting pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** and his beautifully feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations. Three sets, from ten. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Pianist Lance Hayward performs nightly, except Wednesdays, when Jim Roberts takes over the keyboard. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Carol Sloane, a jazz-inspired popular singer, is on hand with a solid backup crew—tenor saxophonist Al Cohn, pianist Norman Simmons, drummer Ron Traxler, and bassist George Mraz—Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Sundays through Thursdays, Phyllis Hyman, a promising smoky-voiced singer, and her backing trio, headed by the fine young pianist Onaje Allan Gumbs, are on the canopied bandstand. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. **JIMMY WITHERSPOON,** who began as a Kansas City blues singer and who now, thirty years later, is a West Coast blues singer, is the headliner here through Sunday, May 2. On Wednesday, May 5, Eric Andersen will come in for five nights. A decade ago, Andersen's early folk and folk-rock work was, in spite of its Dylan-hand-me-down quality, fresh, spirited, and stirring; his performances of folk and country tunes over the past few years, however, have been generally disappointing, low-keyed, and sometimes downright sluggish. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

LE PETIT CAFÉ, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES,** a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Garland Jeffreys, who sings fifties rock songs, among other things, with a Jaggerlike sneering energy, is working opposite soul singer Gerri Griffin through Sunday, May 2. On Tuesday, May 4, local folkie Raun MacKinnon and her band will come in. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

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STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival–New York, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

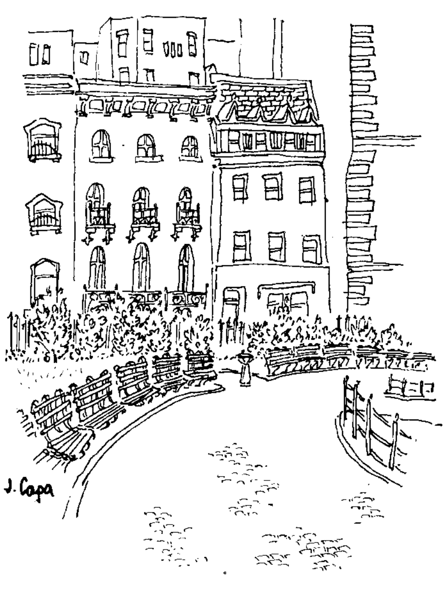
STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play every night. Among them is a vigorous twelve-piece band under the leadership of pianist and arranger **DAVE MATTHEWS** on Mondays. The rest of the week: Carmen Leggio's trio works on Wednesday, April 28; saxophonist and flutist Eddie Daniels leads a quartet on Thursday, April 29; and tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley's quartet will be here Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1. The regular Sunday feature is the duo of guitarists **JOE PUMA** and **CHUCK WAYNE.** Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The management here is partial to the jazz guitar and is responsible for a two-and-a-half-month-long guitar festival. The lineup for the next week and a half includes: **JIM HALL** and his bassist through Sunday, May 2; Joe Loduca Monday through Wednesday, May 3-5; and Gene Bertoncini and bassist Mike Moore beginning Thursday, May 6. The hours run from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner, and, while the owners reapply for a liquor license, soft drinks.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with Saturday-afternoon poetry readings, a hectic music schedule, and a bartender who doubles as a talented blackboard calligrapher. Friday through Sunday, April 30-May 2, **TED CURSON** and his rousing septet are on the stand. Tuesday through Thursday, May 4-6, Bob Mover, an up-and-coming saxophonist, will bring in a combo. Beginning Friday, May 7, trombonist **ROSWELL RUDD** and his group will move in for three nights. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

TOP OF THE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate is alive and kicking. On Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, **CHICO HAMILTON** and **PHAROAH SANDERS** and their bands share the facilities. Music from ten. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The **GEORGE COLEMAN** octet is making all the music in these distinguished, if stuffy, quarters through Sunday, May 2. On Tuesday, May 4, **BETTY CARTER,** one of the few truly improvisational singers, will bring in her trio. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band squeezes itself onto the bandstand and lets go with some big-band seriousness. Music from ten.



WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, singer and drummer **MEL TORMÉ** and drummer and black-belt **BUDDY RICH** will take charge for two weeks, beginning Tuesday, May 4. Rich's sixteen-piece aggregation helps out. Dancing. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by two tenor saxophonists—**BUDDY TATE** and Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex—drummer Ronnie Cole, and pianist **SAMMY PRICE.** The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

WILLY'S, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—An often sparsely populated music room. Paul Knopf, a pianist and composer, is here with a trio through Saturday, May 1. On Wednesday, May 5, the moving, bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** will take his place onstage. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 28, at 5:45: **MICKI GRANT.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 5, at 5:45: **CHICO HAMILTON AND THE PLAYERS.**

SHIRLEY MACLAINE—With her chorus-line "gypsies." (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

YAFFA YARKONI—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.

ELLINGTON IS FOREVER—Mercer Ellington conducting the Duke Ellington Orchestra, with Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, and the Hampton Choir, in a benefit concert. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, April 29, at 7:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

BOZ SCAGGS and **THE SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Thursday, April 29, at 8.

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS—Beacon Theatre. Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 7:30 and 11:30.

RAY CHARLES AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH THE RAELETTES—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, April 30, at 8.

A TRIBUTE TO JIMMY HEATH—The première of "The Afro-American Suite of Evolution," composed and conducted by Jimmy Heath, with a thirty-five-piece concert orchestra and chorus, Stanley Cowell, Percy Heath, and others, plus the Jazzmobile Workshop Ensemble. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 1, at 8.)

NATIONAL JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Chuck Israels conducting the last in a series of concerts. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, May 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ROBERTA FLACK—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 1, at 8:30.

JOE COCKER and **THE KGB BAND**—Beacon Theatre. Sunday, May 2, at 8.

PAUL SIMON, PHOEBE SNOW, and **JIMMY CLIFF**—A benefit concert for the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. (Madison Square

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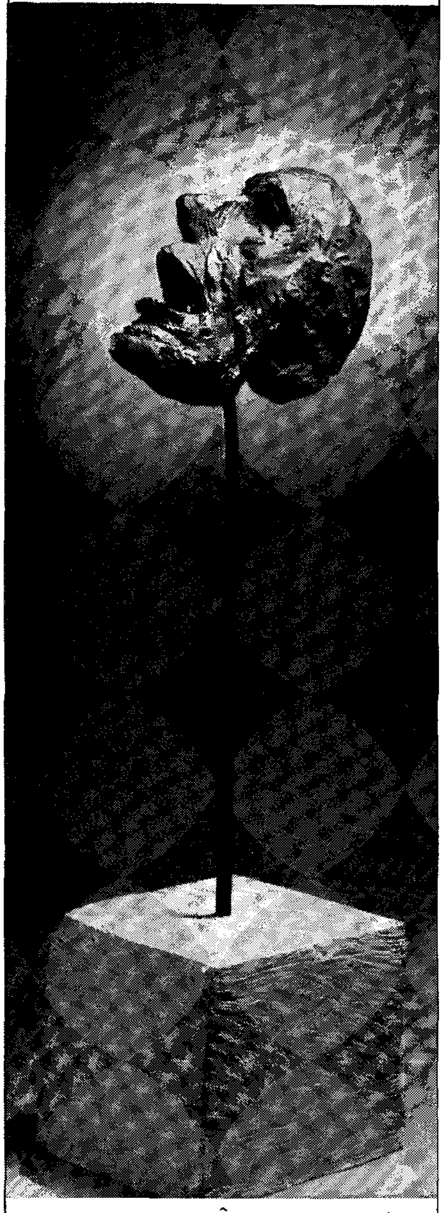

Alberto Giacometti. *Tête d'Homme sur Tige*, 1947. Bronze, black patina, on plaster base; one of six casts.
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Eddie Kendricks and **Mandrill**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, May 7, at 7 and 11.

Santana and **Kokomo**—Beacon Theatre. Friday, May 7, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Peter Lemongello—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.

Roy Buchanan—With Firefall. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Tom Waits—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, May 8, at 8.

Hot Tuna—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, May 8, at 8 and at midnight, and Sunday, May 9, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953)—It seems odd that these abstract, Constructivist paintings, with their skillfully arranged clockworks of checks and balances, should already have acquired the aura of quaint antique pieces. Through June 15. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Leland Bell—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by a figurative painter who leans toward bold patterns and has an almost choreographic sense of rhythm. Through May 15. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Nell Blaine—Forthright flower studies, seascapes, and other works in oil and watercolor, and ink-and-wash drawings. Through Saturday, May 8. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

George Booth—Cartoons and drawings, many of them involving the cats and dogs with electric emotions who play such a prominent role in his works. Through May 15. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Harold Bruder—Realist paintings of New York City street scenes, along with portraits and landscapes. Through May 13. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Patrick Byrne (1877-1974)—Naïve paintings, mostly of domestic animals and proposed houses, by a Missouri dirt farmer who took up painting in his last thirteen years and had an inborn sense of style, a purity of purpose that comes across clearly, and vigor enough to want to do a work entitled "Ava Gardner, Movie Star." Through Friday, April 30. (Kronen, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Charles Cajori—Pencilled drawings of the same model, sometimes robed and sometimes not, done over a period of several months while she was pregnant; and a number of abstracts, in ink, tempera, and charcoal, inspired by the same figure. The draftsmanship is first-rate. Through Saturday, May 8. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Clarence Carter—A double exhibit: Early paintings (1926-51), including portraits and cityscapes (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.), and a retrospective of the artist's works on paper (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.). Both through May 29.

D. Clark—Interpretive portraits of Walt Whitman and Chief Crazy Horse are part of a group of paintings that draw on American history for their content. Through Saturday, May 8. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jean Hélion—This lively French artist was a friend of both Mondrian and Léger, and in this show, which begins with his early abstract period and moves on to his current representational works, the influences of both men are discernible, as is a pronounced Gallic élan. Through May 22. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Barkley Hendricks—Life-size portraits of young urban blacks, most of them endowed with sporting-life machismo and its female equivalent. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 8. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Margaret Israel—Ceramic sculptures, constructions of wood and ceramics, and mural-size wall hangings with a sketched-in black-and-white pattern of everyday people. Through Saturday, May 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ida Kohlmeyer—Fresh, vigorous abstract oils, most of them big canvases in a checkerboard pattern of lively component abstracts, each a discrete composition. The artist, from New Orleans, is new to the New York scene. Through Saturday, May 1. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Ammi Phillips (1788-1865)—Oil portraits of residents of the Hudson and Housatonic Valleys selected to show the artist's diverse styles. Through Saturday, May 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Jochen Seidel (1924-71) / **Louis Comtois**—Crayon and pencil drawings of words in black-and-white and color. / Paintings composed of panels of muted color. Through Saturday, May 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—A selection of landscapes, along with paintings of Washington Square Park and Grand Central Station, by one of the leading members of the Ashcan school. Through Thursday, May 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—A set of abstract paintings from the late fifties and early sixties. Through May 13. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Pat Steir—Twenty new drawings, most of them incorporating thoughts of the artist that are handwritten into the composition. Through Saturday, May 8. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Fifty-eight paintings representing every phase of the artist's development, from representational figures to the "white writing" of his later years. Through Saturday, May 1. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Joe Zucker—Four representational paintings made entirely of cotton that has been dipped in acrylic and fastened to canvas. They depict such subjects as cotton bales and a University of Virginia law-school building. Through Thursday, May 6. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: A pastel by Christo, a gouache by Magritte, and a sculpture by Anthony Caro are among the works on view. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian colonial paintings. Through July 25. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Sculptures (by Harry Bertoia, Max Bill, and others) predominate in this show, which also has on view paintings by, among others, Enrico Donati and Paul Delvaux. Through Saturday, May 1. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Examples (by Ingres, David, Clodion, and others) of French neoclassical paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through May 15. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Helen Beling, Sahl Swarz, and David Burt are contributors to a show of nonobjective works in stone, wood, and steel. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pat Adams—This artist provides a dense, rich background for her abstract paintings (she would obviously feel neglectful if the tiniest area went unattended), yet there is nothing fussy or crowded about these surfaces, and they provide a perfect setting for her main surprises, which streak across the canvas like bright-colored strands of confetti. Through Saturday, May 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michèle Amateau—Oil paintings of grasses, rushes, reeds, and bodies of water in Utah and Colorado. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Anne Arnold—Sculptures of animals, including a nearly life-size cow resting contentedly on the floor, and sure-handed drawings of animals—pigs, elephants, geese, cats, gorillas, and so on. Through Saturday, May 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Cadmus—Ink and crayon works and a couple of oils by this master of figure drawing. Through Saturday, May 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Large abstract paintings in which broad areas of solid color support one another, as boulders in a stone wall. Through May 13. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Henri Ford—A show of more than a hundred postcards sent over the years to this poet-photographer by his friends, among them Gertrude Stein, Robert Indiana, John Lennon, and Yoko Ono. Through Saturday, May 1. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Thomas George—Brush-and-ink drawings by an American artist whose depictions of Norwegian mountains indirectly led to an invitation to China, where he happily worked away, in Kwangsi Province, on those snaggletooth peaks peculiar to Chinese landscapes. The result is a nice blend of Western energy and Eastern subject matter. Through May 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

William King—Caricatures of tennis players and their followers carved in wood by this humorous sculptor, who specializes in lanky, taller-than-life figures. Dominating the show is a skeleton entitled "Boo," who stands sixteen feet tall. Through Saturday, May 8. (Dintenfass, in a new location, at 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Additional works by the same artist—figures cut from a heavy silvery plastic and mounted on a white ground, and watercolor portraits—may be seen in an adjoining gallery, the Sumers. Also through Saturday, May 8.

Joyce Kozloff—Outbursts of colorful and intensely complicated Islamic patterns erupt in the otherwise relatively restful domains of this artist's abstract paintings, which show clearly the effects of a recent trip she took to Morocco. Through Thursday, May 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mon Levinson—Paper works that have been dipped in various coloring agents, including tea and coffee, acrylics and ink, and then encased in Plexiglas frames. They have some of the appealing quality of antique documents, although not a word is written on them. Through Saturday, May 1. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Felicia Meyer—Landscapes, interiors, portraits, and still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 8. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Miró—Some of the same dash and wit that go into this artist's paintings and graphics are present in the thirty-three pieces of sculpture in this exhibition, but there is also present, in the larger works, an undertone of solemnity that is probably inescapable in massive metal works. A number of the pieces are painted in bright, Miró colors, and they look like toys grown up. Through Saturday, May 8. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira (1905-71)—About fifty paintings from all phases of this geometric abstractionist's career. Through Saturday, May 8. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Roger Welch—The last time around, this video artist gave us a relentless interview with a man who had survived a plunge over Niagara Falls, and now he interviews a sextet of prizefighters, who talk about their craft on a video screen in a gallery set up to look like a boxing arena, complete with a standard ring (unoccupied), while taped fight-crowd noises compete with the boxers' monologues. Through May 12. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—A thirty-three-foot-long still-life comprised of four shaped canvases; the shapes of the canvases are determined by the subjects—a set of automobile keys, a toothbrush, a cigarette, and a ring with a ruby-red stone. Altogether, it must be the largest still-life in the whole history of Pop Art. Also, new additions to his series on cigarette smokers. Through May 22. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William T. Wiley—Drawings, paintings, and constructions with a strong flavor of Wild West fantasies done by a California artist who writes long messages on his works and has a taste for bad puns ("Vague-a-Bond" and "He Ain't My Heavy, He's My Other") and a sort of cowboy disdain for the niceties of craftsmanship. Through May 15. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Group Show—Joe Neill, Barbara Zucker, and others are exhibitors in a show of works that range from colored-rubber floor pieces and ceramic pillows to ladders and tents. Through May 15. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SOHO

John Baeder—Photo-Realist paintings of roadside diners. Through May 15. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Maude Boltz—Laminated-wood wall pieces, and watercolors. Through May 19. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Charles Fahlen—Distinctive wall pieces and floor constructions, in both of which unusual shapes are fashioned from unusual materials (mostly resinous) and, in many cases, linked together with long hinges. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Duffy, 157 Spring St.)

Audrey Flack / Jerome Kirk—Photo-Realist paintings of fruit, pastry, and personal objects. / Table-size kinetic sculptures. Through Saturday, May 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Pinchas Cohen Gan—Wispy, hesitant paintings, mostly of figures, sketched in on cloth by an Israeli artist who has dour views about what the world is coming to, and who supports his theses with impressive and no doubt germane mathematical equations doodled in here and there. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Joan Gardner / Alan Finkel—Drawings of objects and parts of the body, cut out and arranged on a solid field of white or black board. / An ambitious exhibit that involves, among other things, ladders, radiator brushes, and collages made of a couple of hundred bunion pads affixed to paper. Through May 12. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Joe Giordano—Plant-filled interiors plus portraits and New York rooftop scenes in which utterly citified water tanks stand out against a sky beautiful enough to belong out in the country. Through Thursday, May 6. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Alan Kessler / Caroline Gassner Kaplowitz—Realist paintings of plants in foil-wrapped flower pots. / Carved-wood sculptures of boxes that look as if their tops are being pushed open by a liquid overflow (also carved wood). Through May 15. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—Large, glistening sculptures in aluminum and stainless steel, usually involving two geometric shapes nested together—a half moon cradled in a precisely congruent arc, for instance. Through May 29. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene Street.)

Michael Loew / Daphne Mumford—Abstract geometric paintings. / Pencil drawings of hands. Through May 13. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Robert Morris—Outsize wood and metal sculptures, in two shows at 420 West Broadway. At the Sonnabend, on the third floor, are metal pieces that do tricks—for instance, four big, wedgelike metal weights hung in a row from the ceiling at various heights but with such exactitude of position that a spectator, sighting down the row through a slit of space afforded by the arrangement, will see, precisely defined, a black horizontal line taped on the wall at the opposite end of the gallery. Another arrangement consists of four large mirrors so distributed among four walls that a person looking into one of the mirrors through a metal frame hung in front of it will see a back view of himself. At the Castelli, on the second floor, are two massive works, one a kind of tunnel of metal and the other a wooden trestle that has the aura of Stonehenge. Through Saturday, May 8.

Annette Oko / Susan Tunick—Realist paintings of the façades of New York buildings, among them such watering places as McBell's and Teacher's. / Large, vertically oriented abstracts, in which a strip of some kind of fabric seems to be taking form. Through Saturday, May 1. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 112 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

John Opie—Interiors and several landscapes, mostly picnic scenes, by an artist whose paintings constitute a sort of intimate diary. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Betye Saar—Photographs, collages, butterflies, shoes, and other items arranged in boxes. Through May 29. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Martin Schreiber—Interwoven bands of color in geometric shapes. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

William Schwedler—Heavily textured abstract paintings that are divided up, like stained-glass windows, into sections marked off by thickly painted lines. Some of the inner com-

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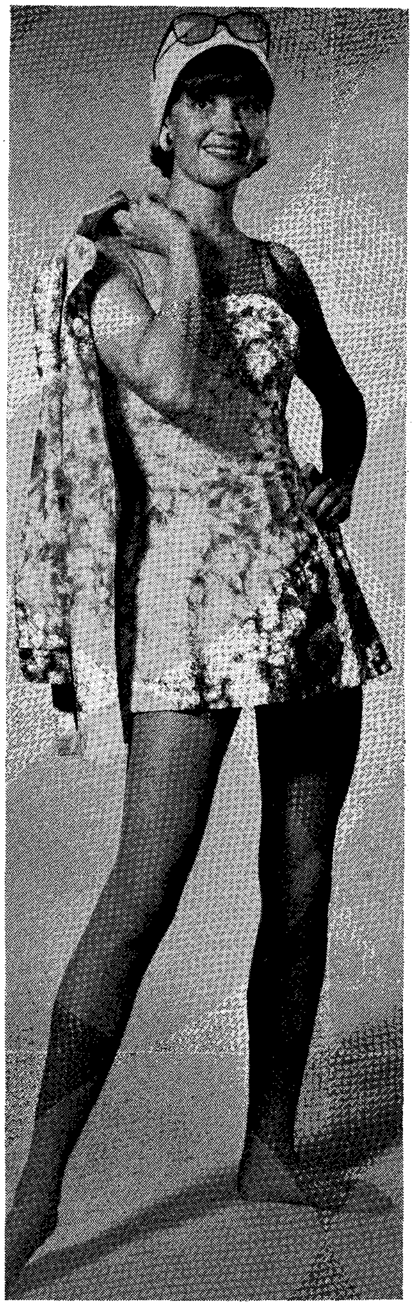

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partments convey an impression of cellular growth. Through Tuesday, May 4. (Alessandra, 489 Broome St.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—A re-creation of a piece from Cornell University's 1968 "Earth Art Show," consisting of a group of mirrors (about two feet square) with rock salt poured on them, and related drawings and photographs. Through May 19. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

George Szekely / Beatrice Riese—Clear plastic bags of liquid pigment hung on the wall in groups. / Paintings based on a grid. Through May 13. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Jackie Winsor—Five boxlike sculptures in wood and copper wire. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Show—Paintings by Naoto Nakagawa, sculptures by Avital Oz, and paintings and sculptures by Paul von Ringelheim. Through May 15. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **Eugene Brodsky** at Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6); **Stephen Garmey** at 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. (Through Wednesday, May 5. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **Douglas Huebler** at Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **Charles Patrick** at Aames, 93 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5).

OTHER GALLERIES

Bill Barrett—Abstract metal sculptures that have a satiny finish. Through May 21. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Don Freeman—Paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through June 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Sol LeWitt—Five modular aluminum sculptures that are finished in white enamel. Through May 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Wynn Bullock (1902-75)—Craftsmanly landscapes and nature studies by a California photographer who died last year. Through Sunday, May 2. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Baron De Meyer (1869-1946)—Early photogravures (still-lifes, fashion subjects, and society people), many of them originally published in Stieglitz's *Camera Work*. Through Saturday, May 1. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

Keith Dobran—Black-and-white photographs of still-life subjects (an avocado, a passionflower), and abstractions. Through May 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Fred Fehl—Three hundred photographs of dancers, actors, and musicians in performance. Through May 29. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. Weekdays, noon to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Robert Fichter / Michael Bishop—Landscapes, interiors, and portraits done in various processes, plus drawings and graphics. / Color photographs of sidewalks and back yards. Through Saturday, May 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Judy Fiskin—Black-and-white photographs of the desert. Through Saturday, May 1. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Dorothy Norman—Mostly photographs taken in the thirties under Alfred Stieglitz's tutelage, including a group of portraits of Stieglitz; studies of Cape Cod churches, gravestones, and plants; and portraits of John Marin, Morris Graves, Marcel Duchamp, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Bertolt Brecht, and other artists. Through Friday, April 30. (Ex Libris, 25 E. 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through May 16: Exhibitions of works by photographers Clarence John Laughlin, Michael P. Smith, David Plowden, and James Klosty. (Open Sundays.) . . . **Knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: "Photography of the Thirties," an exhibition bringing together representative work by Horst, Cecil Beaton, Bill Brandt, Walker Evans, Berenice Abbott, and others. Through Thursday, May 6. . . . **Midtown Y Gallery**, 344 E. 14th St.: Three Mexican photographers—Graciela Iturbide, Paulina Lavista, and Colette Urbajtel. Through May 16. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **Neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs of China by René Burri, Audrey Topping, and Chinese photographers. Through Saturday, May 1. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **Witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Part II of an exhibit of work taken from Alfred Stieglitz's quarterly *Camera Work*, including photogravures made by Steichen, the late Paul Strand, and others, as well as drawings by such artists as Rodin and Matisse. Also on view are twelve issues of the magazine *291*. Through Saturday, May 1. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The World of Franklin and Jefferson," an exhibit of artifacts, paintings, manuscripts, and photographs dealing with, to no one's surprise, the early history of this country. Through Sunday, May 2. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A loan show of drawings and etchings by the seventeenth-century French court painter Jacques Bellange, plus works by artists who influenced him and whom he influenced. Through Sunday, May 2. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Photographs by Wynn Bullock. Through Sunday, May 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

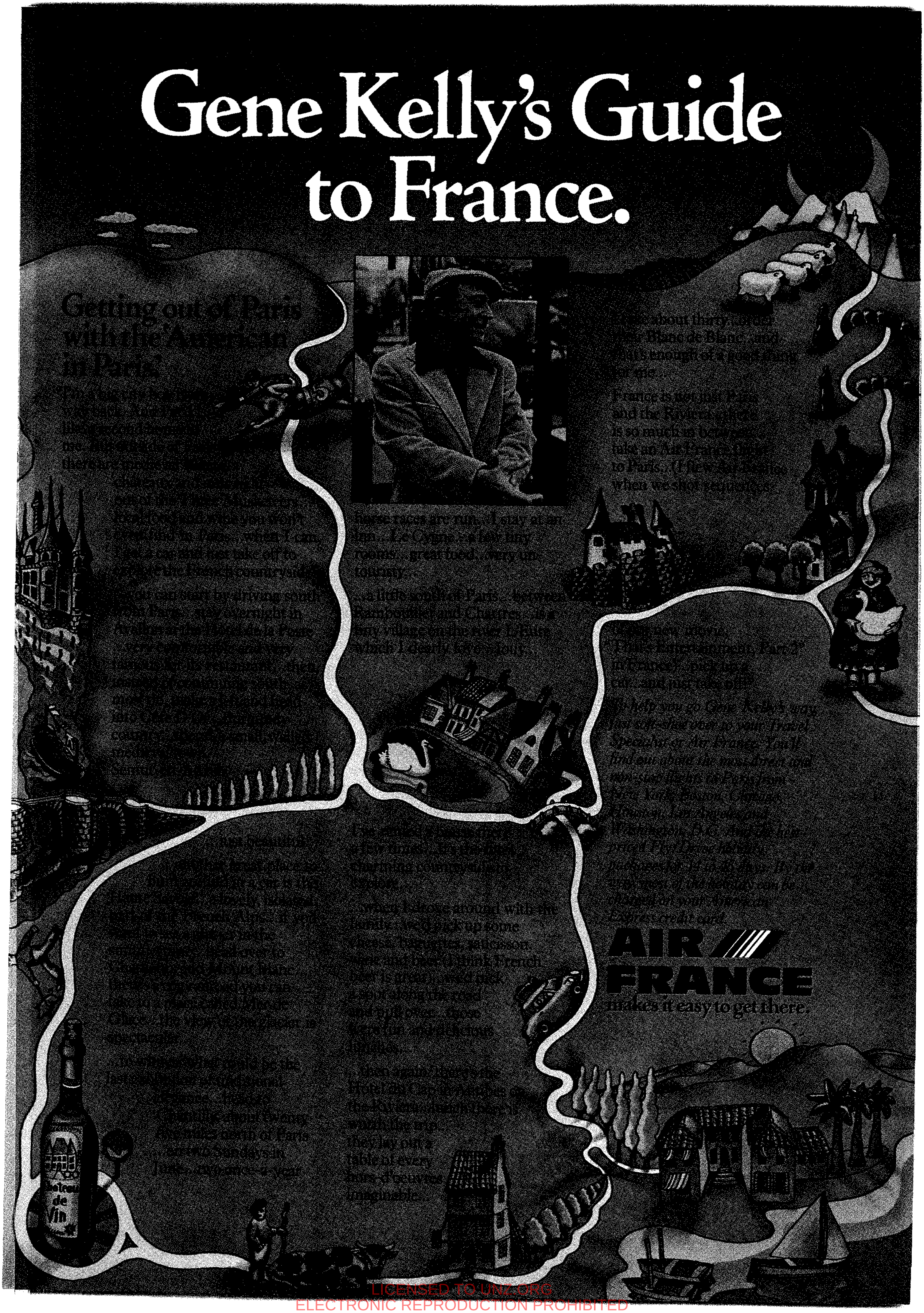
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred Fauvist paintings, whose colors still have a tingling shock value seventy years after their first formal showing shook up the art establishment in Paris. Matisse, Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, Marquet, and van Dongen are among the wild beasts in this engrossing exhibition. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Picasso, Mondrian, and Feininger are among the artists represented in a survey of Cubism and allied movements, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. (One, more recent, is a celestial-looking throne room constructed by a religious Washington janitor in his spare time and discovered after his death a few years ago.) The exhibit goes on, chronologically, to super-classical statues (Washington as Phidias might have depicted him), Hiram Powers' celebrated Greek Slave, works by the Calders (father and son), and on to David Smith and the earth-works Conceptualists. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Print Making/New Forms" includes works by Rauschenberg, Marisol, and Jody Shields. Through May 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Contem-



Gene Kelly's Guide to France.

Getting out of Paris with the 'American in Paris.'

[illegible] ... the French countryside.

You can start by driving south from Paris ... stay overnight in Avallon at the [illegible] ... very comfortable ... and very famous for its [illegible] ...

[illegible] ... horse races are run. I stay at an inn ... *Le Cygne* ... a few tiny rooms ... great food ... very un-touristy.

... a little south of Paris, between Rambouillet and Chartres, is a tiny village on the river L'Eure which I dearly love [illegible] ...

[illegible] ... just beautiful ... [illegible] ... French Alps ... [illegible] ... Mont Blanc ... [illegible] ... spectacular. [illegible]

[illegible] ... when I drove around with the family, we'd pick up some cheese, baguettes, saucisson, wine and beer (I think French beer is great) ... we'd pick a spot along the road and pull over ... [illegible]

[illegible] ... they lay out a table of every hors d'oeuvres imaginable.

[illegible] ... about thirty ... order ... Blanc de Blanc ... and that's enough of a good thing for me.

France is not just Paris and the Riviera. There is so much in between. Take an Air France flight to Paris. (I flew Air France when we shot sequences [illegible] ... my new movie, "That's Entertainment, Part 2" in France) ... pick up a car ... and just take off.

To help you go Gene Kelly's way, just [illegible] to your Travel Specialist or Air France. You'll find out about the most direct and non-stop flights to Paris from New York, Boston, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles and Washington, D.C. And the low priced Fly/Drive holiday packages ... [illegible] ... charged on your American Express credit card.

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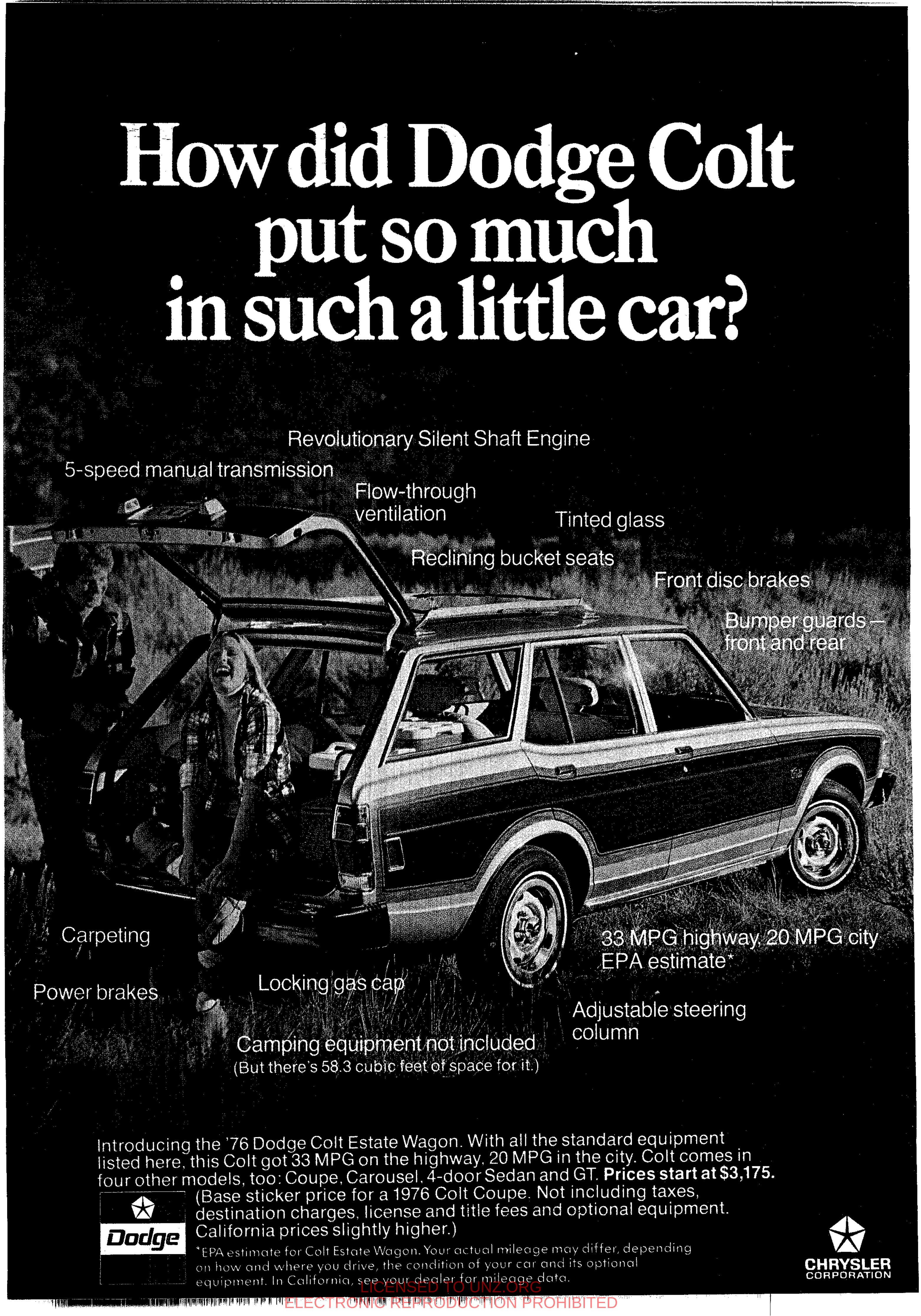

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CHRYSLER
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porary Japanese ceramics, including about twenty-five pieces by Kitaoji Rosanjin, together with sword guards from a private collection. Through June 27. This exhibit opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Nearly sixty hand scrolls and hanging scrolls, the majority of them ink landscapes, by Wen Cheng-ming (1470-1559) and by his teacher, Shen Chou. Through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the illustrated book in England, covering the years 1790 to 1914. It includes books, drawings, engravers' proofs, autograph letters, and manuscripts, and among the artists on view are Blake, Turner, Beardsley, and Beerbohm. Through Sunday, May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk art on paper, or made with paper, most of it done by New York artists. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary American quilts. . . . ¶ Clay soup tureens that were designed for a national competition. . . . ¶ Locks and keys dating from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. All three exhibitions through June 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A new installation of decorative art objects (American glass and pottery, Chinese Export porcelain, and other pieces) drawn from the Society's collections. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—"Ruth Page: Ballet Is a World Apart" is the title of a series of photographs, letters, posters, costume designs and some of the costumes themselves, and other memorabilia celebrating her fifty years on the ballet stage. Through Friday, May 7. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ Theatre photographs by Fred Fehl. Through May 29. (Weekdays, noon to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte," in English, staged by Louis Galterio, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 8.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—Mozart's "Impresario" and scenes from "Il Trovatore" and "Don Giovanni," conducted by Anton Coppola and staged by Jim Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 7, at 8, and Sunday, May 9, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call RI 9-2802.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, April 29, at 8:30; Friday, April 30, at 2; and Tuesday, May 4, at 7:30 (all with Judith Blegen, soprano); and Thursday, May 6, at 8:30; Friday, May 7, at 2; Saturday, May 8, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 11, at 7:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin).

Pittsburgh Symphony—William Steinberg conducting a performance of Berlioz' choral symphony "Romeo and Juliet," with Joy Davidson, mezzo-soprano; Gene Bullard, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting and acting as piano soloist in five in a series of nine concerts of Mozart concertos. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 29; Saturday, May 1; Monday, May 3; Wednesday, May 5; and Friday, May 7, all at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a program of German music, with Enoch Sherman, tenor; John Cullum, baritone and narrator; the University Glee Club; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society's Male Section. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 3.)

Orchestra of the National Orchestral Association—Patricia Handy conducting, with John Grady, organ. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, May 2, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers" in concert form, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor, and the Brooklyn College Chorus. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

University of Michigan Symphony Band and Wind Ensemble—H. Robert Reynolds conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the final concert of the season, with a symphony orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 30, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the last in a series of concerts of American music, this one devoted to "The Contemporary Twentieth Century." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a performance of Monteverdi's "1610 Vespers," with Peggy Pruett and Christine Whittlesey, sopranos; John Aler, Robert White, and David Bender, tenors; Ronald Corrado, baritone; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8.)

RECITALS

Anthony Newman—Organ, in the fourth in a series of five all-Bach programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.)

Tashi—Peter Serkin's quartet in the last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The final concert of the season, this one played by Jaime Laredo and Lucy Chapman, violin; Heiichiro Ohyama and Daniel Phillips, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 29, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 1, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 1, at 8, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Monday, May 3, and Thursday, May 6, at 8, the last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, May 2, at 2:15.)

Catharine Crozier—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 8.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—An all-Schubert program, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 8.)

Clamma Dale—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 3, at 8.)

Diane Walsh—Piano. (Hunter College Play-

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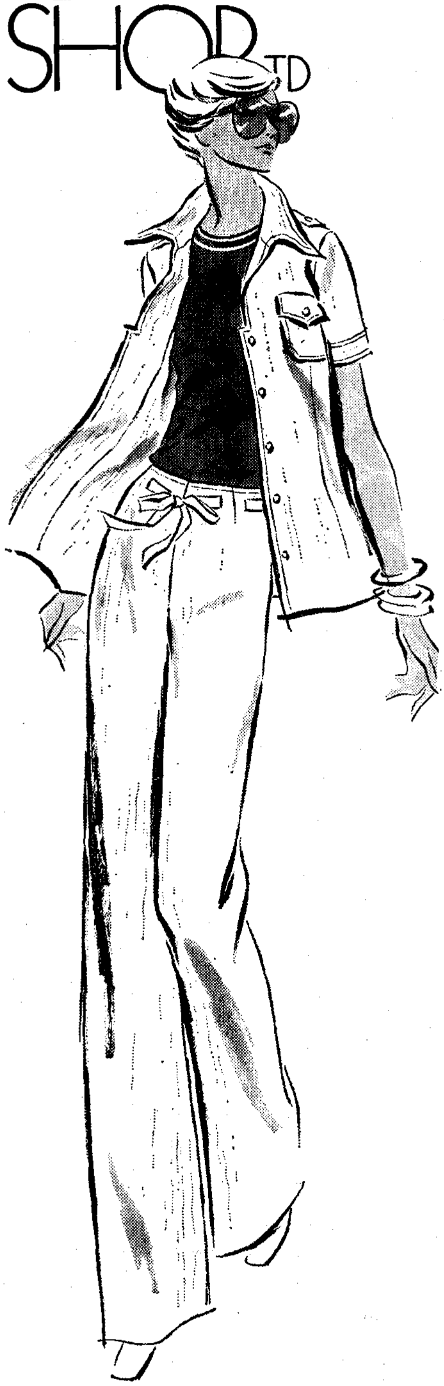

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

house, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, May 4, at 8.)

Joyce Britton—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano, in a benefit recital. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, May 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-5537.)

Robert Smith—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first of two concerts presenting the Bartók cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 6, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord, in a program of sixteenth- to eighteenth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8.)

Morton Estrin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 2:30.)

Horacio Gutierrez—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., is 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday and Thursday, April 28-29, at 4:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, April 30, at 8:05; Saturday, May 1, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 2, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 4-5, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 6, at 4:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Diego, Friday, May 7, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 8, at 2:15.

Crew—Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 8.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Nassau Coliseum. Saturday, May 1; Tuesday, May 4; and, if necessary, Saturday, May 8, all at 8:05.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 1. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 1. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, May 3, through Monday, June 28. The Vagrancy Handicap, Monday, May 3, and the Withers, Saturday, May 8. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, June 10. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 1.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—Cosmos vs. Chicago, Sunday, May 2, at 2. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Hartford, Wednesday, May 5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, May 8, at 7:30. (For tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—Sets vs. Cleveland, Monday, May 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, May 5, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, May 17. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Thursday, April 29, at 8: Emer R. Monegal reading from the works of Jorge Luis Borges, in Spanish, with English translations read by W.S. Merwin and Richard Howard, and with comment (in English) by Señor Borges. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 8: Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault reading a selection of French literature. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 28, at 2: Jewelry, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 29, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the estate of Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 10:15 and 2: American ceramics, folk art, furniture, and decorations; from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, including a complete set of Curtis's "North American Indian," plus a complete set of *Camera Work;* from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 29. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 5, at 2, and Thursday and Friday, May 6-7, at 10:30 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 30.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—At POCONO INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY, Long Pond, Pa.: May 9. . . . INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY: May 30.

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, May 9 (day). Philadelphia, May 18-19 (night) and May 20 (at 4:05). St. Louis, May 28-29 (n) and May 30 (d). Pittsburgh, May 31 (day doubleheader) and June 1 (n). Chicago, June 2 (n) and June 3 (d). . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, May 11-13 (night). Baltimore, May 14 (n) and May 15-16 (day). Boston, May 20-22 (n) and May 23 (d). Milwaukee, May 24-25 (n). Cleveland, May 26-27 (n). Oakland, June 4 (n), June 5 (d), and June 6 (day doubleheader). California, June 8-10 (n).

Crew—Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. May 9.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Carnegie, Princeton. May 16.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. May 22.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 3-5.)

Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 15. . . . EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 2. . . . BELMONT: The Belmont, June 5.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Los Angeles. (Yankee Stadium. May 17.) . . . Two games in the Bicentennial Cup series: England vs. Italy, at Yankee Stadium, May 28. . . . ¶ Brazil vs. Italy, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, May 31.

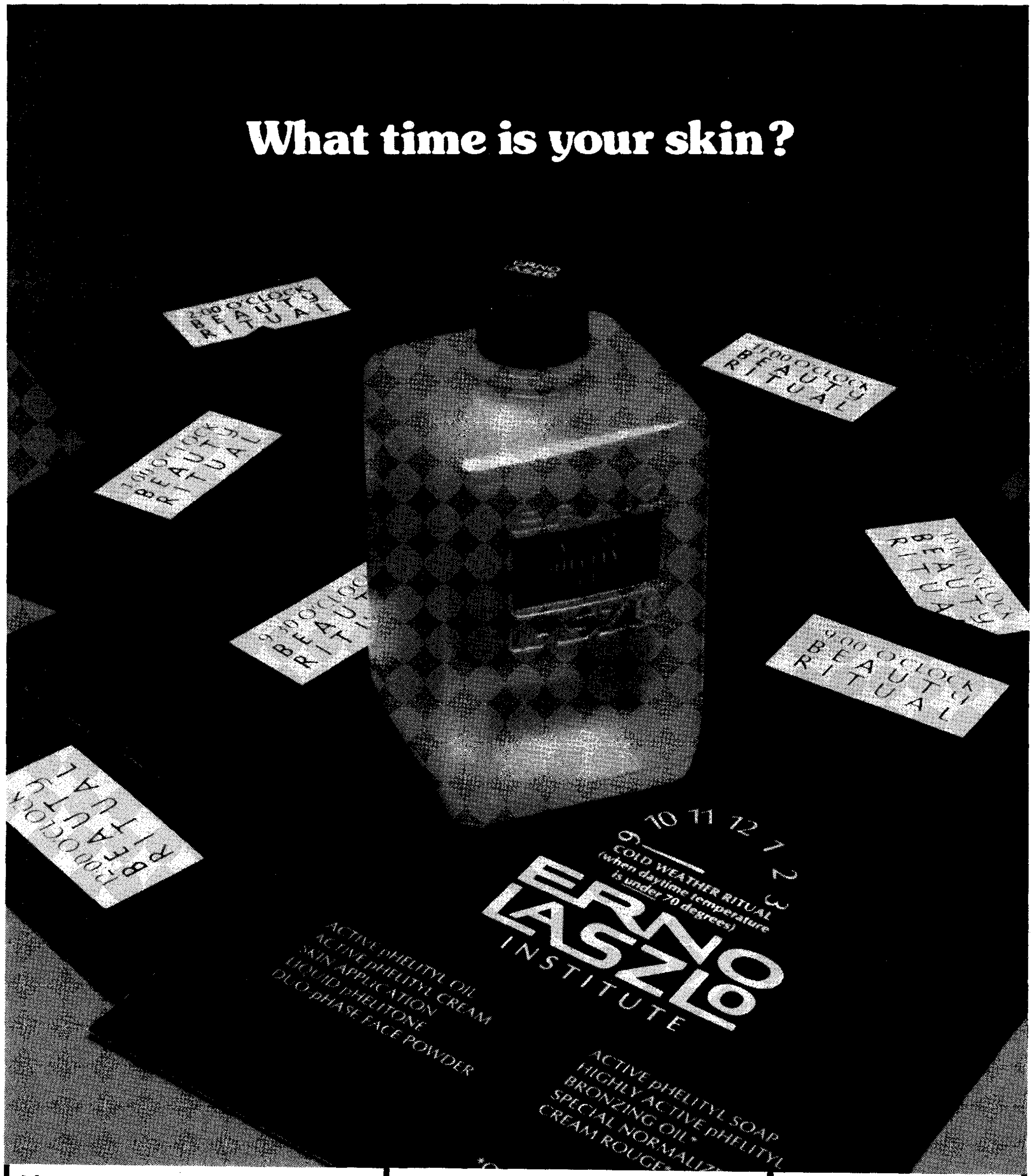
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: May 18-July 17.

Music—AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 15, after which the hall will be closed until fall for rebuilding. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Alfred Brendel, piano, May 9. . . . ¶ English Chamber Orchestra, May 9, 11, and 13. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, May 10, 12, and 14. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 16. . . . ¶ Leontyne Price, soprano, May 16. . . . ¶ Montreal Symphony Orchestra, May 17. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Eighty-fifth Anniversary Concert, May 18. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic, May 20-21. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 22. . . . ¶ Russian Choral Society, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor, May 23. . . . ¶ Atlanta Symphony, May 27-29. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Orpheus Chamber Ensemble, May 9. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 10. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, May 14 and 16. . . . ¶ Our Bach Concert, May 15. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, organ, May 19. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, May 20. . . . ¶ Amiram Rigai, piano, May 23. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Phyllis Curtin, soprano, May 11. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Paul Sperry, tenor, May 13. . . . ¶ Jaime Laredo, violin, May 22. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE PLAYHOUSE (535-5350): New York Philomusica, May 14.

Dance—Royal Danish Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 18-June 5. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, June 7-26.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A new Samuel Taylor comedy, "Legend," starring Elizabeth Ashley, F. Murray Abraham, and George Dzundza. . . . ¶ Neil Simon's comedy, "California Suite," made up of four plays starring Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Barbara Barrie, and Jack Weston.

Other Dates—May Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., May 12. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 28-June 13. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Monday, May 31.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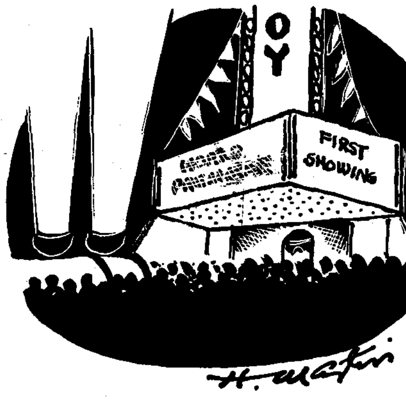
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 29: "The Story of Adèle H."
From April 30: "Salut l'Artiste."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through May 4: "Barry Lyndon."
From May 5: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" and "French Connection II."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 4: "Hester Street."
From May 5: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 4: "Hester Street."
From May 5: "The Sunshine Boys."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through May 4: "Hester Street."
From May 5: "The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Family Plot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mean Streets."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Merry Go Round."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Bad News Bears."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Stay Hungry."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The River Niger."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Seven Beauties."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Mean Streets."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 29: "Mahler."
From April 30: "La Chienne."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Taxi Driver."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 1: "Virility."
From May 2: "Birch Interval."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All the President's Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 4: "Hester Street."
From May 5: "The Magic Flute."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The River Niger."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Family Plot."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Lipstick."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Stay Hungry."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through May 4: "Sparkle."
From May 5: "Baby Blue Marine."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through May 4: "The Stranger and the Gunfighter."
From May 5: "El Ministro y Yo." A Spanish film with no English subtitles.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Taxi Driver."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through May 4: "The Thing" and "Fantastic Planet."
From May 5: "Grey Gardens."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Love and Anarchy" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
Theatre 2: Through May 4: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Where's Poppa?," and "Take the Money and Run." From May 5: "The Crazies."
Theatre 3: April 28: "Secret Agent" and "The Lodger." April 29: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Murder." April 30: "The Lady Vanishes" and "Blackmail." May 1: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "The 39 Steps." May 2: "Foreign Correspondent" and "Sabotage." May 3: "The Lady Vanishes" and "Secret Agent." May 4: "The 39 Steps" and "Young and Innocent." May 5: "Foreign Correspondent" and "The Lodger." May 6: "The Lady Vanishes" and "Blackmail."
Theatre 4: "Inside Marilyn Chambers" and "Behind the Green Door" (both X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 29: "Bugs Bunny Superstar."
From April 30: To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin and Marian."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Moses."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 4: "The Man Who Would Be King" and "99 and 44/100% Dead."
From May 5: "Barry Lyndon."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Taking Off." (Evening performances only on Thursday, May 6.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bambina."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Bad News Bears."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 1: "I Will, I Will . . . For Now."
From May 2: "Legacy."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 1: "The Crazies."
From May 2: "The Mother and the Whore."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 4: "The Story of Adèle H."
From May 5: "Salut l'Artiste."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 4: "The Stranger and the Gunfighter." From May 5: "Baby Blue Marine."
Theatre 2: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
Theatre 3: Through May 4: "The Story of Joanna" (X-rated). From May 5: "No Way Out" and "Killing Machine."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Taxi Driver."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Merry Go Round."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 4: "Hester Street" and "Marry Me! Marry Me!"
From May 5: "The Sunshine Boys" and "Smile."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 28: "A Married Woman" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Macha Meril; and "Masculine Feminine" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.
April 29: "The Rain People" (1969), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with James Caan, Shirley Knight, and Robert Duvall; and "Thieves Like Us" (1974), directed by Robert Altman, with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen.
April 30: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro; and "Women in Revolt." (†)
May 1: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.
May 2: "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers; and "Room Service" (1938), directed by William Seiter, with the Marx Brothers.
May 3: "Chikamatzu Monogatari" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; and "Ugetsu" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.
May 4: "Landru" (†) and "Les Bonnes Femmes." (†)
May 5: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with James Dean and Julie Harris; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
May 6: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "The White Sheik." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 28: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958) and "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, and with Toshiro Mifune.
April 29: "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau; and "The Last Laugh" (1924), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings.
April 30: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Power and the Glory." (†)
May 1: "A Bill of Divorcement" (†) and "Holiday." (†)
May 2: "The King and I" (†) and "Carousel." (†)
May 3: "The Wild Party" (†); and "Dance, Girl, Dance" (1940), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Maureen O'Hara, Lucille Ball, and Louis Hayward.
May 4: "The Joyless Street" (†); and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya.
May 5: "Yojimbo" (1962) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, and with Toshiro Mifune.
May 6: "Exodus." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
April 28: "Sanders of the River" (1935), di-

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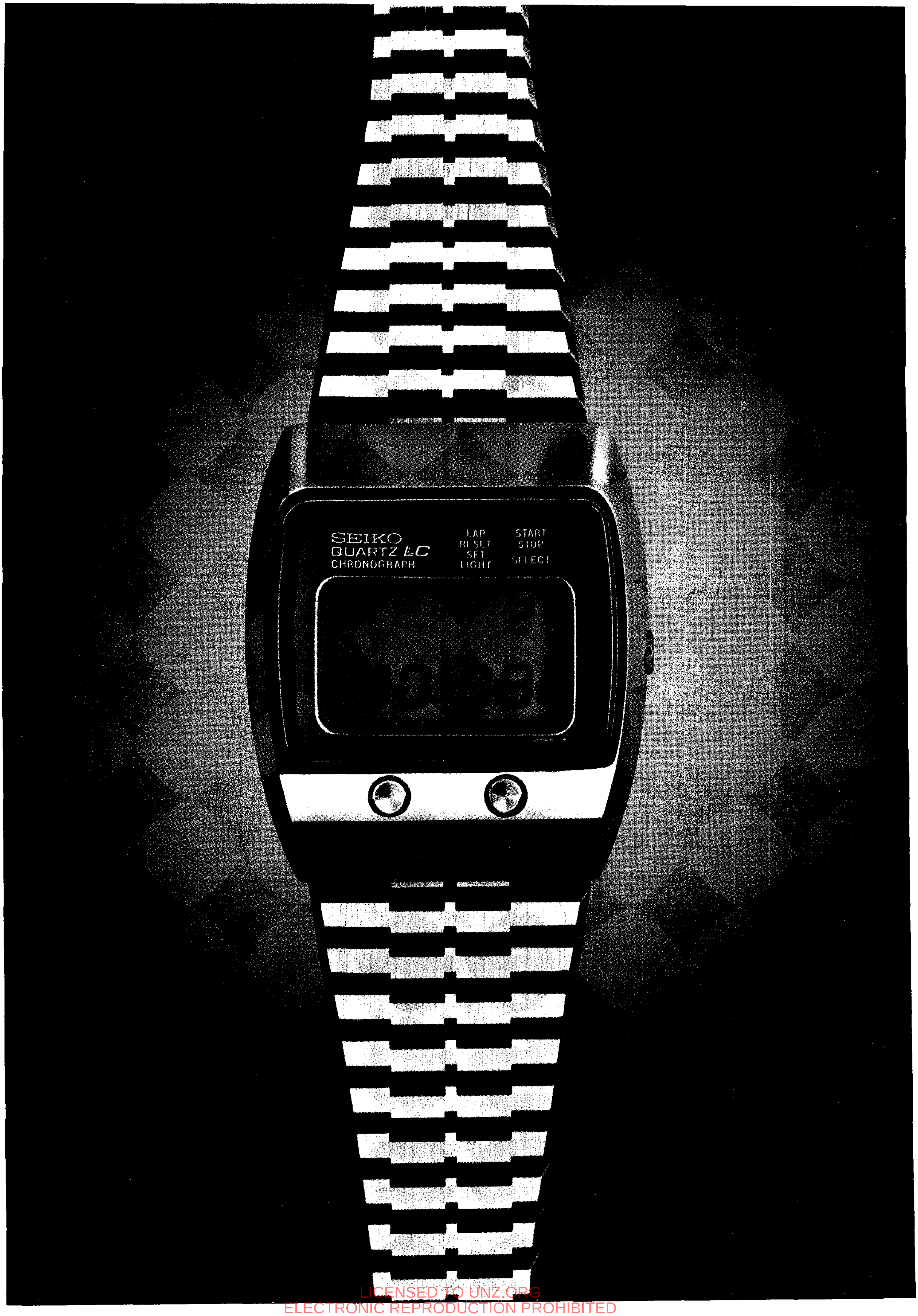
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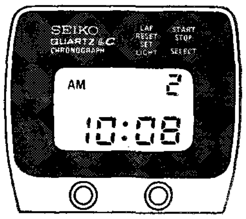
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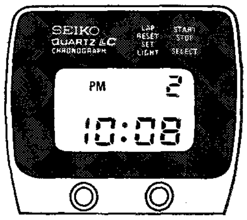
The large, easy-to-read liquid crystal digits indicate the hour and the minute, AM and PM.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THE DATE
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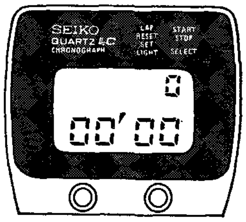
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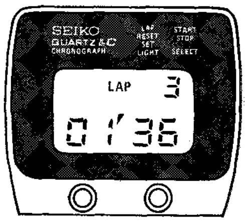
ELECTRONIC STOPWATCH
Depress the crown; the time and date display vanish and a stopwatch readout in minutes, seconds and tenths appears.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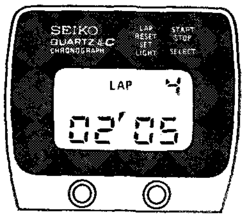
LAP TIMING
The display freezes to show time for a single lap while internally, race timing continues.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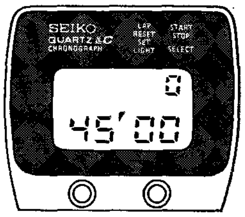
THE ONE-TWO FINISH
Press two buttons; the winning time is displayed and the second-place time is held in memory, for later retrieval.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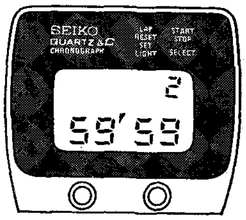
SIMULTANEOUS TIMEKEEPING
Use both the stopwatch and the regular watch simultaneously. Just switch the display to read either.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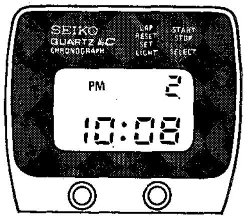
ELAPSED TIME
The stopwatch on the Digital LC Chronograph works independently of the time-keeping function and reads to 60 minutes.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April 29: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973), directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty and Robert De Niro; and "Drive, He Said" (1971), directed by Jack Nicholson, with William Tepper and Karen Black.

April 30: "The Mutations" (1974), directed by Jack Cardiff, with Donald Pleasence and Tom Baker; and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.

May 1: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Night Porter." (†)

May 2-3: "Gone with the Wind" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

May 4: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophuls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.

May 5: "Patton" (1970), directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with George C. Scott.

May 6: No movies; theatre otherwise engaged.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through May 1: "Mad Love" (1935), directed by Karl Freund, with Peter Lorre, Frances Drake, and Colin Clive; and "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre.

May 2-4: "Mimi" (†) and "The Rage of Paris." (†)

From May 5: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie and Elsa Lanchester; and "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 29 at noon: "Zuiderzee" (1929) and "New Earth" (1934), both Dutch films, directed by Joris Ivens; Dutch narration and no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 29 at 4: An anthology of the Italian cinema, Part 1, silent films; with an English narration. . . . ¶ April 29 at 7:45: An anthology of the Italian cinema, Part 2, sound films; with an English narration. . . . ¶ April 30 at 2: "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1968), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ April 30 at 5:30: "Zuiderzee" and "New Earth." . . . ¶ May 1 at noon: "Cowboy" (1958), directed by Delmer Daves, with Glenn Ford and Jack Lemmon. . . . ¶ May 1 at 2:30: "Zoo in Budapest" (1933), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Loretta Young and Gene Raymond. . . . ¶ May 1 at 5: "Zander the Great" (1925), directed by George William Hill, with Marion Davies. . . . ¶ May 2 at noon: "Cowboy." . . . ¶ May 2 at 2:30: "Zaza" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ May 2 at 5: A program of five short films. . . . ¶ May 3 at 2:30: "Zaza." . . . ¶ May 3 at 6: "Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time" (1930), in German, directed by Geza von Bolvary; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 4 at 2:30: "Zoo in Budapest." . . . ¶ May 4-5 at 8:30: Two programs of American avant-garde films. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2:30: "Chronicle of the Gray House" (1925), a German silent film, directed by Arthur von Gerlach; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ May 6 at 6: "Earth in Song" (1933), a Czech film, directed by Karel Plicka; no dialogue. . . . ¶ May 6 at 8:30: "Kabuki Elegy" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Koji Shima; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the evening performances are not available until a half hour before the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 2: "Mouches Volantes," directed by Larry Gottheim. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting May 4: "Hurry Tomorrow," directed by Richard Cohen and Kevin Rafferty. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Hanoun, Eisenstein, Dreyer, Lee, Hill, Flaherty, Rossellini, and others. Showings April 28-30 at 7 and 9; May 1 at 2:30 and 7; May 2 at 8; May 4 at 7; and May 5-6 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—April 29-May 2: "Boesman and Lena" (1973), a South African film, directed by Ross Devenish. . . . ¶ Starting May 6: A program of seventeen animated abstract films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsey and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors but perhaps too good-looking for a newsroom. Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. A carefully observant film about the process of catechizing, the manner of political casuistry, and the courage of uncelebrated and endangered people. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (Loews Tower East.)

Baby Blue Marine—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Glynnis O'Connor, directed by John Hancock. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 5.)

The Bad News Bears—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours incessant slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Bambina—With Irene Papas, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Paris.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 4. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting May 5.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—The dialogue has the creaky sound of classy, overcivilized theatre; the film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in the insulated style all too appropriate to the vehicle. With David Manners (Kit, of course), Billie Burke, Bramwell Fletcher, and Elizabeth Patterson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

Birch Interval—With Eddie Albert and Rip Torn, directed by Delbert Mann. (68th St. Playhouse; starting May 2.)

Blackmail (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed to make it a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who doesn't look very different now, plays the artist who tries to rape the heroine; with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Quad Cinema; April 30 and May 6.)

Les Bonnes Femmes (1960)—This early, episodic Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry, yet it has more tenderness and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon; the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 4.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (Guild; through April 29.)

Carousel (1956)—Henry King's version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones, who would have been acceptable enough as the leads in a bus-and-truck touring version of the stage production. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 2.)

La Chienne (1931)—With Michel Simon, directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (D. W. Griffith; starting April 30.)

The Crazies (1973)—A science-fiction horror film, photographed in western Pennsylvania. With Lane Carroll, directed by George A. Romero. (Regency; through May 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 5.)

The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox—George Segal, Goldie Hawn, directed by Melvin Frank in what is described as a bawdy comedy-Western. Self-congratulatory, as at an Academy Awards binge. (Kips Bay; starting May 5.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish bestseller. (Quad Cinema; through May 4.)

Exodus (1960)—Otto Preminger's painstaking reverence for the Leon Uris best-seller about the struggles among the Arabs, Jews, and British that accompanied the birth of Israel, in 1948, results in a film that runs three hours and forty-five minutes. He permits nearly everyone in his large cast to state his political convictions before and after each new turn of events, and the result is an awesome talkfest. The camera picks up a group of actors descending a stairway, trails them across a courtyard or around a corner, and follows them as they mount other stairs, penetrate a corridor, and arrive at a door; there are more doors in "Exodus" than in the Waldorf-Astoria. The door opens, a hand beckons, and the visitors file in silently. Oh boy, something is about to happen! But no; the talkers have gathered only to indulge again in their favorite pastime. With Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Sal Mineo, Lee J. Cobb, Hugh Griffith, Gregory Ratoff, Felix Aylmer, and David Opatoshu. Dalton Trumbo's script makes the various factions seem so reasonable that a viewer may begin to wonder why all the problems of the Middle East weren't settled over a glass of tea. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 6.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (4/19/76) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and

Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

Fantastic Planet (1973)—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 4.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding; there's the assassination with the gun concealed in a newsman's camera, the Dutch windmill going against the wind, and a tremendous finale aboard a transatlantic plane from London on the very day war is declared. The plot that links all this is barely functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the topnotch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Cianelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. (Quad Cinema; May 2 and 5.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles, determined to break the French heroin connection for good; the connection is once more played by the suave Fernando Rey. Doyle is taken by the film to be a sophisticated plain speaker, but his sophistication is really a case of megalopolitan rudeness. Photographed by Claude Renoir, nephew of Jean Renoir (for whom he photographed "Grand Illusion"); the compositions are individually very fine, but there are too many slam-bang close-ups that make you pine for a long shot to let you find your bearings. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 5.)

Grey Gardens—The Maysles brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 5.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Cinema Village, Gramercy, Kips Bay, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through May 4.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

I Will, I Will . . . For Now—The worst. Combines the most simperingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a gooey soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton; Norman Panama directed. (3/1/76) (Cinema Studio; through May 4.)

The Joyless Street (1925; shown in the United States under the title "The Street of Sorrow")—Set in Vienna, this erotic view of the breakdown of postwar society made the ravishing young Greta Garbo (in the flimsiest of evening gowns) internationally famous, although the star of the film is the great, strange Asta Nielsen, as a kept woman. G. W. Pabst directed this extraordinary, novel-like triumph of cinematography and design. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 4.)

The King and I (1956)—Dopey film version of the dopey musical about a king of Siam and a prissy English widow who finds the number of his wives and children amazing, and musically invigorating. Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr play the dopes. The music is by Rodgers and Hammerstein, as if you didn't know. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 2.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Quad Cinema; April 30, May 3, and May 6.)

Landru (1963)—Claude Chabrol directed this gifted, rather lip-smacking account of the French mass-murderer, from a script by Françoise Sagan. Short roles, necessarily, for Danielle Darrieux, Michèle Morgan, Hildegarde Knef. The points sometimes seem cheaply made; the cut-in newsreel footage about the war makes the surrounding film lightweight, but it is worth seeing if you are interested in Chabrol. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 4.)

Legacy—With Joan Hotchkis, directed by Karen Arthur. (Cinema Studio; starting May 2.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews Ciné.)

The Lodger (1926)—An English silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ivor Novello. (Quad Cinema; April 28 and May 5.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (72nd Street East; starting May 5.)

Mahler—Ken Russell's lurid love for music is well-known: sober and good in his early days at the BBC, where he worked on film biographies of Delius, Elgar, and Richard Strauss, he has lately been producing stinkers, in pieces about Tchaikovsky, Liszt, and Mahler. Mahler is well played by Robert Powell, through he stares through us rather like a medium in a trance. Composing music is not a trance; it's hard work, like plumbing. (4/26/76) (D. W. Griffith; through April 29.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—In 1955, Hitchcock remade in color (same title) this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination. The later version starred James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Quad Cinema; April 29 and May 1.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Playboy; through May 4.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

marriage. The film is kindly and acute about compromise. In French. (Olympia; through May 4.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

Merry Go Round—With Senta Berger and Sydney Rome, directed by Otto Shenck. A German film, dubbed in English. (Eastside Cinema, and Symphony.)

Mimi (1935)—Gertrude Lawrence seems miscast as the heroine of this British-made version of "La Vie de Bohème" (the story but not the opera). Her artifice doesn't photograph well, and her Mimi is singularly unmagical; however, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is exuberantly romantic as the lover. The director, Paul L. Stein, didn't do much with the material, but even in this pokey, unimaginative version, the heartbreak and melodrama have a compulsive interest—rather like the appeal Edna Ferber built into "Show Boat." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 2-4.)

Moses—With Burt Lancaster in the title role. Also with Anthony Quayle, Ingrid Thulin, and Irene Papas. Directed by Gianfranco de Bosio. (Ziegfeld.)

The Mother and the Whore (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (Regency; starting May 2.)

Murder (1930)—A rarely seen, handsomely designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people, not in the class of his mid-thirties work, but with inventive tricks. Herbert Marshall (in his first talking picture) is a fancy big-time actor serving on a jury; convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There are some snobbish bits that appear to ridicule the "lower orders"—apparently, these are the unfortunate results of attempts at improvisation. Hitchcock experimented with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, and there's a tricky sequence in which Marshall listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—daring at the time, but all too familiar a scapegoat now. (Quad Cinema; April 29.)

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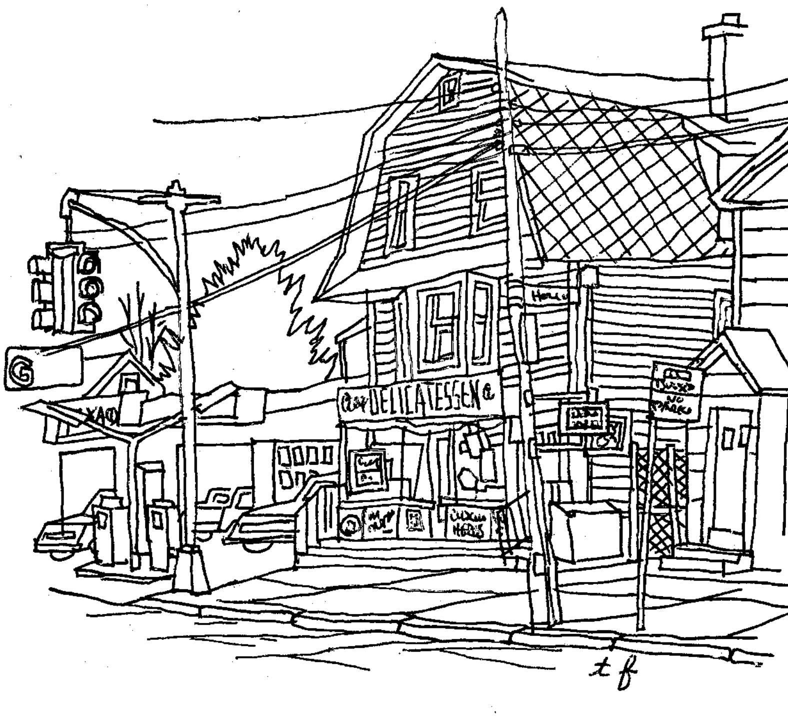
Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting May 5.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Elgin; May 1.)

99 and 44/100% Dead (1974)—Gang warfare. With Richard Harris and Chuck Connors as hired killers. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Playboy; through May 4.)

No Way Out—With Alain Delon and Richard Conte, directed by Duccio Tessari. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 5.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Festival, and Thalia.)



The Power and the Glory (1933)—Preston Sturges wrote the script (which is sentimental and heavy-handed but is nevertheless almost a warmup for "Citizen Kane"), and the producer, Jesse Lasky, who considered it "the most perfect script" he'd ever seen, insisted that the director, William K. Howard, shoot it word for word. Spencer Tracy is the railroad tycoon who has killed himself, and the story is told from his funeral by Ralph Morgan. With Colleen Moore and slinky Helen Vinson. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 30.)

The Rage of Paris (1938)—Hollywood's attempt to make an American star of the rapturously beautiful young Danielle Darrieux—it's easy to see why it failed. In this innocuous bedroom farce, the arch frilliness of Universal's conception of a *jeune fille* robs her of any depth. She is cast as a poor French girl working as a model in New York; financed by Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer, she sets out to capture a millionaire. Under the direction of Henry Koster (who, after leaving Germany, had made his reputation here on the Deanna Durbin musicals), Darrieux pouts relentlessly, and after many misadventures wins Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 2-4.)

The River Niger—With Cicely Tyson, James Earl Jones, Lou Gossett, Glynn Turman and Jonelle Allen; directed by Krishnah Shah. (Fine Arts, and U.A. East.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Music Hall.)

Sabotage (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thinks that he erred in this one—and that this explains why the picture wasn't a hit. But he's wrong: this adaptation of a Joseph Conrad spy novel may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb for her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Quad Cinema; May 2.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor whom the boy's mother means to marry—Kris Kristofferson—because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Coronet.)

Salut l'Artiste—The creeping mediocrity of the poetic approach to "ordinary" people makes the film a fairly numbing experience. Marcello Mastroianni plays a wilted, second-rate actor who's also a second-rate person, and there isn't much he can do but look depressed. Françoise Fabian, as his mistress, and Carla Gravina, as his wife, are very low-key. The only spark in the film comes from Jean Rochefort, as an actor who gets fed up, takes a business job, and then, being thought a nonprofessional, is offered a job in a movie. Yves Robert directed. In French. (Art; starting April 30. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 5.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful

Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Quad Cinema; April 28 and May 3.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Plaza.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. A cousin to "Lord Love a Duck," the film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels; he's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Olympia; starting May 5.)

Sparkle—A musical drama, with Philip M. Thomas, Irene Cara, and Lonette McKee. Directed by Sam O'Steen, with music by Curtis Mayfield. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through May 4.)

Stay Hungry—With Jeff Bridges and Sally Field, directed by Bob Rafelson. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Art; through April 29. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through May 4.)

The Stranger and the Gunfighter—A combination Western and kung-fu film, with Lee Van Cleef and Lo Lieh. Directed by Andrew Dawson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 4.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Gramercy, and Olympia; starting May 5.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Quad Cinema; through May 4.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," working for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors. (Little Carnegie. Evening performances only on Thursday, May 6.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Columbia I, Waverly, and New Yorker.)

The Thing (1951)—Written by Charles Lederer and directed by Christian Nyby, about a belligerent and extremely brainy visitor from another planet who arrives at the North Pole in a flying saucer. The interplanetary guest is absolutely colossal, vegetable in anatomy, and hard to put up, let alone put up with. Quite well acted, and written in a funny pseudo-scientific style that sends up laboratory jargon. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 4.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Quad Cinema; May 1 and 4.)

Virility—A comedy, with Turi Ferro, directed by Paolo Cavara. In Italian. (68th St. Playhouse; through May 1.)

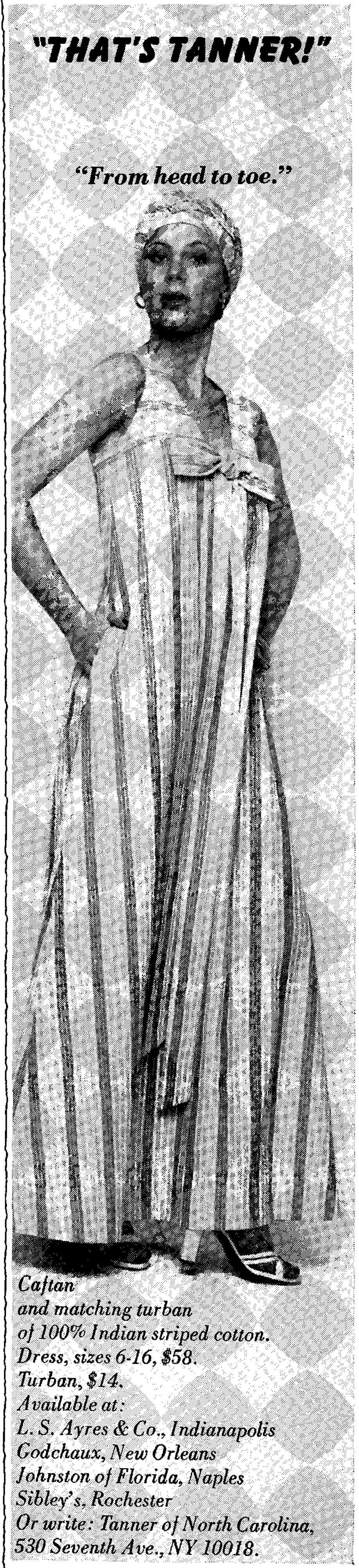
Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; through May 4.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 6.)

The Wild Party (1929)—Clara Bow, in her first talkie, set in a women's college; she's a student and Fredric March is a young professor. It's silly stuff, yet charming. Clara Bow was for her period something like what Marilyn Monroe was for hers, and Bow's infantile sexuality is high-voltage; she's both repulsive and irresistible. Dorothy Arzner directed; with Joyce Compton, Jack Oakie, Shirley O'Hara, and Marceline Day. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 3.)

Women in Revolt (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars." (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 30.)

Young and Innocent (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero crashing a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: The heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Quad Cinema; May 4.)



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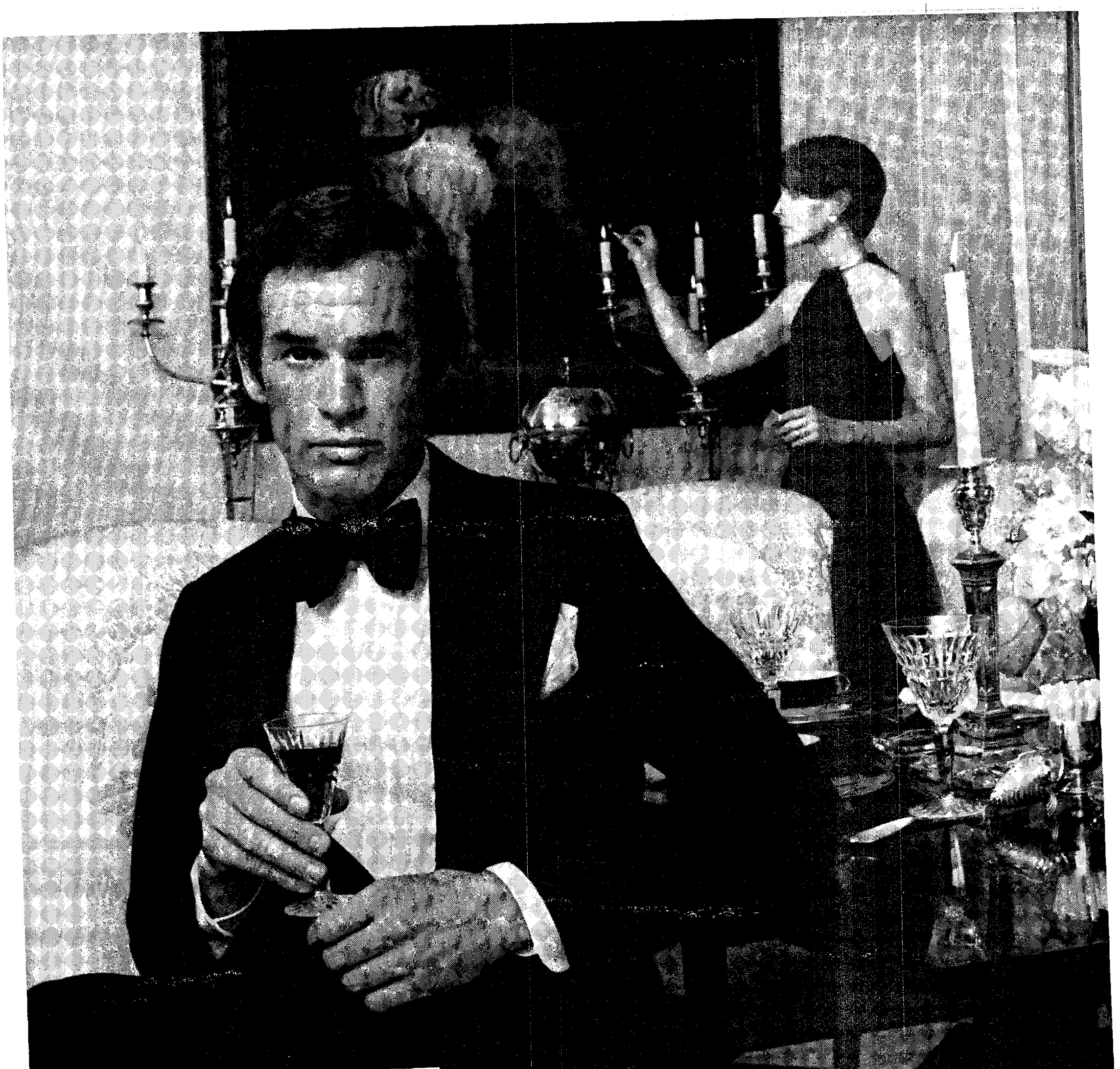

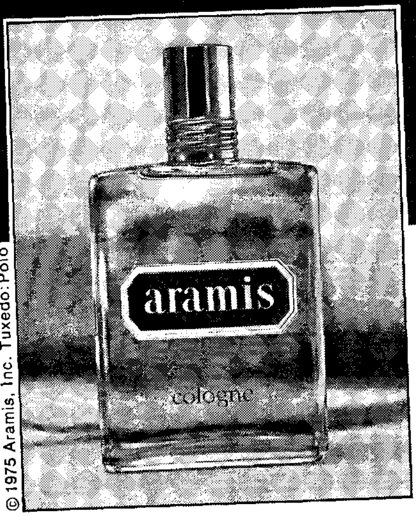

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN we read the other day that the House of Representatives had voted more funds for development of the nuclear-powered Trident submarine, our thoughts went back to an excellent article by Phil Stanford called "The Deadly Move to Sea," which appeared in the *Times Magazine* a few months ago. The most advanced class of submarine now in operation, Stanford reminded his readers, is the Poseidon. Each Poseidon can carry sixteen ballistic missiles, and each of the missiles carries from ten to fourteen warheads, so the Poseidon has a maximum capacity of two hundred and twenty-four warheads; each warhead has three times the explosive force of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima; and each warhead can be dropped by its missile on a separate target. The missiles have a range of twenty-eight hundred miles, and take from fifteen to twenty minutes to reach their targets, depending on how far away the targets are. The United States now possesses thirty-one Poseidon submarines—with a total maximum capacity of six thousand nine hundred and forty-four warheads, providing more than twenty thousand times the explosive force of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. And, as Stanford observes, "just one nuclear submarine can destroy any country on earth." As for the Trident, each one will have a capacity of twenty-four missiles, and each of these missiles will have, according to some accounts, a capacity of seventeen warheads, giving a single Trident a maximum capacity of four hundred and eight warheads, for a total explosive force one thousand two hundred and twenty-four times that of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. One Trident will therefore be able to engage in overkill of any nation on earth. And the plan is to build ten Tridents.

Among all the people who man the instruments of modern war, the crew members of nuclear submarines are perhaps the most isolated. Their nuclear power-source enables them to stay beneath the sea without surfacing for as long as food lasts. The navigational system mirrors the crew's detachment from the rest of mankind. It is an "inertial guidance system," which gauges changes of position by internal measurement of acceleration and direction. When the nuclear-powered submarine leaves port, it forgets the world; floating in a universe of empty coördinates, it becomes its own sole point of reference. As it happens, the system for launching the missiles, too, relies only tenuously on instructions from outside. In every vehicle for the delivery of nuclear weapons except the nuclear-powered submarine, the crew is unable to launch any missiles until someone higher in command and remote from the site of launching throws the so-called Permissive Action switch, which delivers a code to the site. On a nuclear submarine, the men aboard the ship may, if they misunderstand or disobey orders, launch a nuclear strike on their own. These men, having temporarily taken leave of the world and all worldly points of reference, have it within their power to initiate the destruction of the world. Fortunately, however, things are arranged so that no one man can launch a strike; the coöperation of six men is required, in a sort of *folie à six*. Only then can the Permissive Action begin.

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Some Femtoseconds at the Hilton

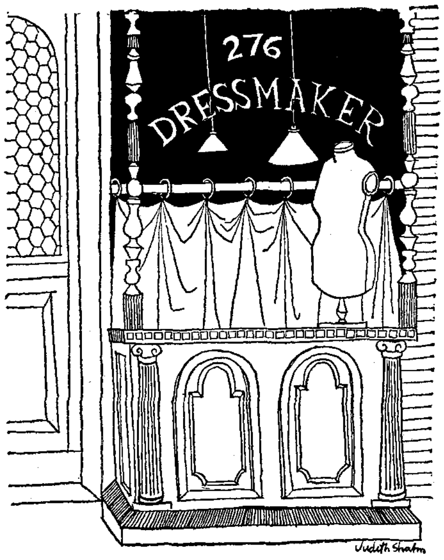
THE hundredth-anniversary meeting of the American Chemical Society, at the New York Hilton, brought some nine thousand scientists to town recently for a five-day round of banquets, cocktail parties, lectures, and symposia. In keeping with the centennial theme, many of the speakers offered thoughtful appraisals of what chemistry has wrought during the past century and what the prospects are for the future. There was the usual amount of looking back with pride, as is indicated by such titles of papers as "Forty Years of Transuranium Elements," "Six Decades of Industrial Water Treatment," and "One Hundred Years of Progress in Sheep and Goat Production." As for the future, everything seemed to depend on how far ahead one looked. Linus Pauling, who has received a Nobel Peace Prize as well as a Nobel Prize in Chemistry, assured an opening-ceremonies audience that he was an optimist in the long run—by which he meant that if the human race manages to survive the next hundred years, most of our problems will be solved, and our descendants will live longer, healthier, happier lives. But in the short run, Pauling said, we can expect a worldwide catastrophe of some kind—probably during the next fifty years. Instead of the nuclear holocaust that he feared a decade ago, he now thinks that "massive starvation" is more likely. The only real alternative would be rational planning to reduce the world's population to a livable level—which Pauling has calculated to be about a billion people. But such a drop in population is unlikely without a catastrophe; there are now four billion people on the earth, and at the present rate of increase the population will double in thirty-five years.

The subject of rational planning (on a slightly smaller scale) came up again at the Centennial Banquet, in the Hilton's Grand Ballroom, when Senator Edward M. Kennedy, of Massachusetts, announced that Congress had completed work on legislation providing for a White House Science Adviser, who, among his other duties, would be responsible for drafting a "five-year plan" to guide federal support of "research and development." Senator Kennedy said that the now defunct White House Science Office had issued a report in the nineteen-sixties anticipating an energy crisis, and that if the government's policymakers had heeded it, the country would have been better prepared for the energy crisis of the nineteen-seventies.

Of a total of one thousand three hundred and seventy-one scientific papers delivered at the meeting, many dealt in one way or another with the crises that Dr. Pauling and Senator Kennedy alluded to. There were encouraging announcements of safer and more convenient birth-control devices just appearing, or about to appear, on the market; heated discussions of new methods of getting more crops out of an acre of farmland; and innumerable progress reports on efforts to tap the energy of the sun with devices that may someday be efficient enough to make solar power economically feasible. The consensus was that progress is being made in these efforts but that the day of inexhaustible pollution-free power from the sun—whether in the form of electricity or of transportable, burnable hydrogen—is still a long way off.

There was also much discussion about the most efficient solar-power device on earth: the chlorophyll-containing green-plant cell, which "harvests" energy from each photon of sunlight, "traps" it, and then uses it to convert carbon dioxide and water into oxygen and carbohydrates. This process of photosynthesis is the ultimate source of all the food we eat: like all animals, we either break down energy-rich carbohydrates and channel the energy to our own cells or eat other animals, which have stored some energy from carbohydrates in *their* cells. Scientists have been studying photosynthesis for two centuries, but their efforts to understand what goes on inside green-plant cells have been hampered by the fact that some of the most important events take place in the first fraction of a second following the impact of a photon of light on a molecule of chlorophyll. Until 1960, scientists assumed that they could never observe the earliest stages of photosynthesis directly, since their best instruments could not distinguish time intervals shorter than a millionth of a second, and the "harvesting" and "trapping" of light energy in a green-plant cell were over in a very small fraction of this time. But then came the invention of the laser, which can emit powerful and incredibly brief flashes of light. With these flashes, it is now possible to "freeze" and analyze chemical events that occur in billionths, and even trillionths, of a second.

In discussing their work, the pioneers in this field of fraction-of-a-second chemistry make use of a new vocabulary. Just as a thousandth of a second is called a millisecond and a millionth of a second is called a microsecond, so a billionth of a second has been labelled a nanosecond (from the Greek word for "dwarf") and a trillionth of a second has been labelled a picosecond (from the Italian word for "small"). Sir George Porter, the director of London's Royal Institution and the winner of a Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1967, reported at the centennial meeting that further advances in the technique known as flash photolysis (of which he was the co-developer) should make it possible to record even faster chemical reactions—reactions that take place in femtoseconds, or quadrillionths of a second. (The prefix "femto," which comes from the Danish word for "fifteen," refers to the fact that a quadrillion is written out as a 1 with fifteen zeros after it; in scientific notation this becomes 10^{15}, and a femtosecond, or $\frac{1}{1,000,000,000,000,000}$ of a second, becomes 10^{-15}.) Although most of the things that scientists would like to know about the early stages of photosynthesis occur in picoseconds or nanoseconds, the very first event—in which a photon nudges an electron into an "excited" state—probably takes no more than a few hundred femtoseconds. Measurement in femtoseconds is, quite literally, the ultimate in chemistry, Sir George said. Beyond that, there is simply nowhere to go. Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle demands a strict trade-off between measurements of time and measurements of energy: the more accurate the measurement of time in a particular situation, the less accurate the measurement of energy. At the femtosecond level, the margin of uncertainty (e.g., plus or minus five electronvolts) becomes equal to the total amount of energy being measured, whatever that may be (e.g., five electronvolts)—which makes measurement, by definition, impossible. The "femtosecond barrier" is one of those natural constraints on the human will to see and know everything—a theoretical limit that the inquiring mind must accept, because there is no alternative.



Other Voices, Same Rooms

A FRIEND writes:

Every so often, I have an intimate exchange with architecture. This is quite different from appreciation. When you *appreciate* architecture—look at it intently and directly and analytically—it can be very interesting but it usually plays dead. The form, I think, is not really suited to a tête-à-tête with an observer. On the periphery of attention, however, it thrives. From the shadows of consciousness, it will start talking; sometimes, in fact, it won't stop. Let me give you an example. I am in one of those large, loftlike rooms in what was once a warehouse: period, mid-nineteenth-century cast iron. Now the room has new hardwood floors, spanking-white walls—very austere, and all that, but one of those renovations that say money money money, if you know what I mean. It is evening: dark outside the large windows, only one end of the room brightly lit. I am in semi-darkness with a group of about fifty immobile people seated on folding

"*Your wife's on the phone. The azaleas are out.*"

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chairs and on pads of foam rubber on the floor. A musical event is in progress. The performer is a tape deck. Experimental music. Serious. Très, très avant-garde. I am annoyed. First, by the people listening, who seem to me studiedly casual and sanctimonious at the same time. Second, by what they and I are listening to. I know I'm not qualified to judge. I'm not going to identify the composer, and I'm not going to rail. I'm just going to say that it sounds to me like the background music of a Grade B movie about Eskimos (a crude electronic imitation of howling Arctic wind); that, unlike a Grade B sound track, it does not let up; and that, aside from gradual variations in pitch (going up to the monster-movie register and down to "wind heard from haunted house"), this incessance is the most noticeable characteristic of the work. I lie back on my foam-rubber pad, staring blankly upward.

Above me, a ribbonlike form folds over itself within a square; square after square after square as far as I can see in the dusky light. The pattern has been pressed into sheets of tin in imitation of the decorative tiled ceilings of Renaissance palazzos. Some weeks ago, I noticed a ceiling very like this, except that the tin was torn and hanging down, revealing dark, menacing innards. It was the tear, actually, that made me take notice of the ceiling; and the old pressed tin—paint flaking—in turn provoked an awareness of the room (a smallish loft), of the building (also cast iron, but very run-down), and of the relationship between the building and what was going on inside it: rehearsals of shows to be put on at La Mama, a theatre in the East Village. At that time, in that room, amid cumbersome stage furniture and bins of sad-looking theatrical trappings, the rehearsal of a comedy-with-music called "The Wonderful Beast" was about to begin. The members of a rock band were softly tuning their instruments. The composer, Carol Hall, was fiddling with some chords on a piano while an actress tried a bit of song several different ways. From another floor, a powerful operatic voice occasionally contributed to the mixture. Meanwhile, the director, John Braswell, talked intently with the playwright, Louisa Rose, a young woman who was developing a kind of ambivalent alertness, rather like a friendly dog who sees a suspicious stranger walking up the path. Gina Barnett, the leading lady, paced on a makeshift stage working herself into the rather flushed state necessary to her role. And over in a corner the actor Victor Truro was puttering with an Arab headdress, his handsome, humorous face becoming more and more masklike as he withdrew into the little cocoon actors create around themselves just before they perform. The quiet, busy mood meshed well with the now sagging and always phony grandeur of the old cast-iron building—with the torn tin ceiling and the bulging ornate façade, which from the perspective of the front door looks as though it were about to fall on your head. It was the kind of mood that inclines one to be generous toward human endeavor, to be touched by it rather than mocking—in this case, to be touched by the enthusiasm of the nineteenth-century entrepreneurs who strove to ennoble their drygoods firms and textile companies, their department stores and warehouses, with the glory of Greece, Venice, and Paris. Capitalism's age of innocence.

I didn't put all this together, however, until the evening when I was lying on my back on the foam-rubber pad looking at the very well-kept pressed-tin ceiling with the ribbon motif. At some point during this reverie, the room—the architecture—had become a presence, or a personality: Oh, it's you; we have spent some time together before, haven't we? This put the electronic howl I was listening to in a different perspective. I thought of the room listening to it. I thought of it as just one more voice in a long series listened to by the room and by the rather dubious but endearing architectural family to which the room belonged. I was no longer annoyed. Somehow, the architecture, the music, and I had been put in our proper places.

Pickering

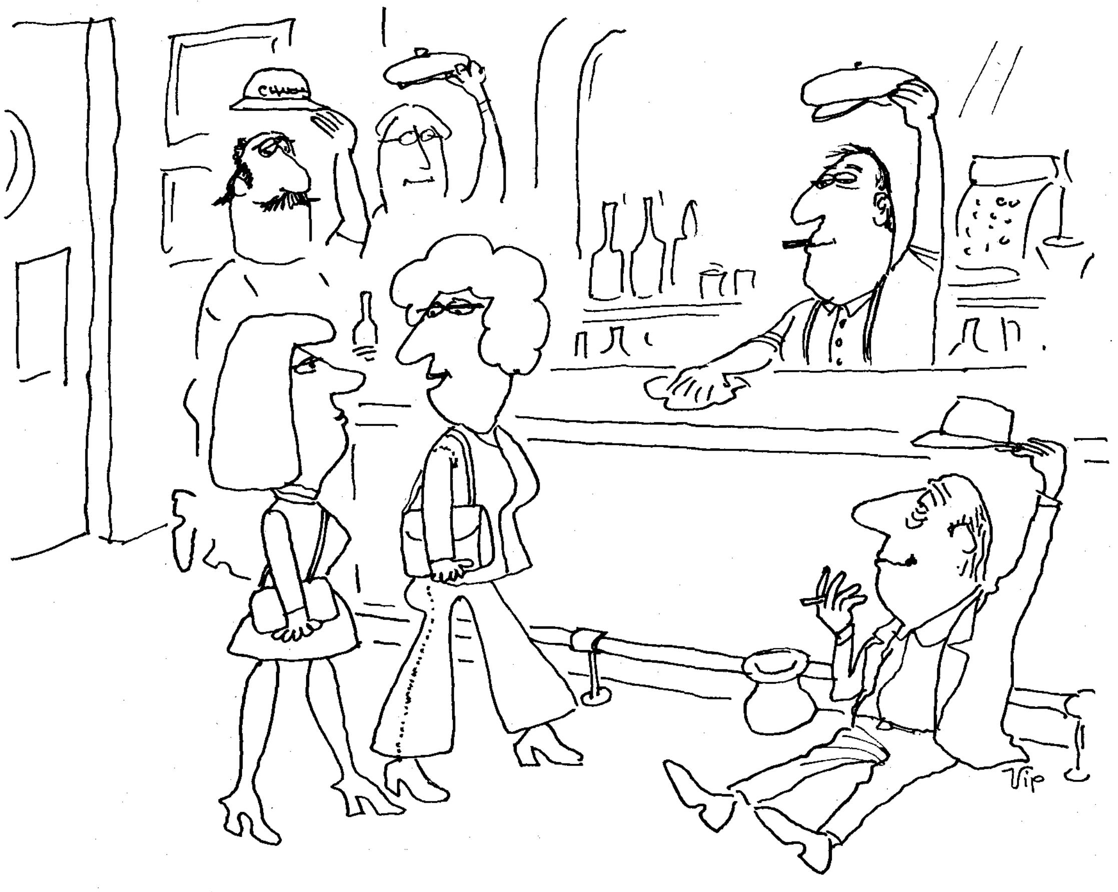
THERE'S an absolutely smashing revival of "My Fair Lady" at the St. James Theatre, and when we saw it, the cast, at curtain call, was given a standing ovation. Good as the performance had been, we suspected that much of the appreciation was nostalgia for the original production, which opened twenty years ago; and a few days later we looked up Robert Coote, the only actor in the present cast who had been in the original one, playing, as he does now, the role of Colonel Pickering, Henry Higgins' sidekick. We met him at the Russian Tea Room, a couple of blocks from the New York Athletic Club, where Colonel Pickering—or, to put it another way, Mr. Coote—stays when he is in New York. He was wearing a blue blazer and light-brown pants, and looked very much as he does in the play—white mustache and a ruddy round face that emits a cheery British stolidity. He was suffering from a bronchial ailment, which he said had been worsened by the heat wave then engulfing New York—or, rather, by the city's air-conditioning, which was engulfing *him*. "I'll have to call the theatre and warn them I might not be able to play tonight," he said in a voice for all the world like Colonel Pickering's, except that it rasped a little.

We asked Mr. Coote how many times he had played Colonel Pickering.

"A year and a half on Broadway in 1956-57—that's seventy-eight weeks," he said. "Then two years in London, and twelve weeks in Russia. You figure it out." We tried, and it came to about one thousand four hundred and seventy times, not counting his current Broadway run. Pickering had not changed much in all those performances. "We embellished him a bit during the London run," Mr. Coote said. "In the first act, when Rex Harrison—Henry Higgins—tries to get Eliza to repeat correctly 'Have you tried the plain cake?' she, of course, says ‘’Ave you tried the pline cike?’ We're having tea; when I pass the cake, *I* say ‘’Ave you tried the pline cike?’ One day in London, Rex said, as usual, to Eliza, 'All right, try it again,' but he was looking at me when he said it, as if he meant me, so *I* said ‘’Ave you tried the pline cike?’ again. It just sort of slipped out, and it's been in the play ever since." Mr. Coote has played with seven Henry Higginses besides Harrison, including Edward Mulhare, Tom Helmore, Michael Evans, and now Ian Richardson, and he has played with six Elizas, including Julie Andrews and now Christine Andreas.

We asked whether the play had changed with the different actors over the years.

"Not one iota," he said. "Except that Ian Richardson gives his own performance. The management told him, 'Forget Rex Harrison and do it your own way,' and he does. Rex had great sex appeal. Not that Ian doesn't. But he has a different approach to the part, and to Eliza—he has a more *academic* approach to the part. And he plays at a faster pace than Rex, who could go very fast, too, of course, but was more able to *lie back* on the part; Rex could create the impression of being very relaxed, which Ian just *doesn't*. All the actors who have played Henry Higgins have had different speeds, and I, of course, have had to pace myself to each of them. The worst time I had was on the Russian tour, when Evans and Mulhare alternated in the part; Evans was quick and mercurial, like Ian, and Mulhare was more relaxed and lyrical, like Rex. Between them, they threw my timing off—but that didn't matter, because the Russian audiences didn't know what we were saying. They applauded for the musical numbers, and at the end of the performance some even rushed to the footlights and threw flowers, but the rest of the time they were dead silent. I'd hate to try alternating that way with an audience that did understand. Ian plays Henry Higgins at the fastest clip of all, and it's quite an effort for a man of sixty-seven—my age now—to keep up. Before I took the part, I thought the matter over carefully. Even Rex,



"It's kind of a dump, but everybody's friendly."

relaxed as he was, had exhausted me in 1956; what, I wondered, would Ian do to me now that I'm twenty years on? As it turns out, I'm not as exhausted as I thought I would be. I take care of myself, of course—I swim twenty laps a day in the Athletic Club pool, and once or twice a week I walk all the way around the Central Park reservoir. But the real reason I can stand up to Ian is that I stopped smoking twelve years ago. With Rex, I used to pant and puff after the 'Rain in Spain' scene, but I don't anymore."

We asked Mr. Coote what in his life had prepared him to play the part of Pickering.

"I'm an actor, old boy," he said, a Pickeringlike tone of injury creeping into his voice. "And if you're an actor, it isn't difficult to play a character by Shaw. My father and his brothers and sisters were all on the stage; acting sort of rubbed off on me. Though they were English, they all played in New York and were well known here; recently, when I was at the Players Club, on Gramercy Park, I found the names of my two uncles, and my Aunt Lizzie and Aunt Carrie Coote, in the club's records. My father, Bert Coote, was a comedian, who came to New York when he was fourteen; he was famous—a real top-liner. He was what was known as a dude comedian—that is, a silly-ass Englishman with a monocle."

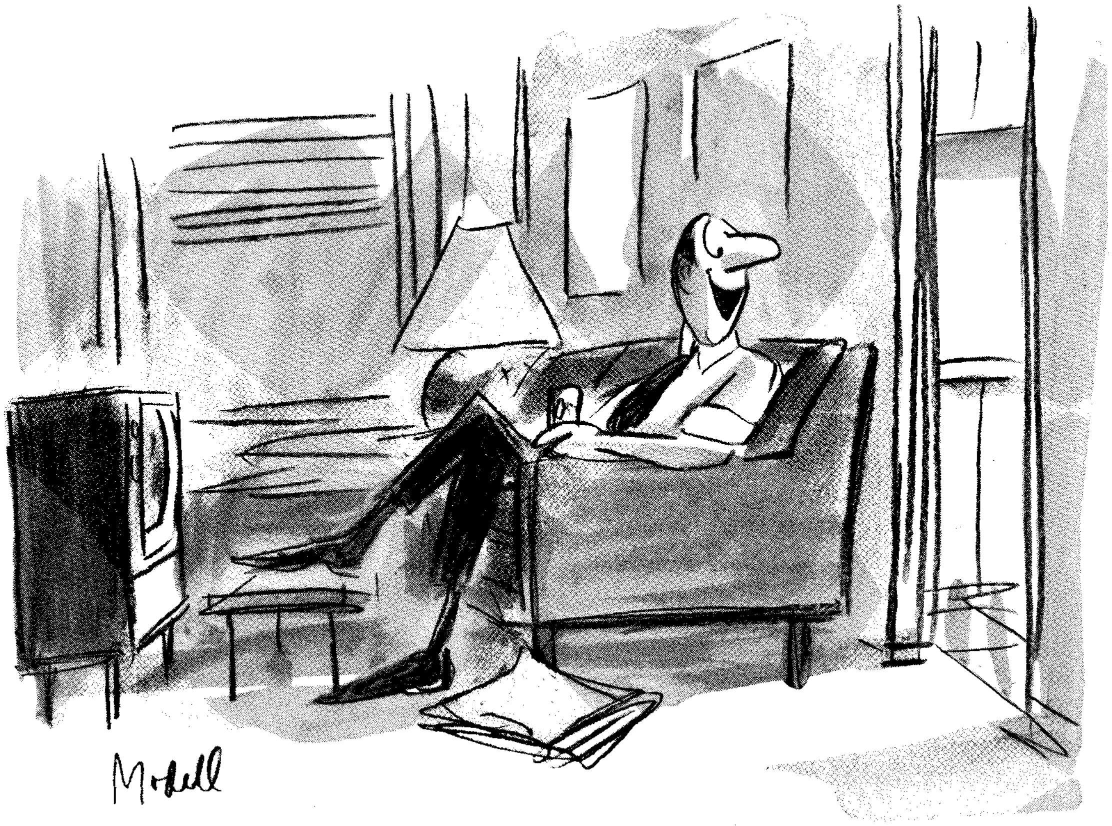
We asked whether Colonel Pickering was a dude.

"Absolutely not!" Coote said. "A dude is an extinct breed these days; dudes go back to the turn of the century, when Englishmen not only wore monocles but always got the girl in the end. Pickering doesn't do either."

Coote himself started out as an actor at sixteen, on a series of one-night stands in a tour of Wales. He hadn't wanted to go to a university; his father had told him that if he wanted to be an actor, the best thing to do was to go out and *be* one. He made his London stage début in 1931. Twenty-two years later, he made his New York début—also as a colonel—in "The Love of Four Colonels," which also starred Rex Harrison. He has been in over fifty movies, including such non-dude pictures as "Gunga Din," "The Three Musketeers," and "The Prisoner of Zenda." One day in 1955, when he was on his way back to London from the West Coast, he stopped off in New York to see Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, who were working on the book and music for "My Fair Lady;" he had known them for years. "They got me to sing a bit of a song they were working on—it was 'You Did It!,' in which Pickering congratulates Henry Higgins after the ball scene—and they gave me the part. That was all there was to it. Of course, they knew my work, and I'd acted with Rex in 'Four Colonels.' "

We asked Mr. Coote how he had got hired the second time around.

"I was approached a year ago by my agent, who told me that Herman Levin, the producer, wanted to revive 'My Fair Lady' and wanted me to play Pickering again," he said. "I thought the whole thing was a joke. I couldn't imagine anyone wanting to revive it so soon. I was reluctant to go back to this thing. I couldn't forget how in Russia I'd played to all that silence. It was remarkable! After that, I'd closed the book on 'My Fair Lady.' I didn't want to do it again. Besides, I was busy in England, where I was in 'The Jockey Club Stakes,' and I was under contract to go with the production to Australia in a few months. I dismissed 'My Fair Lady' from my mind. Then, last fall, I got a wire in Australia from my agent, which read, ' "My Fair Lady" very much alive. Herman Levin very anxious to engage you.' I wired back, 'Impossible. Contract here for six months.' But 'Jockey Club' was not doing too well in Australia—something I learned about not from anyone there but from my agent in New York, who kept sending me cables. Finally, I cabled back saying that I was staying in Australia through April, regardless. No sooner had I done that than I learned from a stranger in the bar at my hotel that 'Jockey Club' was finished. I wasn't sure what I'd do, though I still didn't want to go back to 'My Fair Lady.' Then the stranger said, very casually, 'It must be difficult to get employment at your age.' That did it. 'Give this fellow a double Scotch,' I said to the bartender. I cut upstairs and phoned New York to say I'd accept. Then I went back to the bar and told the stranger, 'You don't know what you've done for my career.' He'd finished the Scotch, and, do you know, he didn't even know what I was talking about."



"Hey, Marge, your sweetie, Alistair Cooke, is on."

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THE GREAT DEBATE

The exhilarating Ford-Carter debates in September, 1976, were such a significant—many say decisive—factor in that year's Presidential campaign that the historian's urge to get them down on paper as soon as, or even sooner than, possible will be readily understood. Such an exercise in Preëmptive History will be derided by those members of the profession still shackled to more traditional procedures, but for those ancients a fig, I say, a fig. The first of the prime-time debates (September 8th) was set in a Denver studio and reached an estimated thirty-two million people. Both candidates wore blue suits, wine-dark ties, and a certain amount of unbleached flour. In addition, President Ford wore two left shoes and Governor Carter spent the entire hour tossing from hand to hand a bale of alfalfa. Herewith the transcript:

Mr. Ford: Well, I would just like to welcome Governor Carter—I mean former Governor Carter—to the studio here tonight and to America, our America. I have been following with interest his various appearances around the country and in a general way listening with interest to some of the things he has been saying in his various public appearances, and I would just like to say here that in my opinion he has done very well, extraordinarily well, for someone who was at the beginning of the campaign only a dim little cloud on the horizon—a cloud no bigger than a little wee dark cloud, you might say.

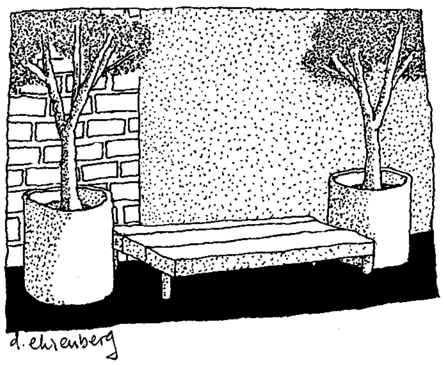
Mr. Carter: He who hath Love in his heart hath in his heart Love.

Mr. Ford: What I would like to put in front of the American people tonight are some of our programs and achievements which affect in one way or another each and every American—when I say "our" I mean of course programs and achievements generated by my Administration, and by that I don't mean only the President but the whole team. One of the most important of these is, I think, our new initiative in international relations—that is, the relations between the various nations of the world who relate to each other and to themselves. In phasing out the outmoded concept of détente and offering what I think and hope is a very creative new approach—what I have called "faerdigskranskelse," which is Finnish for "dynamic tension"—or rather I didn't call it that, Secretary Kissinger called it that, and because he called it that I just naturally, as who wouldn't, began calling it that—in conceiving this new concept, and I know it's hard to pronounce but most new things are a little difficult to pronounce at first until you get the hang of it. Say after me: "Faerdigskranskelse."

Mr. Carter: He who hath faerdigskranskelse in his heart hath no room in his heart for Love.

Mr. Ford: And I think this new concept will also satisfy those critics of our policies who feel, honestly and sincerely, that we have not been in the past sufficiently rigid in our international posture, in our dealings with those who call themselves, rightly or wrongly, enemies of freedom, and I think this will go a long way toward correcting that. Faerdigskranskelse plain and simple, or, in English, dynamic tension.

In addition to this new initiative in the international area, we have sent to the Congress proposals for five new initiatives in the domestic area. Now, as you know, we have been working very hard on the problem of unemployment, which means, very simply, that there are individuals in this country today who do not have employment, or jobs. These individuals, and it's been running and will continue to run for the foreseeable future at about seven and a bit per cent, and what we have done on that is to send to the Congress proposals that will, in the event that Congress sees fit to implement them, permit a crash program, nationwide—a very important and I think creative program that is fiscally responsible, fiscally sound—to develop something that is very much needed in America: an artificial peanut butter. This is also, I may say, directly related to the problem of hunger in this country, because, as you know, most of the children, the young children, in this country have as a mainstay of their diet peanut-butter sandwiches, very often peanut-butter-and-jelly, and the development of a new low-cost peanut butter that they could put on their bread when they come home from school or even take to school with them for their lunches would be of inestimable value to the mothers and fathers who are now paying what we consider ridiculously high prices for the so-called organic product, and we hope to put three to four million people to work in that program.



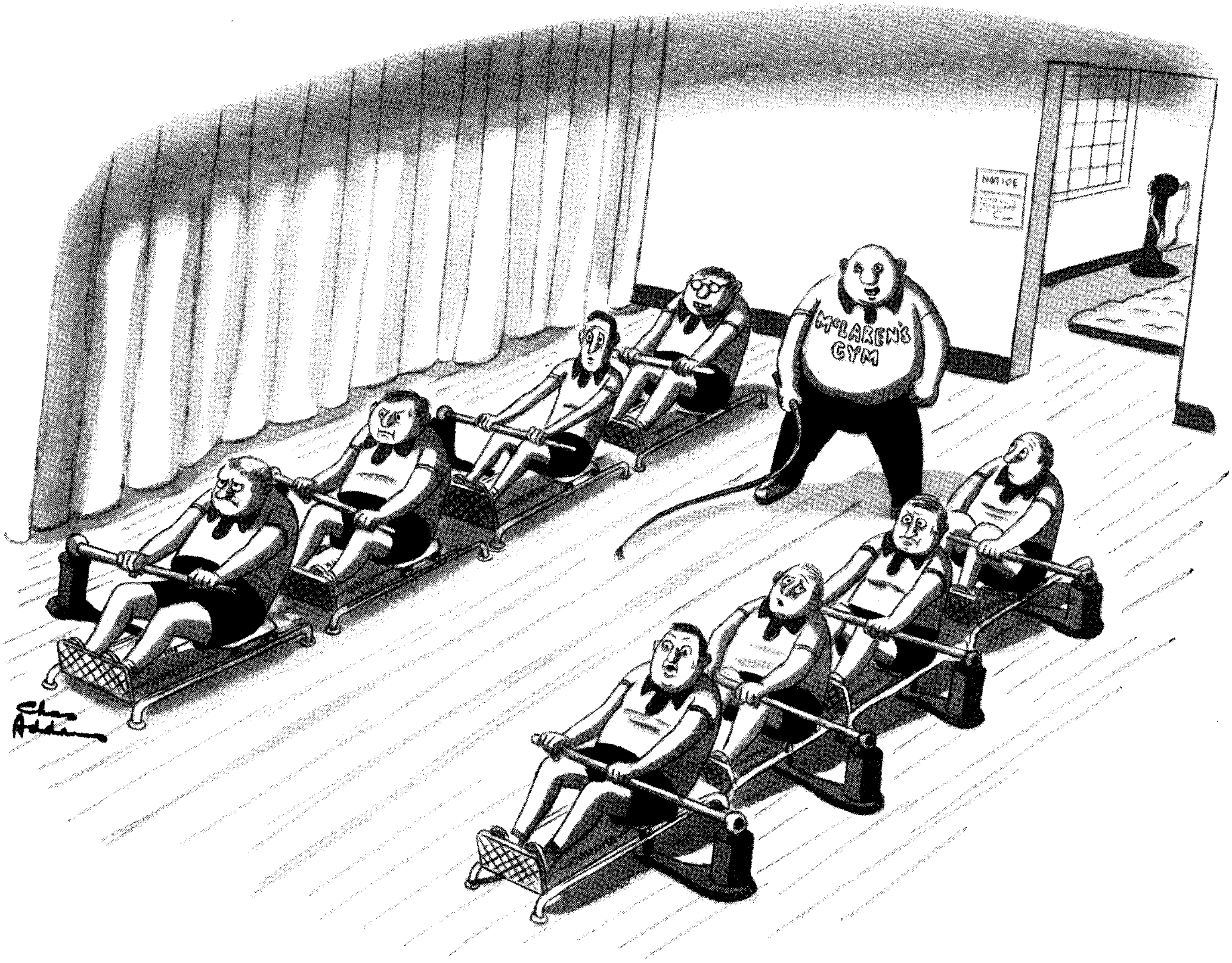
Mr. Carter: He who tampereth with peanut futures not only hath not Love in his heart but tampereth also with God's grand design and insulteth also the memory of that great American George Washington Carver, who I always include on my Great Americans list when I am north of the thirty-ninth parallel.

Mr. Ford: Now, our other four new initiatives in the domestic area, the first of these—actually, the second if you think of the one I just spoke about as the first—the second one has involved giving the bottom half of the country, what has become known as the Sun Belt, to Governor Reagan to be President of, or, as I think he calls it, Shah of. I think that's working out very well, and we will continue to enjoy very good relations with that part of the country, especially if our current negotiations to pay them an additional one-hundred-and-twenty-five-per-cent-per-barrel royalty at the wellhead are successful, as I think they will be.

Mr. Carter: If a man hath the entire Sun Belt and two Disneylands also and hath not Love, then it may be said he hath the moola but heedeth not the call of the mullah, which is Love.

Mr. Ford: Moving along, because I see by the clock that we don't have very much more time for these very important matters, I want to point out that since I have been President we have achieved a nine-per-cent reduction in—I think the figure is nine per cent or approaches nine per cent—a nine-per-cent reduction in the No Frills Fare to the Miami/Ft. Lauderdale area, to sixty-six dollars, which is five dollars and sixty-seven cents, roughly, for every man, woman, and child in America who happens to be travelling to that area. And I think we can promise similar reductions in the near future for travel to other points our citizens might be interested in travelling to. This rate does not apply, by the way, during these periods: Southbound, April 12 through 22, and May 27. Northbound, April 19 through 29, and May 31 through June 1.

Mr. Carter: In every person there



is something fine and pure and noble and good and he that sayeth that there is not in every person something fine and pure and noble and good fiddleth with the truth, but I will never fiddle with the truth, on my honor as a nuclear physicith.

Mr. Ford: Let me make one further point tonight, and I know that it is an important point that all of you are vitally interested in. Certain individuals in this government, your government—not in the present Administration, because we wouldn't permit this sort of thing in the present Administration, but in former or bygone Administrations—certain individuals in these former Administrations have from the best and highest motives frequently, such as patriotism, which is usually defined as love of one's country—

Mr. Carter: Love of God, Love of country, Love of home, Love of wife, Love of children, Love of aunts and uncles, Love of cousins, Love of second cousins twice removed, Love of neighbor, Love of nature, Love of Love—he that hath not these things in his heart hath in his heart those things which are not these things.

Mr. Ford: These individuals, with the best will in the world, have in the past from time to time initiated certain actions which might be construed, from the most favorable point of view, as revolting. This is not to say that they were not, and are not, in many cases, dedicated public servants, who . . . I refer to the—and of course it's been well publicized in the media, to a fare-thee-well—to these plans and initiatives developed by certain of our agencies, agencies of your government, for the—and I would like to underline the fact that none of these plans or initiatives were initiated, to my knowledge, by the present Administration or any of the Administrations which preceded it; in fact, they seem to have been, and especially the plan involving Prime Minister Wilson or former Prime Minister Wilson and the banjo strings—boy, somebody was really off the wall there—and I want to assure you that this Administration has taken the firmest possible measures to insure that this type of activity will never happen again, if it ever, in fact, happened in the first place. And therefore I would like to leave you tonight, if I may, with one thought—

Mr. Carter: God is Love and Love God, and the two are One, so that when a man sayeth unto you Gove, he meaneth that God is Love and Love God. Therefore when such a man comes before us saying Gove, Gove, we must raise up that man and exalt him in the simplicity of our hearts and the purity of our minds and the purity of our . . . of our purity.

Mr. Ford: Swine flu very much.

Mr. Carter: Gove.

—Donald Barthelme

NEAR DARKNESS

THE Human Dynamo says, “Are Jewish people always sad when they pack?” She is lounging on Albert’s bed, watching a World Team Tennis match on television without the sound, which Albert won’t let her turn up because life is hard enough—admittedly, he has told her, a state of affairs he doesn’t expect her to recognize at twenty-seven. Off to Miami in the morning on business, he is traipsing back and forth between his dresser and his suitcase, carrying a shirt or a little pile of underwear, as though they were relics he was bearing in a religious procession. “You’re slowing down,” the Human Dynamo says. “You misjudged the pace.”

Albert inwardly concurs. He has rated his life incorrectly; he is forty-five, the finish line is within sight, and there is too much ground to make up.

“I’m going to rephrase my question,” the Human Dynamo announces. “Are all Jewish people sad when they pack?”

Balling a pair of socks, Albert decides he’s not so much sad as disquieted and wonders why. All that comes to mind is that the pool will be full of shrieking children or drained for repairs and he won’t be able to go swimming. Albert is haunted by the spectre of empty pools; they figure in his dreams—immense, freshly dug graves. This, he realizes, is an anxiety unlikely to afflict many of his fellow-men, and thus sets him dubiously apart.

“I’m going to descend from the general to the particular,” the Human Dynamo says. “Did you ask Violet to console you while you packed?”

ONE night a week later, back from his trip, Albert stares out of his bedroom window. This overlooks a yard planted with rhododendron, beneath which he once saw an ovenbird circumspectly walking, so that for a moment he had the unsettling impression he was deep in the country rather than on the third and top floor of a Federal house in the Village. Before he and Violet split up six months ago, they had rented an apartment in an elevator building two blocks away; she has continued to live there with Barney and Emily, her children from her first marriage, and Josh, a dachshund. From his bedroom, Albert can see a corner of Violet’s building, if not the windows of her apartment. If he could look in, Albert fancies he would behold events that happened far in the past, as though the brightly lit windows were heavenly bodies, and learn whatever lessons history teaches.

“Oh, God,” his mother had said when Albert told her where he had moved. “You can hear her hair dryer from there. Couldn’t you have put more ground between yourselves?”

“It wasn’t premeditated,” Albert said. “It was a supervenient turn of events. If you visualize the marriage as a ship that has broken up, you will see us as two shipmates clinging to opposite ends of a large piece of flotsam.”

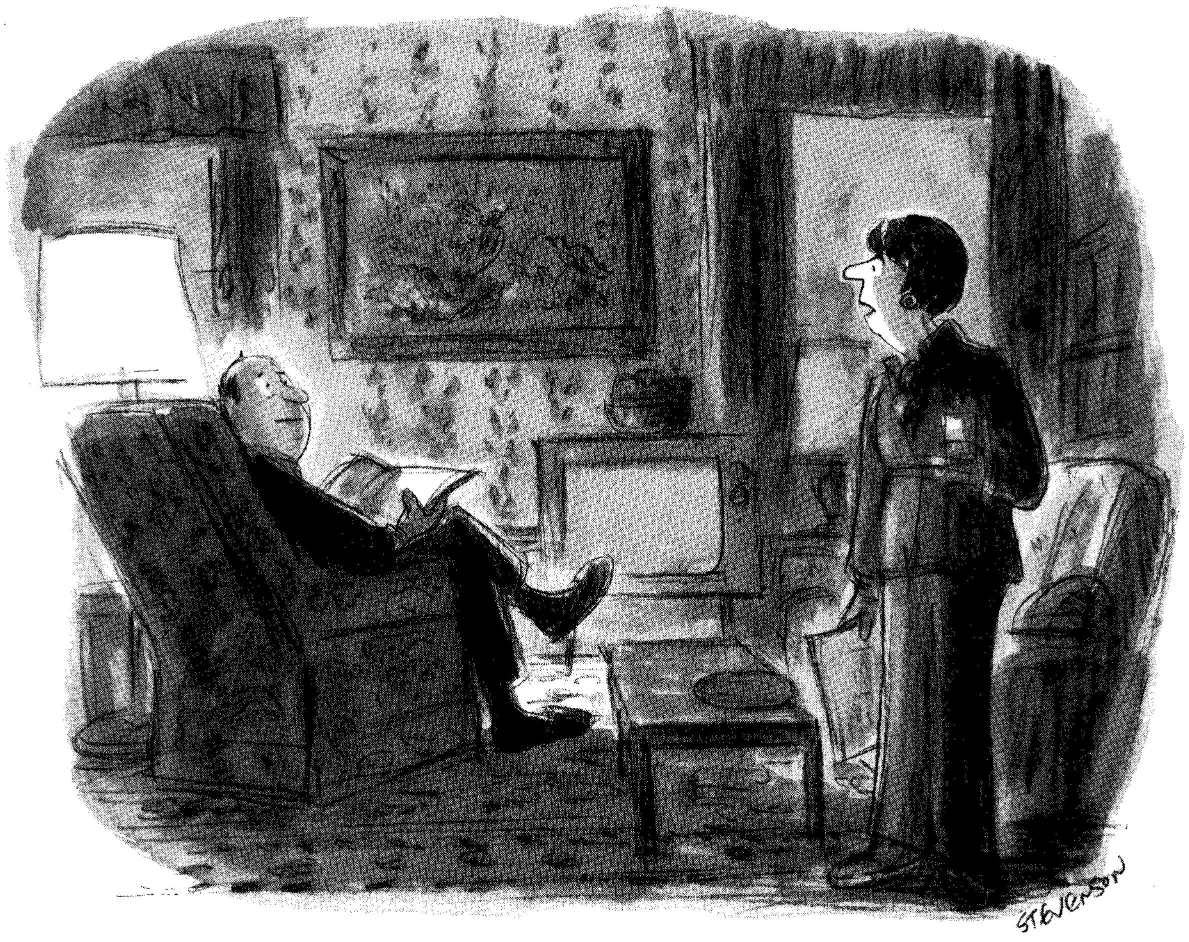
“I see you as two idiots awash on a delusion,” his father said.

“Be that as it may,” Albert said, “it also means I can walk Josh now and then.” Under the terms of the separation agreement, Violet got Josh, so he wouldn’t have to climb stairs; Albert got the Boston fern.

BEFORE he gets into bed to read, Albert goes into the little bedroom giving off his and transfers the fern from the windowsill to a pedestal table. This way, when he looks up from his book he can see the fern and its reflection; he has hung a mirror behind the table for just this purpose. Besides augmenting the green, reposeful rise and fall of the fronds, which, when faintly agitated by a draft, enhance the illusion that the plant is a fountain, the mirror extends his vista since it appears to afford a view of an empty room beyond it rather than reflecting the one in which he lies unseen. All that is visible in the mirror is an oblong of white wall. If it were not for the venous hands holding the book, Albert thinks, he would be merely a pair of incorporeal eyes by means of which words evenly flowed, maintaining their spacing, to an immaterial brain. Albert reflects that he is doing little more than placing himself in the way of the endless stream of words, which by and large pass through him like cosmic rays.

Albert’s gaze is drawn to his fern; this, luxuriant, sits on the pedestal table like a green Persian cat. How much we have in common, he muses: silence, self-containment, seeming contemplativeness. Man may be a thinking reed, Albert acknowledges, but he wonders whether others have as appallingly few thoughts as he does—not vagrant notions or impressions but carefully meditated achievement. Violet used to accuse him of secrecy, of mocking her, when she asked him what he was thinking and he said “Nothing.” But this was nearly the case.

Albert has a sudden, sentimental urge to take the fern in his arms. Every morning, in fact, he does so, picking it up like a cat, or a baby, or perhaps



"Of *course* *you kind of like Jerry Brown. Everybody kind of likes Jerry Brown."*

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a human head, and carrying it into the bathroom to get the benefit of the humidity when he takes his shower. Anyone who hasn't lifted a cat or a baby for a while will find them surprisingly heavy; the same perhaps holds for a human head. If, of course, you could just carry the fern itself, it would be as nothing, as weightless as the thoughts of a lifetime; it's the burden of the compacted earth that astonishes.

A sudden obscure, conceivably oracular utterance startles Albert, for three reasons: first, although it is apparently in English, he can't grasp what was said; second, he doesn't know who said it; lastly, he doesn't know where the speaker is. This is the order of his concern. Albert doubts whether someone else in his position would have established the same hierarchy. It is probably things like this that set him apart from his fellowmen, he decides.

At any rate, he eventually finds by his side another man's wife, whose presence he has forgotten, muttering in her sleep. He slips a hand under her head and hefts it.

"What are you up to now, Albert?" she says.

"I'm weighing your head."

"What do you think—is it a keeper?"

Albert glances at his alarm clock. "Will you excuse me?" he says, getting out of bed. "I've got to intercept Mills."

Every night at eleven, Albert's landlord, Mills, who with his family occupies the parlor and second floors, leaves the house to jog through the streets of New York, returning at midnight.

Standing on the sidewalk in his raincoat, pajamas, and slippers, as if he has been evacuated because of a fire or gas leak, Albert peers toward Fifth Avenue, waiting for Mills to materialize. In a few minutes he comes into view, pounding down the middle of the street in his burnt-orange sweatsuit with the white competition stripes. When he passes in front of his house, he arches his chest and throws up his arms, as though breasting a tape or invoking a greater authority.

"Mills, a word," Albert says, stepping off the curb.

"Gotta warm down," Mills gasps, swivelling his head, shaking out his arms, capering toward Sixth.

Albert trots alongside. "It's about the bulbs, Mills."

"Bulbs?" Mills pants.

"They're out again. Three of the five in the chandelier in the vestibule that are supposed to resemble little flames, the one in the entranceway, and one of the two flanking the front door that are stipulated by the Housing Maintenance Code. Mills, I realize we belong to two extreme schools of thought respecting dead bulbs, neither of which perhaps is socially desirable. You are indifferent to them almost to a perverse degree. I, on the other hand, am traumatized by dead bulbs—particularly in ceiling fixtures. My gaze is fatally drawn upward in the manner of cinquecento saints whenever I pass beneath them. Wait a minute—I lost a slipper."

Having reached the corner, Mills turns and jogs back to where Albert is forlornly hopping about and offers him his shoulder so he can put on the slipper without stepping on the pavement with his bare foot, which would mortify his mother. Albert's mind retains the impress of such things.

"I'm going to take care of the bulbs right away," Mills says.

"You've made these promises before," Albert says. They are climbing the stoop. Submissively noting the dark coach lamp, Albert forces his gaze higher. Wisteria, in whose thick coils innumerable sparrows presumably sleep, engulfs the façade as though, Albert muses, centuries had passed since he got out of bed and the building had fallen into picturesque decay. "No one forced you to convert it into a multiple dwelling," he tells Mills.

"I didn't know you subscribed to free will, Albert," Mills says.

ALBERT hangs up his raincoat and climbs back into bed, brushing against a bulky object he can't place. Withdrawing to the edge of the bed, he considers this encounter. Given that my life is a demonstration of Hume's discontinuous present, he thinks, what we have here might equally be a prie-dieu, an incomplete set of "Notable British Trials," or my father. Albert reaches out: she had slipped his mind for the second time.

"Would you accommodate a fantasy of mine?" she says.

"Just my métier," Albert says sadly. "What would you like me to be, a weak-hitting third baseman or a poet manqué?"

In a few moments, the phone rings.

"I just wanted to let you know there's nothing in this house to read."

"Who am I speaking to?" Albert says.

"You're speaking to Violet, who's been through two marriages, and both times all the books have gone. Here I am a fairly literate person and all I've got on my bookshelves is junk."

"But you got the jelly cupboard and the Gabon funerary figure and the seashells."

"And you got the apothecary jars and the ashtray from the Colony and the pie cupboard *and* all the Elizabeth Bowens."

THE next morning, Albert walks down Sixth Avenue, carrying a dead iris that hadn't fully opened. He goes into Mother Nature's Creative Gardens, where he buys his flowers.

"Has Mother let you down again, Albert?" Donald, the proprietor, asks, addressing him from between two great lilac branches, which he has parted.

"It never unfurled, Donald."

"Didn't say 'Ah'—is that what you're telling me, Albert?" Donald says, scrutinizing the shrivelled petals. "Did I ever tell you you're the only customer I have who returns flowers?"

"It seems to be a recurring theme," Albert says. "I recently returned a loaf of raisin bread to Jefferson Market—"

"What was wrong with it?"

"No raisins. They told me it was a first. Donald, I sometimes think it's things like this that set me apart from my fellow-men. Are you going to give me a refund or another flower? These lilacs any good?"

"Please don't shake them, Albert. You shake quince, you shake dogwood, you don't shake lilacs. They're too big for you anyway. They'll tip your pot over."

"I can manage."

"Albert, listen to me. You're not going to be able to handle them. I happen to know that these lilacs are beyond your capabilities. They're going to get the upper hand. You want me to pick up the *Post* and read 'MAN WRESTLES GIANT LILACS, LOSES'?"

"Albert, they're out of the question."

It's his mother, advancing, withdrawing an iris from a vase to see if its stem is split.

"Are you coming from your knee therapy at St. Vincent's or your body-language class at the New School?" Albert asks.

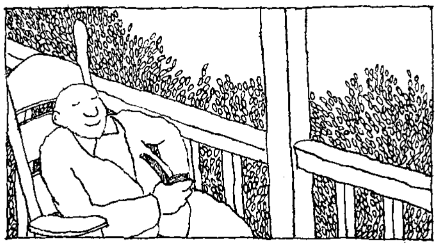
She turns to Donald. "My son has a poor grasp of reality," she says in a confidential tone. "He overextends his bounds."

"Only in little things," Albert says. "Insofar as great issues are concerned, I know my place."

"Are you coming to dinner?" his mother says. "I'm making Tou Goo Gai Kew."

"My mother has taken up Chinese cooking," Albert tells Donald.

"I've *taken* Chinese cooking," his mother says. "Now I'm taking *advanced* Chinese cooking." Albert wonders what lies in store for him at seventy-five. Lately he has got the feeling he is not so much pursuing his destiny as furiously racing alongside it, the way cars race trains in old movies.



AFTER dinner, Albert settles into his father's chair at one end of the living room; his mother and father draw up bridge chairs. While his mother tells him she is thinking of having his comforter restuffed, Albert looks past her at the bookcase at the other end of the room, where a large photograph of him and Violet embracing beneath the pines in Truro is propped, and discovers he has his arms around Shakespeare. A "Hamlet" paperback has been placed to obliterate Violet, the Droeshout portrait on the cover coinciding with her hidden face.

"While I'm at it," his mother is saying, "I'm going to have it re-covered, but definitely not in satin."

"What's wrong with satin?" his father asks.

"Satin is slithery. Don't you find it slithers off, Albert?"

"Slides," says his father, compulsively hitching a trouser leg. "Slithers implies volition."

"Your father is always squelching me, but he can't snuff out my artistic flame. Don't you find it slips off, Albert?"

"I don't mind," says Albert, regard-

PRISON: POGGIO REALE

A small window on the sky
calms the heart; someone died here, at peace.
Outside are trees and clouds and earth
and sky. Up here only a whisper comes:
the blurred sounds of all of life.

The empty window
doesn't show the hills beneath the trees
and the river winding clearly in the distance.
The water is as clear as the breath of wind,
but nobody notices.

A cloud appears,
compact and white, and lingers in the square of sky.
It sees stunned hills and houses, everything
shining in the transparent air, sees lost birds
sailing in the sky. People pass quietly
along the river and no one even notices
the little cloud.

In the small window
the blue is empty now: into it falls the cry
of a bird, breaking the whisper. Maybe
that cloud is touching the tree or sinking into the river.
The man lying in the meadow ought to feel it
in the breathing of the grass. But he doesn't move his eyes,
only the grass moves. He must be dead.

—CESARE PAVESE

(*Translated, from the Italian, by William Arrowsmith.*)

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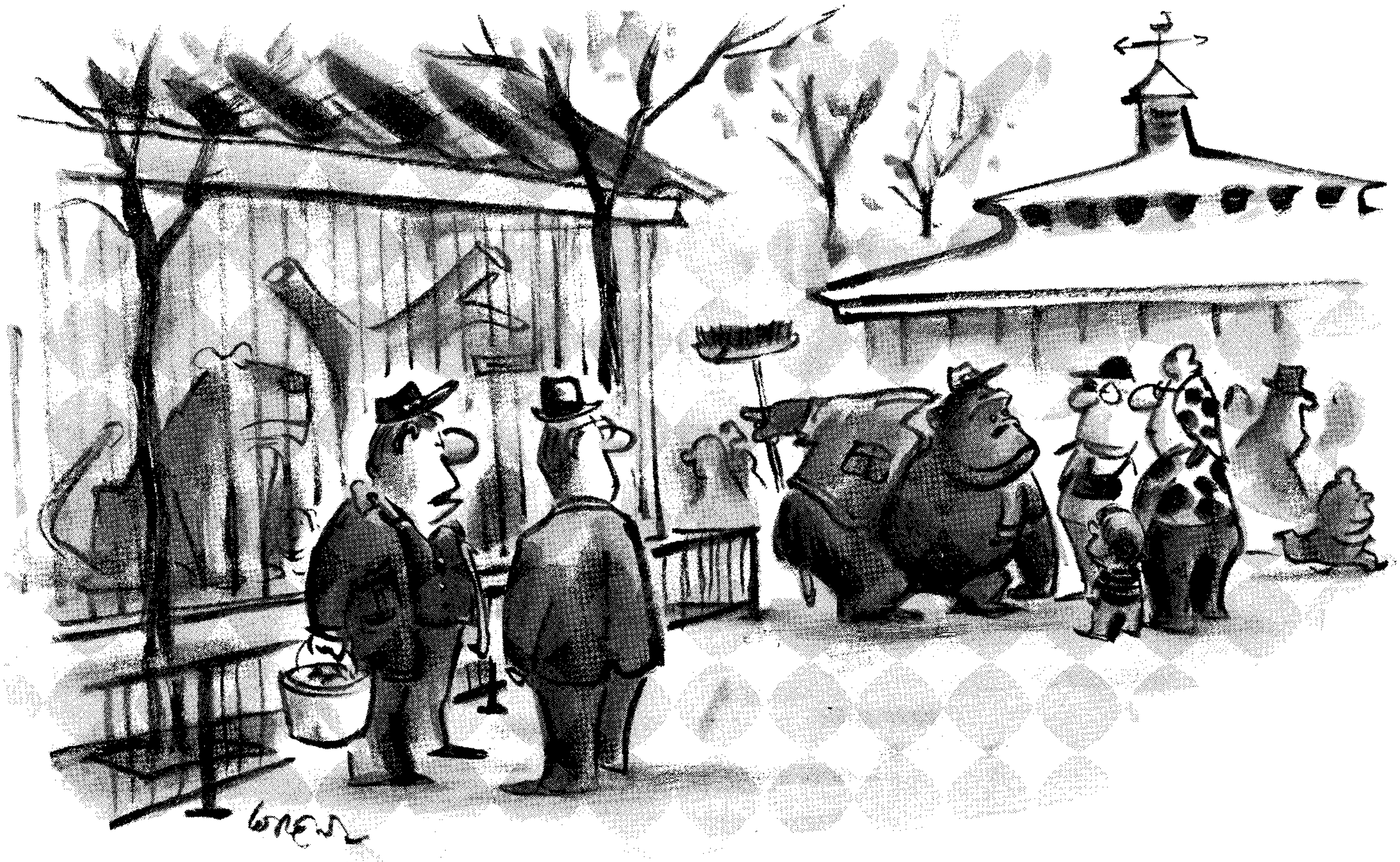


"With the budget cuts and then the personnel layoffs, we've had to ask everyone to pitch in."

• •

ing Shakespeare and himself—Shakespeare somewhat quizzical, as though having second thoughts about their collaboration, he with a lunatic grin. "It gives me something to do in the middle of the night."

"Whatever do you mean?" his mother asks.

"Groping for the comforter. It's almost as though it's some vast, rudimentary invertebrate, which, no matter how assiduously trained, instinctively seeks its natural habitat on the floor when its master is asleep."

"Cotton," his mother pronounces, biting into an after-dinner mint.

"What about cotton?" his father says.

"Cotton will put an end to all that."

"The way you've so neatly put an end to Violet?" Albert says, gesturing toward the bookshelf.

"Why should she be on display here?" his mother says. "She's not a part of our lives."

Albert reflects that he is barely part of his own life nowadays. It undeviatingly extends without seeming to require his presence. He plays a minor role, if any, like that of a page turner.

Not so much quizzical, Albert decides, reappraising Shakespeare, as speculative, as though Shakespeare were considering the disrepair of his own life; of course, it's hard to tell with Gentiles. Or perhaps he was only listening to a pine warbler. High above, one was periodically singing, Albert recalls, rending their hearts, when the shutter fell.

ALBERT and the Human Dynamo take the noon balloon to L.A., rent a car, and drive into the dun hills above El Toro, where she will go to tennis camp while he reads "Historia Animalium" by the pool.

One afternoon she suddenly looms above his chaise in her tennis clothes, furiously weeping. He closes Aristotle on a finger and motions her to one side, because she is blocking his sun. "I thought the 'B's were doing the overhead between three and five," he says.

She glares at him, then stalks off toward the road that winds higher into the hills. He follows her progress. Now and then, she is hidden from view; each time she reappears, she is more remote, smaller. It is his wish that she should vanish altogether. What business has he seeing someone so young?

When she has been out of sight an hour, he goes to their unit. Opening the door, he hears her tearfully chanting, " 'Point with relaxed arm, chin up, hit ball in front of body, hit up and through ball, snap wrist . . .' " She is standing naked by the kitchenette counter, practicing overheads, and he is charmed anew.

"Don't cry," he says. "You're a darling girl."

"But I can't do overheads," she wails.

"Surely that's nothing to cry about."

"Don't Jewish people ever cry?"

"At the movies," he says, recalling that Violet used to accuse him of being afraid to succumb to his emotions except in the Greenwich or the Waverly.

By and by, they get on the bed. Lying sideways toward the end, Albert considers Aristotle's boar, which, in its declining years, "finding itself unable to accomplish the sexual commerce with due speed, and growing fatigued with the standing posture, will roll the sow over on the ground, and the pair will conclude the operation side by side of one another."

And, Albert concedes, at literary allusions as well.

THE next week, Albert runs into Violet on his way to the laundromat and tells her about the comforter.

"I'll say one thing about that old

puff," she says. "I spent many a night of our marriage sewing the panels where they were ripped. Like the Turks plastering over St. Sophia, your mother is striving to efface every last vestige of my artistry."

"I never saw you sewing it up."

"I did it when you were off on your trips, unable to sleep for fear the pool would be full of kids or that they were about to let the water out. Then, as now, you never spared a thought for me or your stepchildren."

"I did. I do. Yesterday, I bought each of you a bottle of multivitamins with minerals."

"Don't worry. We're not going to contribute to your load of moral accountability by dropping dead of scurvy. What have you got in that shopping bag—one of your perpetually ailing plants?"

"My laundry. But since you mentioned it, mushrooms are growing in my philodendrons."

"It's probably a consequence of the lugubrious atmosphere in which you live. Milton says you always look as if you're going to cry."

"Who's Milton?"

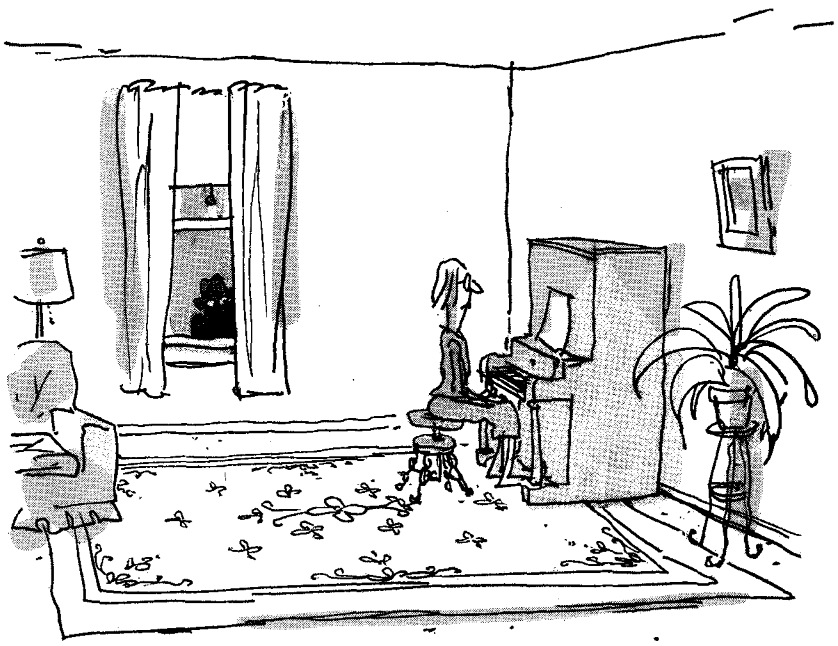
"He folds at the laundromat to put himself through N.Y.U. nights."

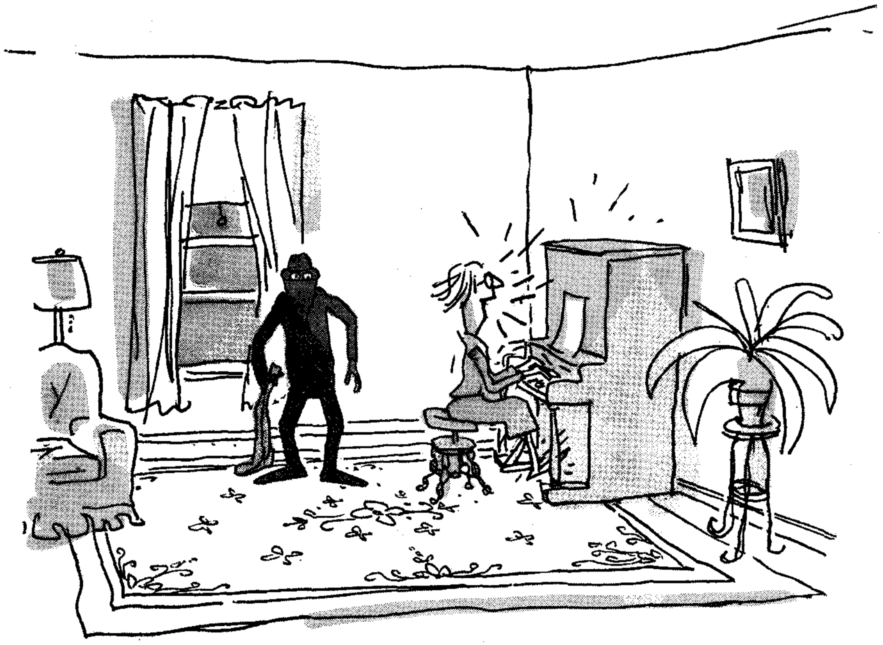
Albert finds Milton folding primrose facecloths in the back of the laundromat. "This here's a vast, untapped mine of the human comedy," he says, indicating the ranks of throbbing washers. "If you want to look into the heart of man, look at his laundry. A case in point. This particular customer's load invariably contains two bath towels—one his, one his old lady's. No hand towels, no facecloths; they don't use them. However, in this bundle spread out before me what do we find but *three* bath towels, *two* hand towels, *two* facecloths. Now, from long acquaintance with the customer's laundry, I know he's a reasonably fastidious dude, but for a while back what do we get for two weeks running but *one* bath towel, which indicates to me his old lady cut out on him. For two weeks he's a lost soul, going to Jefferson to buy a nice piece of haddock for his dinner, watching a little Channel 13, take half a Valium, and so to bed. Time passes, and in accordance with the great cycle of nature life begins anew. He starts calling up chicks from days of yore. To make a long story short: *three* bath towels, *two* hand towels, *two* facecloths."

"And me and Violet?"

"A painful case. I can't help recollecting how you used to lug in those big five-dollar, six-dollar loads. Now the two of you show up with these dainty little bundles. Albert, after folding someone's stuff week after week you get a certain rapport going with the garments, a very warm, personal feeling. Those items originally came in here together, Albert, and they belong together. Whenever it's humanly possible, I throw yours and Violet's in the same machine. It gives me good vibes to see them being agitated en masse in the wash cycle, tumbling amongst one another in the dryer's warm embrace."

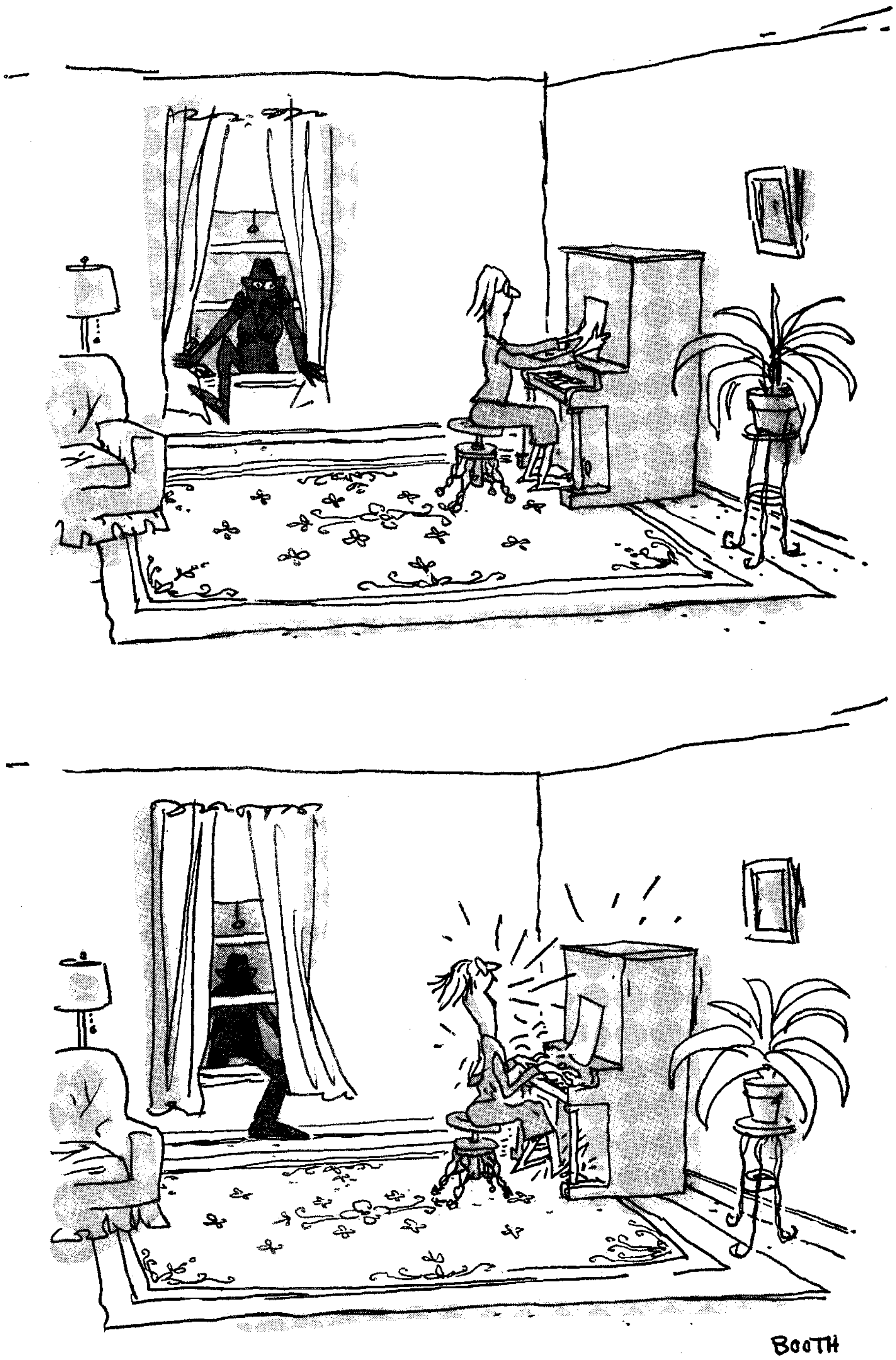
Albert finds himself looking into one of the dryers. Behind the glass door, clothes appear and reappear, seemingly striving with death-defying leaps to reach an unattainable objective: to be something more exalted than garments, Albert guesses. He recalls the long hairs, so reminiscent of Violet's, that from time to time he would find coiled upon his underwear when he was putting his laundry away, and how their presence posed a tender mystery he never attempted to solve or charge with meaning, wary of the trap of Keats' egotistical sublime. A narrow escape, since they could well have been hers.





"NOW more are out," Albert tells Mills in the Eighth Street Marboro. Heads down, they had been slowly circling the long table of dollar remainders, Mills clockwise, Albert counterclockwise, and gently collided. "Four in the chandelier, both coach lamps."

"Words, Albert, words," Mills says.



"Near darkness," Albert says.

Mills flips open a book. "I'm talking about *these*. All of them jammed in there. And there and there. We've been overrun with words, Albert. We're repeating ourselves." He slams the book shut, as though stemming the tide.

Albert says, "I once read about a prisoner who wanted to write a book but had nothing upon which to write it except the pages of a book, so he wrote in the spaces between the lines of print. This is interesting, but odd. On the face of it, one would more likely have paper than a pen or pencil. There are more sheets of paper in the world than writing instruments."

"Whether at a given time there are more blank sheets than ones densely covered with writing is problematical," Mills says.

"It could be, of course, that the prisoner wrote his book with, say, the bristles from his toothbrush dipped in his life's blood," Albert says.

"How much blood do you think it would take to write a decent-sized book?" Mills asks. "More than the five quarts in the human body?"

"Now, suppose the book he is so laboriously interlineating is one he himself wrote," Albert says. "Suppose further that it is autobiographical, as is the work in progress. Being daily faced with the expression of old wastes, slack, and follies, he must remember to turn aside when overcome, so that his tears don't dissolve what he has just written."

"We are in agreement then that his writing in pencil is farfetched," Mills says.

They decide to walk home together. It is evening, the air the blue of a black duck's speculum. On the way, Albert says, "To take it a step further, I have unresistingly become the prisoner of my own life. It's as if it were already written on an immense scroll in two crenellated lines of type, which immure me."

Climbing the stoop, contemplating the lifeless coach lamps, he adds, "Insofar as I am imprisoned in the book of my life, I am, in effect, writing on the walls of my cell—merely, and compulsively, explicating my own text."

Mills opens the door. "Lenin exhorted, 'Ceaselessly explain,' " he says.

Flinging up an arm to draw Mills' attention to the chandelier, Albert cries out in the murky vestibule, "The public areas are your responsibility."

"And Ovid said," Mills goes on, " '*Scripta ferunt annos.*' "

ALBERT is awakened by the crash. At first, he imagines it is the shutter falling in the woods in Truro; next, Mills slamming the book shut in Marboro.

"What happened?"

The question is as alarming as the crash. Once more Albert reaches out in the dark, and once again he encounters another man's wife.

He strives to look into the little bedroom, but he cannot see over the brow of the re-covered comforter, which, steadfast, folded in four, looms at the foot of the bed.

"Will you excuse me?" Albert says, getting up and heading into the little bedroom in his bare feet. He unexpectedly steps on earth. He crouches in the dark, fingering the damp soil, the cold fragments of the broken pot, the papery fronds. Extending a hand, he locates the pedestal table lying on its side, the place where one of the legs had snapped off. He must have set the pot down off center, and its unfailingly surprising weight, augmented by solicitous waterings, caused the leg to give way.

"What happened?" she says, crouching beside him, so that as he in turn picks up and lets drop the dirt, the shards, the fronds he finds himself occasionally lifting her tumbling hair as though she, too, has come to grief.

"Shouldn't we stick it in something, or something?" she says.

A naked man and woman, Albert muses, huddled over a dying fern in the middle of the night as though reenacting some ancestral sorrow—it's ten–twelve this affecting tableau has not been seen in New York since the turn of the century, when such affecting representations were more prevalent.

He dusts off his hands and rises. How quickly remorse is replaced by a sense of relief. Violet, his stepchildren, Josh, now the fern—one more thing he won't be encumbered by, have to take care of, be responsible for. Why is Violet weeping? When will Emily unlock her door? Is it true Barney put Josh in the refrigerator? Are the tips of the fronds dying as a consequence of the great cycle of nature or because he is overwatering—or not watering enough? All that remains between him and seclusion, Albert realizes, are the philodendrons and the mushrooms.

"Oh, my God, what's that?" she says, getting up, bumping into what appears to be a severely stunted live oak festooned with Spanish moss. It is Albert's clothes dryer draped with socks. "Oh, it's a clothes dryer."

"Actually, it's a calendar," Albert says. "When I hang my socks up to dry, I count them and divide by two to discover how many days have gone by since I last washed them. Inevitably, more time has passed—or time has passed more quickly, I'm not sure it's the same thing—than I realized. A forcible reminder of the impermanence of our earthly mansions. By the same token, the Aztec Sun Stone, which archeologists believe to be a calendar, is in reality half of a giant waffle iron used on certain ceremonial occasions—the other half, which would make its purpose clear, being still unearthed."

So, too, Albert acknowledges, we are molded and stamped by our responsibilities. The prospect of growing old among furled irises, raisinless raisin bread, and slowly drying socks brings tears to Albert's eyes, which the other man's wife fails to detect, for Albert is now lying on the very edge of the bed—a habit he got into when he was married; that way, he could sleep with a hand on Josh's back to comfort him if he had bad dreams or awoke believing they had all gone away and left him.

After making sure she is asleep, Albert calls Violet.

"I just wanted to let you know that my life has become palindromic."

"Who am I speaking to?" Violet says.

"You are speaking to Albert, who is afraid his life makes as much sense backward as forward."

"Or as little," Violet says.

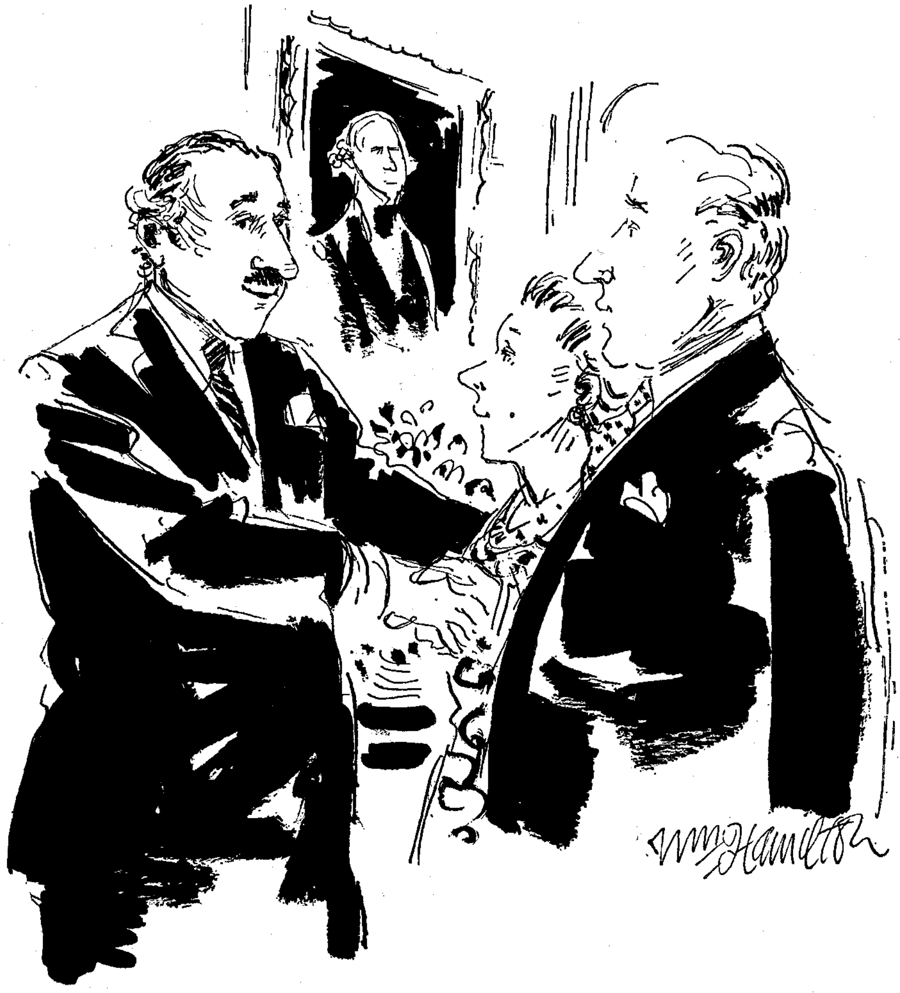
BECAUSE he has a lunch date, Albert goes to the Y before work instead of at noon and finds the pool full of old men and women—none, apparently, under seventy. They are swimming so slowly and in so many directions that he gets the impression they aren't making any progress, or, collaterally, that they have no destinations but are merely rocking back and forth like boats at their moorings. Like appalled Dante, Albert stares down at them from the deck. Except for the sound of an occasional wavelet breaking over the gutter, the pool is preternaturally silent; the swimmers' faces are composed, serene, their strokes and kicks so feeble or languorous they seem barely sufficient to keep them afloat.

"Do you get this bunch every morning?" Albert asks the lifeguard.

"From eight to twelve. Senior Citizens' A.M. Swim."

Taking note of the hours, Albert returns to the locker room; he will lower himself in at the shallow end twenty-five years hence.

ALBERT says, "Do Gentile people always skip when they read?" He is unpacking, traipsing back and forth between his suitcase and the dresser, carrying a shirt or a little pile of underwear, as though putting away the costumes after another unsatisfactory performance of his life. The Human Dynamo is lying on her back on Albert's bed, holding an open book above her head, letting the pages slip one after another from under her right thumb, her arms uplifted, as were Michelangelo's on his scaffold and, as Walter Benjamin pointed out, Proust's upon his sickbed while holding his pages in the air. When Jews open a book, Albert reflects, they resolve—are condemned—to read every word. But the mind strays, being susceptible to such questions as why every now and again an odd number of socks graces the clothes dryer and what it is that causes unhappiness. —GILBERT ROGIN



"Dinner was absolutely delicious, and thanks again for the bombers."

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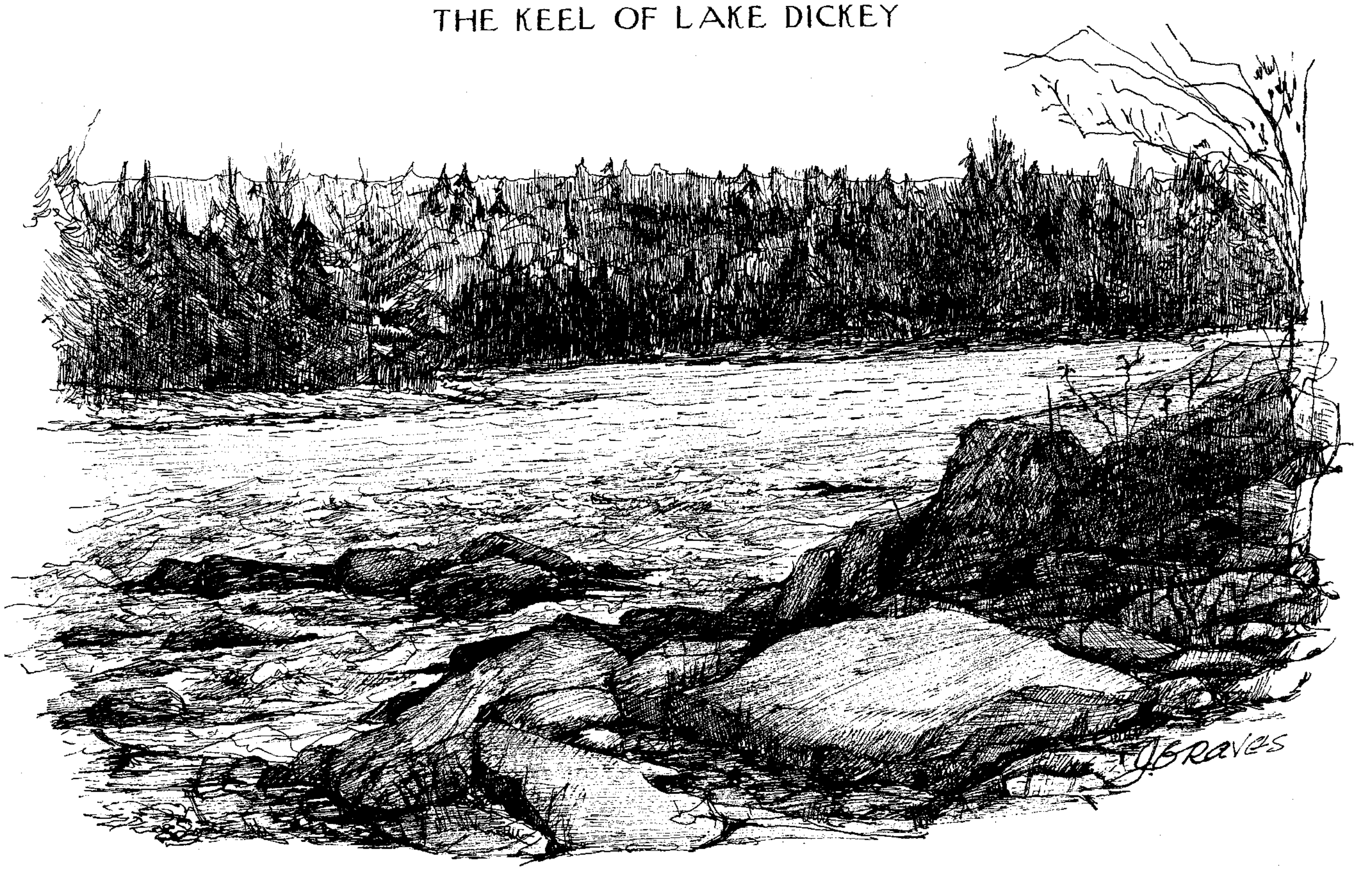
COUNTRY LIVING at its best in this 2 bedroom RANCH home with flagstone breezeway, 2 car attached garage and lovely, monotonous views. This home may be purchased separately in the mid $30's, or together with a charming studio barn at $60,000.—*Adv. in the Pittsfield (Mass.) Berkshire Eagle.*

Can you see anything from the barn?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE KEEL OF LAKE DICKEY



WE have been out here four days now and rain has been falling three. The rain appears to be ending. Breaks of blue are opening in the sky. Sunlight is coming through, and a wind is rising.

I was not prepared for the St. John River, did not anticipate its size. I saw it as a narrow trail flowing north, twisting through balsam and spruce—a small and intimate forest river, something like the Allagash, which is not many miles away. The river I imagined would have been river enough, but the real one, the actual St. John, is awesome and surprising. How could it, unaltered, be here still in the northeastern United States? There is nothing intimate about it. Cities could be standing beside it. It's a big river.

I call to the next canoe. "How wide is it now, Sam?" I asked him that yesterday, and he said it was eight chains, he guessed, there, approaching Seven Islands. Sam—Sam Warren—is a timber cruiser up here, and when he looks through the woods or across the river he thinks in chains. When he is cruising—walking by compass through the forest—he never wears raingear, and he wears none now. He has been paddling three days soaking wet, and he doesn't seem to mind. The air temperature is fifty degrees. He has cruised the woods at minus thirty. He says he thinks the river is ten chains wide now—six hundred and sixty feet.

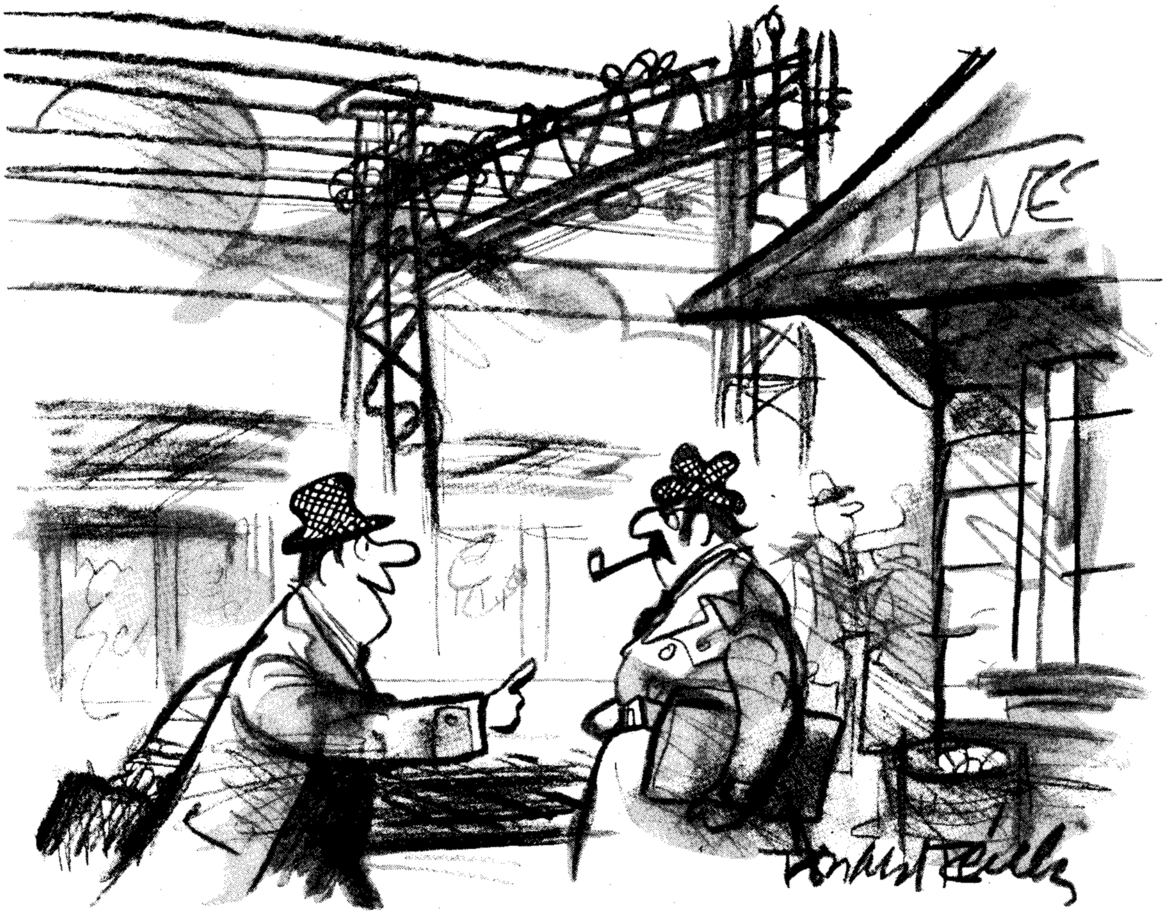
We are a bend or two below the Priestly Rapid, and we can see more than a mile ahead before the river turns from view. Bank to bank, the current is running fast. It is May 28th. The ice went out about a month ago. We have seen remnant snow in shadowed places on the edges of the river. The hardwoods are just budding, and they are scattered among the conifers, so the riverine hills are bright and dark green, streaked with the white stems of canoe birch. The river is potable, God knows, for it rises here in the Maine woods, and almost nothing stands near it except hundreds of millions of trees. The only structures we have seen were three logging bridges and a few cabins—one in use by a game warden, another the fishing camp of a timber-management company, the others, for the most part, roofless and moldering.

John Kauffmann, in the stern of a red Royalex canoe, has come from Alaska to go down the St. John. We are four canoes and eight people. Kauffmann has been here before. He is the author of a book on Eastern rivers and, in part of his time, is a professional canoe traveller—a planner with the National Park Service, going out from his office, in Anchorage, to study, from water level, wilderness rivers that might one day be part of the national-park system. A big man, tall, he has finished pushing fifty. He wears a dark, broad-brimmed hat. Twenty years in the National Park Service—he looks like a smoked bear. Here, there, he has seen a lot of rivers.

"What rivers remind you of this one, John?"

Kauffmann thinks awhile, paddling. "Oh, I don't know. I guess there's some flavor of it in the upper Androscoggin," he says, and he lets it go at that for a hundred yards. "It has more presence than the Penobscot," he adds. "It's not a second-string, minor waterway—and it's not another Allagash, close as it is. Its dimensions are so much grander. Just look at it. It has stature, character. It's a majestic, noble river. It's something like the upper Hudson, but not much. I am groping for comparisons, but I can't think of a river like this one—not in the United States. It's a wild river, not a scenic river in the Shenandoah sense. Or the Connecticut or Housatonic Valleys. You have reminiscences of it in the Delaware, high up, and even, in a way, in the Kobuk—but you can't compare a taiga river to a Maine river. This one is unique. It's like some rivers in eastern Canada, but of our rivers it is unto itself. It's the St. John."

Time soon to put things away and look over the Big Black Rapid. Ahead we hear the coal-chute white-water sound, even though the wind is blowing



"Excuse me, sir, but I wonder if you'd mind telling me how you achieved the perfectly insouciant crush of your hat."

• •

stiffly behind us in squalls. Running before them, we fairly scud downriver. We pull over and, from the left bank, study the rapid. It is not a particularly long one. In on the left, out on the right appears to be the driest way to do it. One does not have to be a limnologist to see that.

One does not have to be cocky, either. Any rapid can be trouble—bad luck, bad guesses—and, looking at this one, I feel adrenalin run. Twenty years ago, on a fairly cold October day, Kauffmann and I turned over in a gorge of the upper Delaware, having gone there in a time of near flood, and we washed down at least a mile before we were able to get the canoe out of the big, chocolate river. I'm sure we will never be fools enough to do that again, but, together and separately, we have had canoes capsize under us in less dangerous places. So a little adrenalin runs. The rapid is beautiful, bouldery, and bending—the forest rising steeply from the two sides. It is called the Big Black Rapid because it is near the mouth of the Big Black River, which flows into the St. John a mile downstream. There is nothing black about the rapid. It is blue and mostly white, running over big rocks and ledges, with standing waves on long diagonals, like ranges of hills. The wind is so stiff now it is tearing spray off the tops of the waves. The rapid curves left, then right. If I thought I had one chance in ten of going into the river, I wouldn't run the rapid. I would line it—let the canoe down slowly on ropes—or carry around it. If I do get a thrill out of missing a rock and flying along on racing water, that is not what I came for. The rapid is only a part of the river—of a hundred and some miles of this trip and this part of the St. John—and the highest pleasure I can derive from running it is to get from the beginning to the end of the stretch of white water with canoe and cargo sound and, if possible, dry. This is a canoe trip, not a rodeo. When the Canadian *voyageurs*, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, came to rapids in their bark canoes, they did not seek out the deepest souse holes and the highest standing waves. With their four-ton cargoes of furs, they looked for the *fil d'eau*—the safest, surest route through the rapid. For us, just being out here—in this country, on this river—is the purpose of the journey, and not shooting like spears to hit God knows what and where. A test of courage is not the point—not my point, anyway. I have too little courage to waste any on a test. In our own fashion, with our own bulging gear lashed into the four canoes, we had better think like the *voyageurs*.

The plan is that I will lead (paddling an eighteen-foot Grumman), with Mike Moody. John Kauffmann will follow, with Tom Cabot. Lev and Dick Byrd, in their fifteen-foot Grumman, will go next. And Dick Saltonstall, with Sam Warren, in a big E. M. White canoe with mahogany gunwales, will sweep.

We shove off. One by one, the four canoes describe an easygoing, bobbing S down the rapid. The Byrds hit a rock and add a deep, tympanic bass to the contralto of the rapid, but they do not stick (as aluminum canoes too often will). No one else comes even close to buying the river. At the foot of the rapid, the aggregate water in all the canoes is maybe five or ten quarts.

"I've poled up worse rapids than that one," says Tom Cabot.

No one doubts him. Tom wrote the first of the Appalachian Mountain Club's New England canoeing guides. Also, with others, he designed the Grumman canoe.

I have been remembering all day that less than two weeks ago a canoer died in the river—in, as I thought I had understood it, the Big Black Rapid. Looking back up the steps of white water, ordered and unmenacing, I mention it. "I just don't see how anyone could have died here—could have had such an accident in this place. What do you suppose happened?"

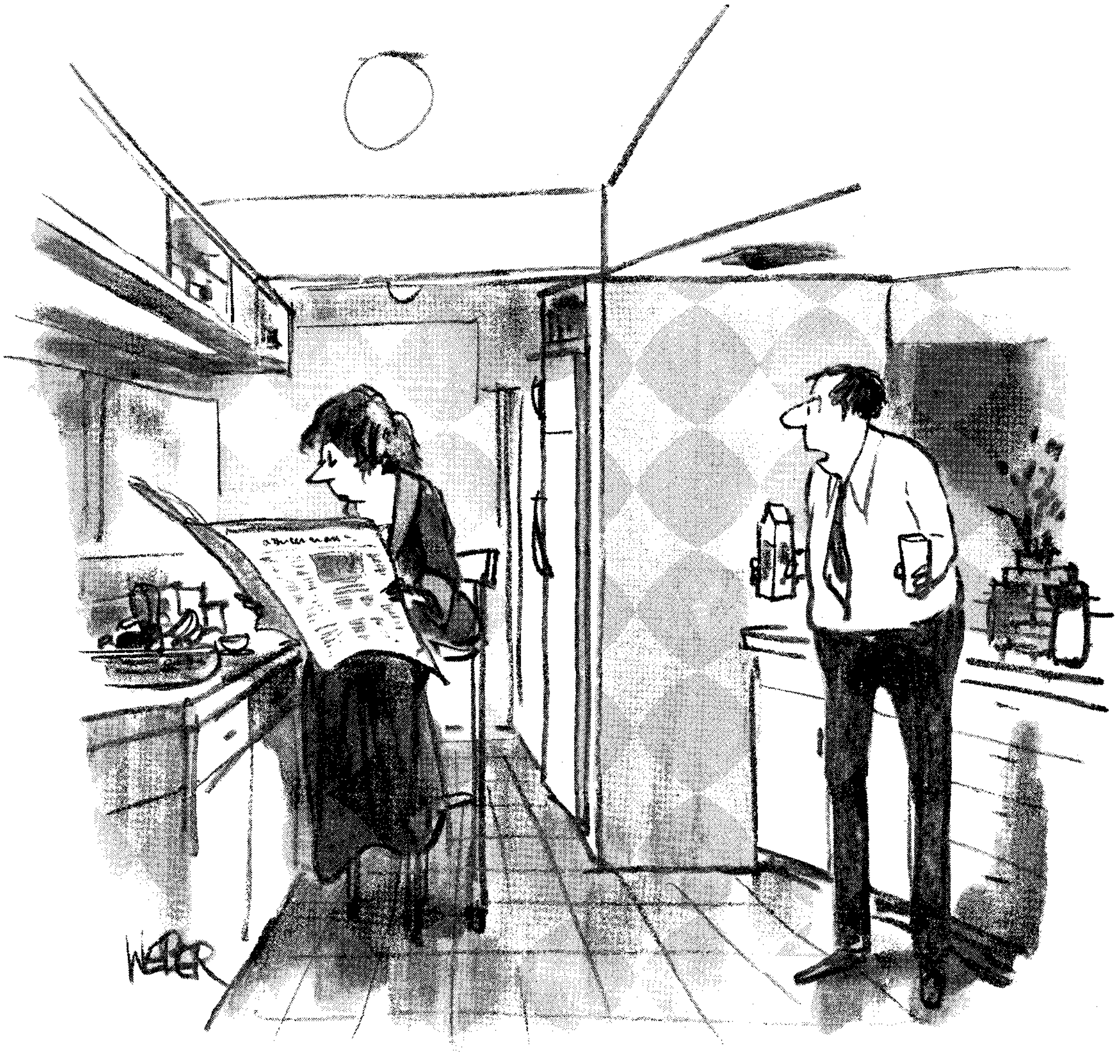
"It didn't happen here," Saltonstall says. "This is the Big *Black* Rapid. It happened forty miles below here, just above Dickey, in the Big Rapid."

LAST night, I slept nine hours, rain thunking on the tent. Each night out here has been much the same. At home, I am lucky if I get five. Preoccupations there chase each other around and around, the strong ones fighting for the lead; and at three-thirty or four I get up and read, preferring the single track in the book to the whirling dozens in the brain. It's a chronic—or, at least, consistent—annoyance, and nights almost without exception are the same for me until I come to the woods, stretch out on the ground, and sleep nine hours.

We flew in here this time—in three float planes from Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake. I was in the third plane. In the air, the two in front seemed to hang without motion, pontoons pendent—canoes tied to the pontoons. In the shallows of Moosehead we could see clearly the rocks of the bottom. There were whitecaps over the deeps. Off to the right, with more altitude, we saw Allagash Mountain, Caucomgomoc Lake, Chesuncook Lake, the West Branch of the Penobscot River, and, beyond all, the Katahdin massif, aglint with ice and snow. Moving north-northwest, we flew about sixty miles over streams and forest, and set down at the south end of Baker Lake, downstream a few miles from the string of ponds that are the headwaters of the St. John River.

I had never before taxied in an airplane up to a campsite, and when the last plane was gone I felt as if the towns and cities behind were somehow just over the trees, and I felt, too, a certain dismay with myself for not having worked my way out here with a paddle in my hands. Given all that, I thought it would take at least a day for things to simplify, for the checklist of current concerns to reduce itself sufficiently to lengthen sleep—but it took less time than the sun used going down. None of this is a matter of exercise. I get almost as much of that at home as here. Physical labor as a bringer of sleep doesn't seem to do much for me. But the woods do, where thoughts of weather, of food, and of the day's journey so dominate the mind that everything else subsides. The rise and fall of temperature and of wind, the beginning and the end of rain matter here in a way that is irrelevant elsewhere. With the right gear, it is a pleasure to live with the weather, to wait for sun and feel the cool of rain, to watch the sky with absorption and speculation, to guess at the meaning of succeeding events. I hate feeling miserably wet and cold. But with boots, heavy wool socks, rain pants, rain parka, and a wide-brimmed hat I have been dry and warm through all the downpours, on and off the river.

Saltonstall calls himself "a mail-order freak." He says I am one, too. His desk at home is piled deep with catalogues from the premier woods-equipment houses of the land: L. L. Bean, of Freeport, Maine; Eddie Bauer, of Seattle; Recreational Equipment, of Seattle; Gokey, of St. Paul; Moor & Mountain, of Andover, Massachusetts; Herter's, of Mitchell, South Dakota; Kirkham's AAA Tent & Awning, Salt Lake City; the Great World of Ecology Sports, West Simsbury, Connecticut—and on down to the surface of the desk, a foot below. We had scarcely hit the beach at Baker Lake when he and I had an equipment shootout, which he seemed to think he was winning. He put up his new tent, an ice-blue JanSport with glass wands and a three-quarter-length fly, the whole affair a subtle compromise—in breathing and impermeable nylons—between the statistical probabilities of incoming water and air. Round, repulsive, mycophane, it appeared to be a model of the Houston Astrodome, its ceiling four feet high. I put up my tent, a tall pavilion in traditional canvas, by Eureka, of Binghamton, New York, with a six-foot-six-inch ceiling—instant Camelot. (John Kauffmann meanwhile removed from his pack two small bags that contained enough onionskin nylon to cover an Alp. On a framework of slender, elastic-filled aluminum rods he then constructed a villa. He mentioned that his architect had been Barry Bishop, of the south col of Mt. Everest, and that

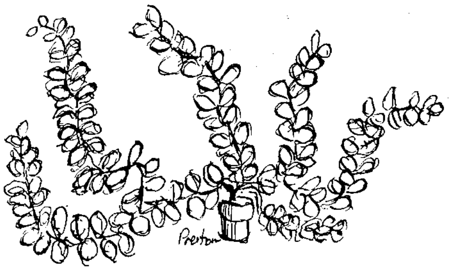


"Go ahead, put your faith in the American people. Let's just see where that gets us."

Bishop's name for the tent was Bishop's Ultimate. Lighting his pipe, Kauffmann sat down in his foyer and watched Saltonstall and me with apparent amusement.) Saltonstall got out his Uncle Sam's Canoe Bags, sold by Moor & Mountain—rubber, government surplus, and supposedly waterproof. He handed one to me, saying he was sure I would need it, less for the rain than for the river. He also got out his new twenty-five-cup, porcelain-enamelled Old-Fashioned Coffee Pot, dark blue with white spatters, and his new wide-mesh Allagash Dishwasher's Bag—both from the Great World of Ecology Sports. In the logging camps of the Maine woods, utensils were put in bags and shaken dry. I flicked chips into the fire with my Buck knife, an instrument of such hard steel that the manufacturer agrees to have it back for sharpening whenever necessary throughout the owner's life. Saltonstall drew attention to the sewn-in tumpline on his new Duluth pack, from Gokey. I then took from a canvas bag my new thirteen-inch reflector oven, from L. L. Bean, and set it, shining, at his feet.

Saltonstall has a minor speech impediment. He cannot say "L. L. Bean." Nor can he say the variants "Bean" and "Bean's." Instead, he refers to the place as "Leon's." Saltonstall, in Maine, is more seasoned than seasonal. He is not a native, but neither is he—and this is the point—a summer parvenu. He grew up near Boston and now lives in Virginia, but he owns a house and several hundred acres on a lake in Lincoln County, Maine, and he intends to settle there before long for the rest of his life. He is a sailor and has cruised the Maine coast since his youth. He is a writer, and the title of his most recent book is "Maine Pilgrimage." People of his ilk—old Maine hands from other states—seek ways of distinguishing themselves from run-of-the-summer tourists, and one curious way is not to admit to patronizing L. L. Bean.

Among outdoor-equipment suppliers in the United States, Bean's is more or less the source pond—a business begun in 1912, when the Maine Hunting Shoe was developed by a noted woodsman, Leon Leonwood Bean. Boots with leather tops and rubber bottoms, they are of considerable utility in the quagmires of the north woods, and Bean's still sells them—eighty-eight thousand pairs a year. Bean's-boots simulacra are in the mail-order catalogues of nearly all the other outdoor suppliers in the country. Adding item after item over the years, Bean, who died in 1967, built a national reputation. In recent times, the company has further expanded, somewhat disturbingly, to become a kind of balsam-scented department store, but, for all its Japanese pot holders and Seventh Avenue jumpers, it still has truly serviceable woods equipment in sufficient variety to hold position in the field. Most transactions are by mail, but the home store, in Freeport, in Cumberland County, is open twenty-four hours a day seven days a week. I know people who have gone shopping at Bean's at four o'clock in the morning and have reported themselves to have been by no means the only customers there. The store is a rampant mutation of New England connective architecture—an awkward, naïve building, seeming to consist of many wooden boxes stacked atop one another and held together by steel exterior trusses. There is nothing naïve about the cash register. Sometimes it is necessary to go off to the woods for indefinite periods to recover from a visit to Bean's. John Kauffmann and I have stopped there at nine in the morning, fanned out for boots, mink oil, monoculars, folding scissors, Sven saws, fishing gear, wool shirts, met at noon by the windproof-match bin, gone out to lunch (lobsters—four—on the wharf at South Freeport), and returned to Bean's for a good part of the afternoon. Salton-



ELEGY FOR AGATHA CHRISTIE

In the pantry, a decanter reflects
Topaz pools on pastries and the tins
As the late sun flows in through an open window.
Outside, a tall woman bends and clips off
Red roses for a perfect setting, the guests'
First meeting. That picturesque,
Elegant dinner will be disturbed by which

Person's memory of an incident in Egypt?
The butler yawns behind the door, pauses
Before crossing the hall, and hears
The guests rising from their chairs.
The sticky mark above an ear
Locks every door that night. Upstairs,
A girl in a flowered dress holds a photograph
And weeps; the man in the corridor

Makes a fist at his own image in the glass,
And all over the world
People sit up, not wanting to finish, and still
Not able to sleep. They think they know,
Knowing themselves!

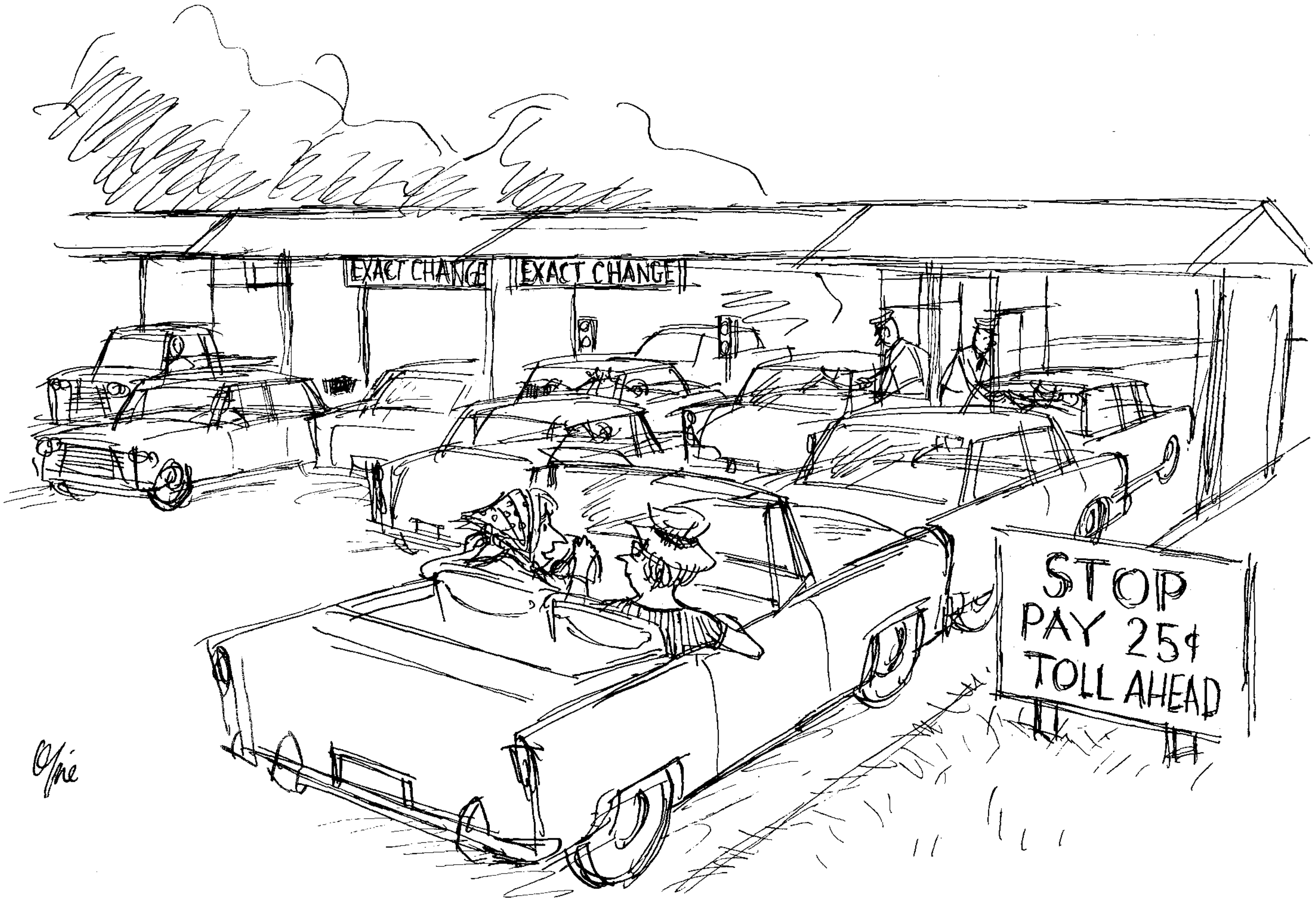
Now one woman is missed as our lost hours
Are not. For us she killed the individual,
Evil people, and the hours. Characters
For results. They are not
Ourselves or even like
The crystals of our hatred and distrust.

The airs of a murder clearing up,
And the lost hours
That saved us for the accomplishment of sleep—
We are grateful for the murders, and we know
That all she killed for us has, now, killed her:

Time and boredom, preparing us for the rest
That's dark and formal,
Like the butler sleeping in a chair, his large
Hands innocently folded between his knees.

—Pamela Stewart

• •



"I do have the exact change, but I prefer the human contact."

• •

stall, in his travels, makes regular visits to Bean's and, among trusted friends, is not too shy to admit it.

"Dick, where did you get that canoe-repair kit?"

"Leon's."

"What do you think of this Eddie Bauer down jacket?"

"I guess I like Leon's a little better."

Going to Leon's, though, is second-best to buying from Leon by mail, for a mail-order freak on the Saltonstall level needs to savor merchandise in his imagination in a way that is impossible in a store. Mailorderphrenia will not happen to just anyone. It requires a yeasty imagination. Long zip gaiters, bacon ironers, folding buckets seem more magical to Saltonstall on the printed page than ever they could in a store. The mail-order freak also prefers not to deal with hortatory clerks and the pressures of commercial time. He wants his decision to arrive at leisure. He does not want to cave in before a sales pad. So he hits the mails.

Tom Cabot, of Boston, is, in Maine, more seasoned by far than Saltonstall. On the way into Maine for this trip, Cabot's car broke down in Freeport, and he called to tell Saltonstall that he would be a little late. Saltonstall understood, and told the rest of us that Cabot had stopped at Leon's. Cabot, when he arrived, emphatically denied the charge.

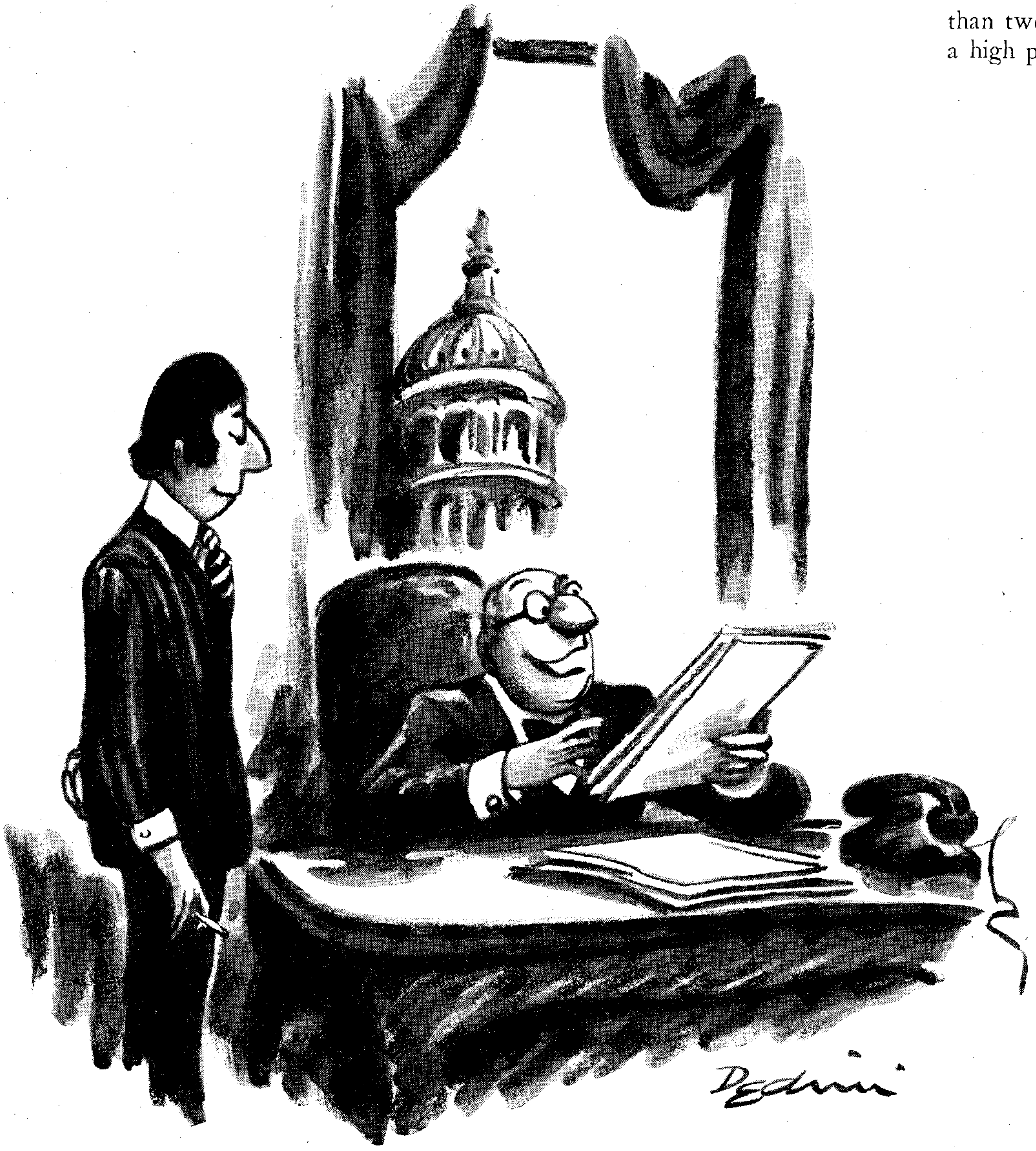
Now, in that first campsite, on Baker Lake, Saltonstall opened one of three pack baskets and removed a jug of wine, a ten-pound slab of steak, and an earthenware crock full of perking sourdough, its lid secured in a web of cord. He had organized the trip—done all the planning, and the chartering of planes—and now he was laying out his credentials as guide. Professional guides still work in Maine, but the day has passed when canoers, by custom, would not go into the woods without them. The guides of old did all the cooking and, often, all the paddling. Their customers were known as "sports." Saltonstall was hardly going to be paddling us down the river, but around the fire from the start we have been his sports. He is a skillful cook and a master builder of fireplaces, not to mention fires, and he seems by inclination to want to take charge of things over the heat. He is a tall man, thirty-eight, with a handsome, round, ceramic face, and curly hair and Wedgwood-blue eyes—a bit of a woods dude, with his straw hat, his Glen-plaid shirt, and his Sierra Club cup hooked onto his belt. He once worked as a reporter in the Pacific Northwest and Alaska, and he once taught sailing at the United States Naval Academy. One can do worse than be a Saltonstall sport. He is surely as hardworking as any guide the woods have known. He has also dedicated himself to the interests of this terrain, and he has put this trip together to expand his knowledge of it, and ours. The St. John is Maine's remotest river, and it is essentially unknown, somewhat mysterious, even to the people of Maine. In Congress each year, a debate takes place about the fate of the St. John, and whether the Army Corps of Engineers can or cannot have another year's funds for the advancement of a project that would backflood the river from a dam at Dickey, the first village one encounters after going downriver through the woods. Almost no one in Congress has ever seen the St. John—least of all from water level, in the woods. Only two people in the Corps of Engineers have canoed the river. There is a conservationist coalition called the

Friends of the St. John, few of whose members have seen the river, either.

Wine, steak, and to bed at nine. At midnight, some of us got up for a while and got out of our tents to stare at the full moon. The night was cold for this time in spring. No clouds. No wind. Millions of stars spread over the sky. We could blow our breath at them and cloud them for an instant before they came back bright as before. Slowly, the shadow of the earth began to move across the moon. We watched the shadow grow, and sipped bourbon or drank chocolate. The temperature fell to the high thirties. Lev Byrd had on nothing but a cotton sweatshirt that said "Property of D H A" (Harvard Department of Athletics). He had played hockey there (1972-73-74) and was a star at it, and between practices he must have slept on the ice. At any rate, while I was shivering in a down jacket and a Scottish sweater he seemed unaffected—as well might a grandson of Richard E. Byrd. The shadow continued to cover the moon until just a small brightness, like a spot of yolk, remained; and then that, too, was gone. In the crystal sky, the moon was totally eclipsed, and appeared to be hanging there in parchment. When the last of its bright light was cut off, millions and millions of additional stars seemed to come falling into the sky. The Milky Way became as white as a river. Sam Warren said skies were like that up here on clear, moonless nights in winter. With the passing of the shadow and the return of the light, the stars of lesser magnitude evanesced as quickly as they had come into view. The air was down to freezing now. In the morning, there was frost over the ground, mist curling up from the lake, and ice solid in our cups.

SPILLING out of Baker Lake, the St. John runs white for five miles in light and uncomplicated rapids, for the most part unobstructed by protruding rock: regular waves, gentle bends. Most rivers are toughest near the source, but the St. John, as it gathers itself together and develops from a forest stream into a big river, presents a kind of introductory course in white-water canoeing, beginning with easy runs, then featuring long days of well-spaced scholastic examples (a rock here with a good practice eddy, a chute there well illustrating the formation and nature of the standing wave), and then offering two or three days of assembled and more difficult rapids that culminate with the Big Rapid itself, the final exam. The first five miles out of Baker Lake were gone too quickly—the canoes flying along.

The river grew strikingly as tributaries came in—Turner Brook, Brailey Brook—and was a ten-lane turnpike by the end of the day, just below the confluence of its Baker and Southwest branches. The upper St. John drains an immense watershed—more than two thousand square miles—with a high proportion of streams to ponds. Water drains quickly here after it falls or ice melts. A day comes in the spring when the river's frozen surface, which has been solid four or five months, breaks into giant floes, and they begin to move downstream. Weighing many tons, they grind and screech and, in bends of the river, jam up until backrising water explodes them free. Downriver move hills of avalanchine ice, pale green, crashing, tumbling, tearing the banks, splitting the sunlight into rainbows. Great pieces skid off the edges and come to rest on the forest floor. All the way down, we have seen trees, high above the river, with sapwood glistening, big blazes of bark having been torn away by the ice. The temperature of the river now is forty-six degrees—cold still, but on the way to summer. Cold enough to hold down the catch of trout, which do not really get with it until the water warms to fifty-five degrees. Two-thirds of the St. John's annual runoff occurs in April and May. In summer, the rapids are bony, and the water is so shallow over some stretches of rock and gravel that canoers have to frog their canoes—walk in



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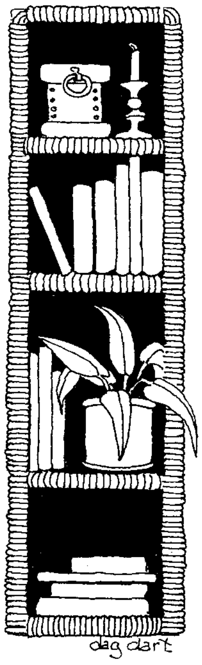
the water beside them. The St. John is hardly an intermittent stream, but it is more like one than any other river in Maine. After its high season, it is a small river in a large bed. Such is the natural year of a river—an unusual pattern now, because there are so few natural rivers. The St. John is the only Maine river of any size that has not been dammed. From its highest source—First St. John Pond, above Baker Lake—the St. John goes free for two hundred miles, until it breaks out into Canada, where it has been both dammed and, in places, polluted on its way through New Brunswick to the sea. It ends, incidentally, with a flourish, a remembrance of its upper waters—a phenomenal rapid. The phenomenon is that the rapid turns around and thunders back toward the source. The white water flows alternately in two directions—down with the river and up with the tide. In June of 1604, on the day of the feast of John the Baptist, Samuel de Champlain and the Sieur de Monts sailed into the river mouth on the voyage of discovery. They could have named it the Reversible River. Instead, they called it St. John.

We are sharing the St. John with many other canoes, and the river, to say the least, can accommodate them—ample campsites all the way. At first in a hot and blistering sun and then in the cool, steady rain, we have done as little as nine miles in a day and as much as twenty-seven. We have been eating even faster than we have been paddling—M&M's, cashews, raisins, peanuts, prunes, apricots, soybeans, sunflower seeds, hardtack, peanut butter, devilled ham, strawberry jam, and, in the campsites, sourdough pancakes, biscuits, raisin bread, gingerbread, eggs, bacon, and six or seven varieties of freeze-dried cud. Getting out of the rain, we had lunch one day (near the Ledge Rapid) on the porch of an old ranger cabin that, while still standing, was gradually settling into the forest in an attractive way. Its walls—peeled logs, notched and overlapping—were covered with a thin green film of moss. The roof, dark brown, was of arm-length cedar splits, and now, in its last seasons, had become a garden, with moss growing on it, and British soldiers (bright-red tiny flowers), and, most prominently, a sapling birch. The tree had somehow established roots in the cedar splits, and it had a trunk two inches thick reaching up to a parasol of new green leaves. It was a lovely scene—the old, long-abandoned cabin, with its colors of Harris tweed, melting into the forest on that damp day. I looked at some notes in a register there. "Liked the blackflies, gnats, and three bull moose. J. P. Hemmings, C. B. Metzler, New York, N.Y. 8-24-72." (The flies and gnats drive the moose to the river; in our cool May weather, no insects have hatched.) "Beautiful water and rain. One cow moose and two calves. Some deer and plenty of rocks. Bernard Prue. 6-17-74." There were no winter notes, but Saltonstall said that people do sometimes make their way to the St. John River in winter—in snowmobiles, God apparently willing. Saltonstall refers to such people as "toads" and gives their home town as "Toadville." He says he knows one toad who bought an antique sleigh so he could haul it behind his snowmobile.

We rotate from canoe to canoe, and I moved on from the ranger cabin with Dick Byrd. He told me that he was still a small child in 1957 when his grandfather the Admiral died but that he remembered him as a great old guy who supplied him with penny candy—and demanded the pennies in return. Once a year, Admiral Byrd dressed up as a spook and tried, without much success, to scare the hell out of Dickie. Now twenty-five, Dick is red-headed and strongly built, and has a quick sense of humor. Like his brother Lev, he is recently out of Harvard, and he is enrolled in the forestry school of the University of Maine. He told me that his father and mother had long ago been divorced, and that as a result he had been particularly close through his youth to his other grandfather, Leverett Saltonstall, who is Dick Saltonstall's uncle. Sam Warren, as it happens, is Saltonstall's brother-in-law. When Saltonstall goes on a canoe trip, he likes to load it up with clan.



We camped that night at Nine Mile Bridge, so named because it is nine miles above Seven Islands, so named by someone who may not have been able to count the thirteen islands in the river there. Our tents at Nine Mile were strung out like a tribal parliament on smooth grass under big birches and white pines—all on a bluff near a spring. The grass had once been the lawn of a young warden, Curly Hamlin, and his wife, Helen, who lived at Nine Mile, winter and summer, in the nineteen-thirties, soon after the logging bridge was constructed. In "Nine Mile Bridge," a book published in 1945, Helen left behind her a rich and simple record of life in isolation in the woods. Their cabin was made of unsplit logs, and its door was scarcely five feet high. There was plenty of room inside, though—a big kitchen, a big living room with a bulldog stove—and they passed the long winter belting each other with pillows and eating four meals a day. Their only companions were a team of huskies and other dogs that Curly used on his forays against crime, covering many hundreds of square miles of deep snow and forest in his twelve-foot racing sled. Illegal trappers were his quarry, and he arrested few, but he made his presence known—tossed traps away and left a calling card, of all things, where trappers would return. Just by being there in the woods, he kept the number of poachers down. On his days off, he fixed his equipment or stretched out on his back and studied the rafters for traversing mice. He had a gun in his hand. When a mouse put its nose out, he fired. In summer, he specialized in houseflies, giving them rides through the roof on bullets. The Hamlins' furniture was laced with rawhide, and they made incense of the bark of quaking aspen. They also used aspen bark to worm the dogs. Trout swarmed the river and its tributary streams. To fish for togue, the Hamlins went up to Chemquassabamticook Lake. They were careful to keep fish out of contact with their canoe, because a bear that smells fish on a canoe will destroy it, imagining that fish are somehow inside. The Nine Mile Bridge was part steel, and in deep cold it hummed—set up a mournful wailing in the winter night, interfering with sleep at forty below.

> There would be half an inch of beautiful, lacy frost on the windowpanes, and a red-hot fire had to be kept burning all night. Forty degrees below zero sounds cold. It is cold—a dry suffocating cold. The coldest I ever experienced was fifty-four below, when I had to breathe through a woolen scarf. But I would rather see forty below in Aroostook County than ten below near the seacoast where a damp wind cuts through woolen clothes as though they were gauze.

Helen Hamlin remembered the ice going out as early as March and as late as the tenth of May. After ice-out, the Hamlins travelled the rivers, shot the rapids, went down the St. John, and—once—went up the Allagash in the middle of the night. ("It's a funny sensation not to see the rough places until you're in them and feel the canoe rocking in the swells.")

The Allagash River—Allagash means hemlock bark—is tranquil and quiet compared to the St. John River. The land is flat, and there are channels through rocky and rough places. The river is so controlled by logging dams that it no longer pounds furiously down the waterways, a characteristic that gave it its reputation.

Each quarter mile of the upper St. John River produces whitewater, and few men have run Big Black Rapids at its highest pitch. The river is wild and rocky, practically untouched by the hand of man, and still in its natural, boisterous state. It is unhampered by logging dams, and the water level rises and falls with every slight rainfall or spell of dry weather.

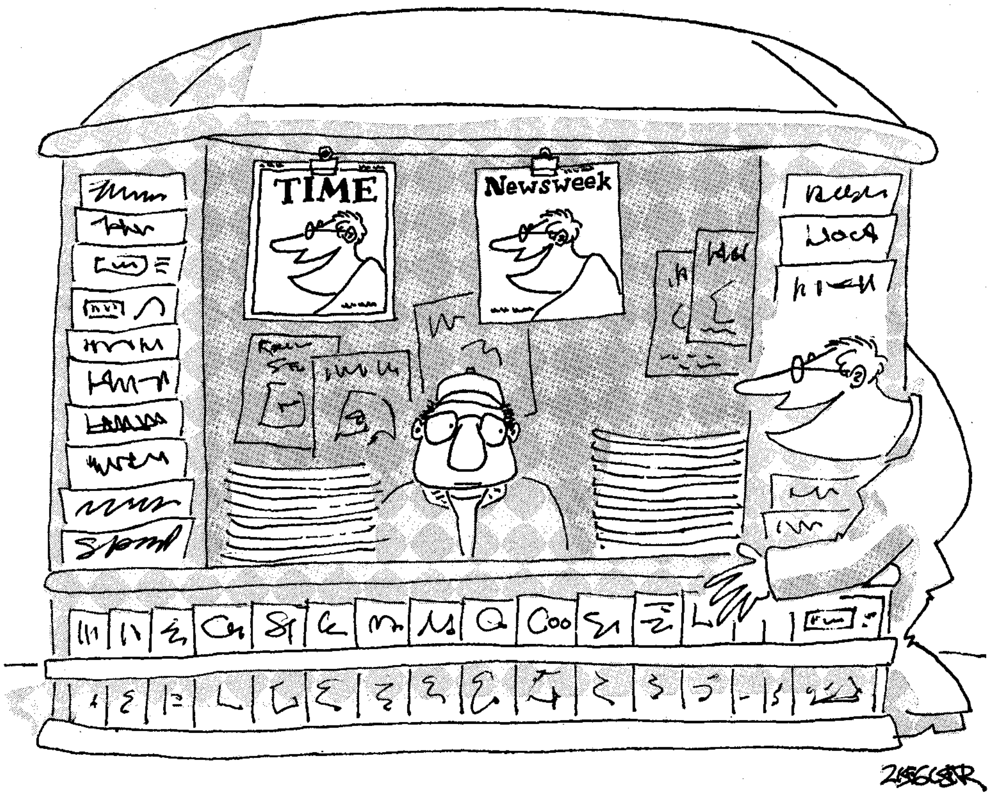
Life in the woods was eventful enough, and seldom drove them "woods queer." When they did go out—to the border and across to Québecois towns or down the big river to the village of Allagash and the town of Fort Kent—their sudden immersion in society was not wholly agreeable. "I could never shake off the feeling," Helen wrote, "that the world was crowded and that people were odd."

The big wall of ice in 1970 was too much for Nine Mile Bridge, and only its piers stand in the river now. The Hamlins' cabin is a heap of splintered, twisted logs and rubble, behind where it once stood. A ponderous machine has come along and crushed it, ramming it as debris into a small ravine.

We were up at six in the morning at Nine Mile Bridge, and were soon eating trout for breakfast—trout and freeze-dried eggs, mixing in our stomachs the sublime and the ridiculous. The trout were browns, and their flesh was firm and as pink as salmon's. Every hatchery trout I've ever eaten was as white as halibut. These had had a life in the cold river. The rain was light, after falling heavily through the night. The Uncle Sam's Canoe Bag that Saltonstall gave me is authentically waterproof. I keep in it my change of clothes—the things I care most to keep dry—and in the night, in the interest of sleeping space, I toss it out in the rain, because not a drop will penetrate the bag. The morning temperature was fifty-three, the sky was gray, and the air felt raw. We had come into Sam's terrain now—the one million seven hundred thousand acres managed by the Seven Islands Land Company, his employer. Somewhere in the distance we heard an engine, and we looked questioningly at Sam.

"Skidder," he said.

The skidder, which vaguely resembles a pair of tractors coupled together and is flexible in its motions through the forest, replaced the horse not long ago as the means of "twitching" a tree (lugging it through the woods) from the cutter to the truck. Skidders do the job remarkably well, but they have an unsavory reputation for tearing up the ground and beginning an all too swift process of erosion.



"How far away, Sam?"

"It's hard to tell. On a clear day, you can hear a skidder for sixty miles." Sam is dark-haired and ruddy, and heavyset, like a football lineman, which he once was, and he has a sober manner that is belied by his quickness to laugh. With his shirt soaking wet, as always, and rain pebbling his glasses, he went on, "The forest industry is slow to catch on to things. The chain saw, for example, was invented in the late nineteenth century. It got into general use in the north Maine woods in the late nineteen-forties. We are already thinking, though, of getting new machinery to replace the skidder. Small tractors, maybe. Or we may try aerial logging."

The company virtually never clear-cuts land, he said—only in strips, occasionally, to remove "decaying old stuff." On the whole, it takes trees selectively—about three hundred and fifty thousand cords a year—cutting annually on about thirty thousand of its million seven hundred thousand acres. The logging crews, who are independent contractors, go where the timber manager tells them to, and the timber manager is Sam, cruising the woods with his prisms and his angle gauges, pausing in selected spots to do variable plot samplings, boring into trees for core samples, and emerging with a sense of just how much wood is where and how ready it is for the saw. Yanked from the woods of late and set at a desk in Bangor, he has been trying to put into a computer a total inventory of Seven Islands' land, including not only the timber but the ponds, lakes, streams, and rivers, too, because hunters, fishermen, and canoe people will come whether the company likes it or not, so they have to be "managed" along with the trees.

All this has given Sam a perspective of his own in the group in which he is now travelling. The rest of us, to one extent or another, are wilderness romantics—tipsy on the drafts of Mudjekeewis, the West Wind. "I don't want to take anything from the feeling you may have," Sam has said. "But this is not wilderness. Every square foot of this country is managed land."

"Yes," I said, "but what you are managing is wilderness."

Sam said that could be, but he had trouble seeing things that way when the forest was his place of work. He said, moreover, that he thought it a shame

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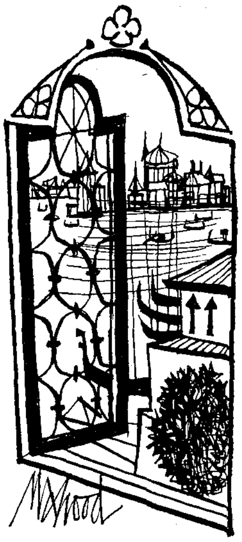
that the law setting up the Allagash Wilderness Waterway had specified that a strip of woods reaching four hundred to eight hundred feet back from the water must be left permanently uncut. “The wood there is like pick-up-sticks,” he told me. “It’s just rotting timber, and in its decay it is using oxygen at the same rate oxygen is being produced. The wood should be cut. The way Seven Islands handles streams, ponds, and lakes—we leave plenty of standing trees; we don’t cut steep banks; we make it a point to be careful. If you cut too heavily, you slow down your total rate of growth. A tree is unique in that it is the machine as well as the product. The tree makes the fibre. So you want to cut it when the machine becomes inefficient, and have it replaced by a faster-growing or younger tree. You get the tree when it slows down. Trees that we’re not cutting are *dying*. You want to get the fibre as it grows.”

The St. John in Maine is a wild river because timber companies have owned its surroundings for upward of a hundred and fifty years—a fact that can be taken, or not, as ironic.

I asked Sam how he felt about the Dickey dam.

He shook his head in dismay. “Trees renew themselves,” he said. “Destroying something forever is unnerving.”



NINE miles from Nine Mile, we moved out of a corridor of confining, high-wall, riverine forest and into a great range of open space, with long river views, and big islands, and long lateral views across fields of grass to hills distant from the river. This was Seven Islands—sweeping, isolated, abandoned. Far up a slope beyond the left bank stood five log cabins, roofless but with walls intact. We walked up there to those dark cabins, elevated and sombre on the plains of grass, and I almost expected to walk through a door and see dead soldiers, their rifles awry, their necks bent as if, in vigil, they had fallen asleep. No soldiers. Only porcupine skeletons inside the cabins, and the drumming, like distant artillery, of grouse in the near woods. The horses that once worked the forest with the loggers were fed from these fields and others like them, dispersed along the rivers—the Penobscot, the Kennebec, the Allagash, the St. John. More or less by squatters’ rights, Seven Islands was a French settlement. Québecois farmers came and cleared the land, and, in their custom, piled all the rocks in the center of the fields, not building walls of them, as New Englanders would do. There were, in any case, no neighbors to fence out. The rocks, of course, remain—a great loaf of them, six feet high and sixty feet long, a memorial to Seven Islands’ vanished lumberjacks and a cairn to French Canada.

We spent the rest of the day at Seven Islands, fishing, looking around—in light rain that stopped and started all afternoon. We joined a couple of other campers there—Richard Barringer and Herbert Hartman, who, together, happen to be Maine’s Bureau of Public Lands. They had a big twenty-foot, exquisite, forty-year-old wood-and-canvas E. M. White canoe, and in it they were looking over terrain to which they might lay claim. They shared their lunch with us—a bit of cheese, some cucumbers, raw potatoes, a bowl of fiddleheads, an expansive drop of wine.

Maine is half of New England, and half of Maine is unorganized. The state is completely divided into something like a thousand townships, and only four hundred and forty of them have—so far in history—been settled and incorporated as towns. Almost all the others are nameless—carry only numbers and letters in squares that dominate the official map. T 16 R 9. T 16 R 10. Township Sixteen, Range Nine. Township Sixteen, Range Ten. There are as many of these as there are Kennebunks and Arundels. And most of the unorganized townships are in the north woods. A township is twenty-two thousand acres, and by constitutional provision a thousand acres of each township is public land, reserved for parsonages, churches, and schools in the nonexistent towns. Land and timber companies own the woods, own hundreds of unorganized townships, but what about the so-called “public lots”? In aggregate, the state has claim to some four hundred thousand acres in the unorganized townships. In recent times, the state legislature passed a bill that (never mind the parsonages in Maine’s unborn cities) allowed the public lots to “float”—by decreeing, in effect, that it would be all right if deals were made whereby any number of public lots could be assembled in one place, creating a large hunk of permanent public land. Hartman and Barringer had been dubbed the Bureau of Public Lands and were sent out to scout the best places to be claimed for the state. Trading off with the timber people, they had already acquired half a dozen swatches of terrain, including Gero Island, on Chesuncook Lake; Little Squaw Mountain, on Moosehead Lake; and the margins of Holeb Pond, on the Moose River. Inevitably, they were contemplating Seven Islands and other sections of the banks of the St. John.

Barringer—wiry, athletic, in a wool shirt and a battered red hat—appeared to have been left over from a log drive that had long since gone down the river. Before taking his job in Augusta, though, he had taught economics at Harvard. Hartman, son and grandson of Bowdoin professors, was an emeritus grad student who had spent many summers and autumns as a full-time north-woods guide. He said that when he gave up trying to write his doctoral thesis—on pre-Islamic Bedouin poetry—he had become for a time a beaver trapper near Jackman (one of the few organized townships in the north Maine woods). Like Barringer, Hartman was in his thirties. He was a tall man with narrowly set, quizzical eyes behind steel-rimmed glasses, and he had a lot of talent around a canoe. He had a black-spruce setting pole, full of spring and glistening with boiled linseed oil, and with it he could move his big twenty-footer at a handsome clip upstream, even against a stiff current. Standing in the stern, the twelve-foot pole in his hands, he looked like a gondolier, with the difference that he was jabbing his pole against the bottom of the pure St. John and not sculling the cess of Venice. To move the canoe, he reached forward, set the pole (point on the bottom), and then seemed to climb it like a gymnast on a rope. Sometimes—waxing fancy—he twirled it, end over end, on the recovery. To correct his course, he now and again poled behind his back. He said that when searching the woods for a new pole it was important always to cut a dead one, because green wood will dry out and check. In his guiding days, he used to tell his sports that he would never cut a pole on which a moose had not urinated.

“Why?”

“Because you have to tell people stories to keep them amused.”

Poking around the six plus seven islands (I went with them as they ex-

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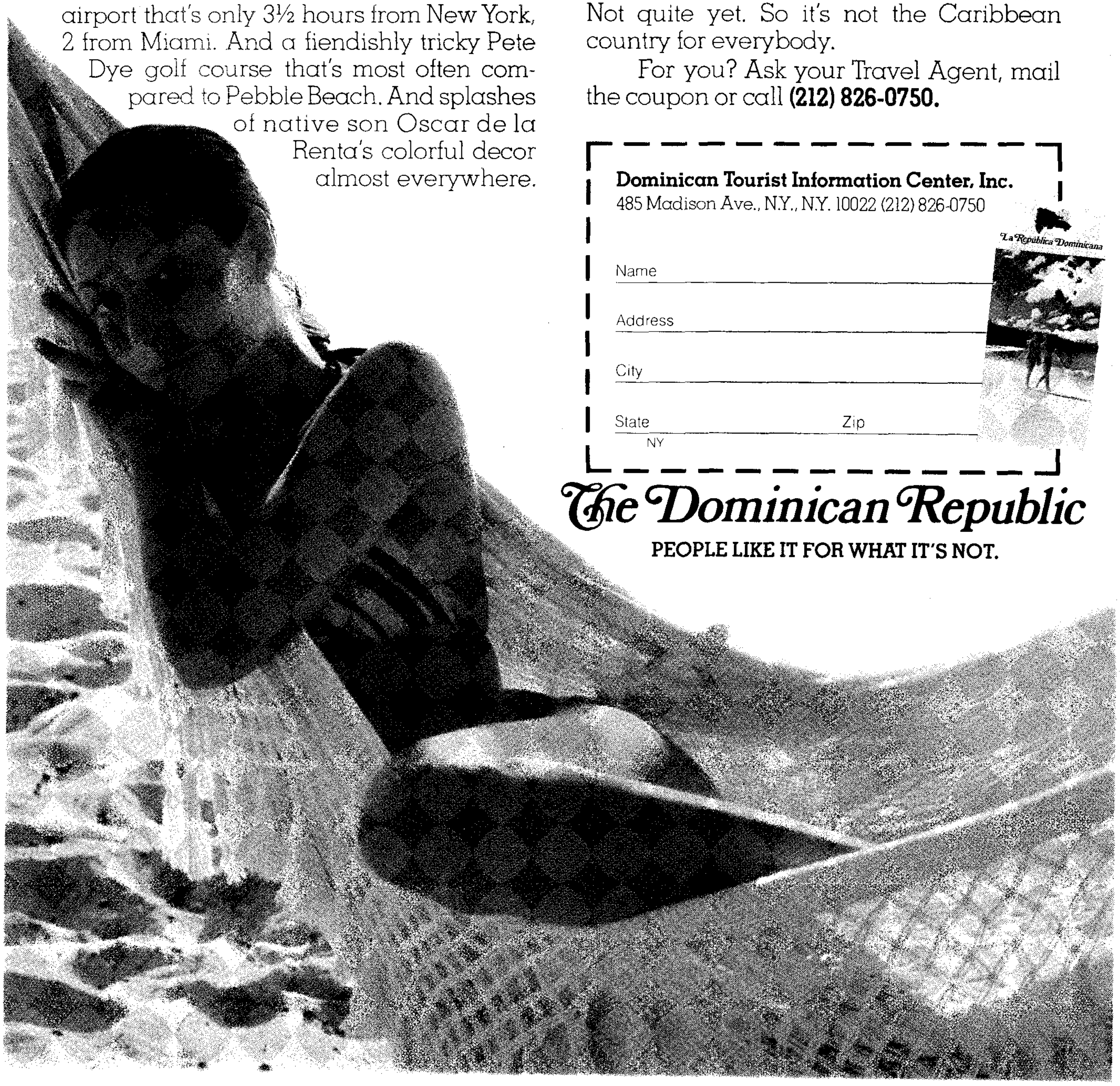
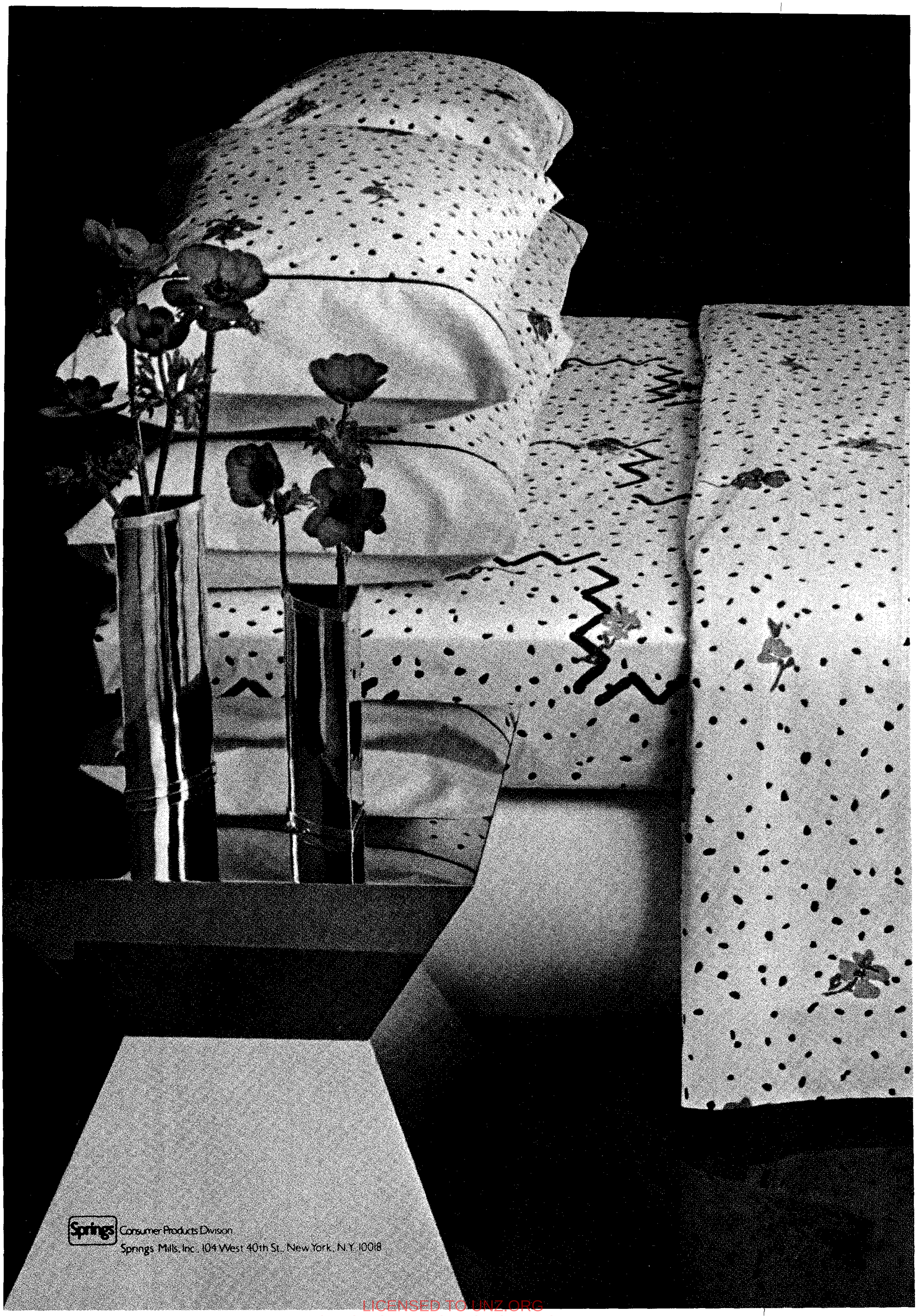


The Dominican Republic

PEOPLE LIKE IT FOR WHAT IT'S NOT.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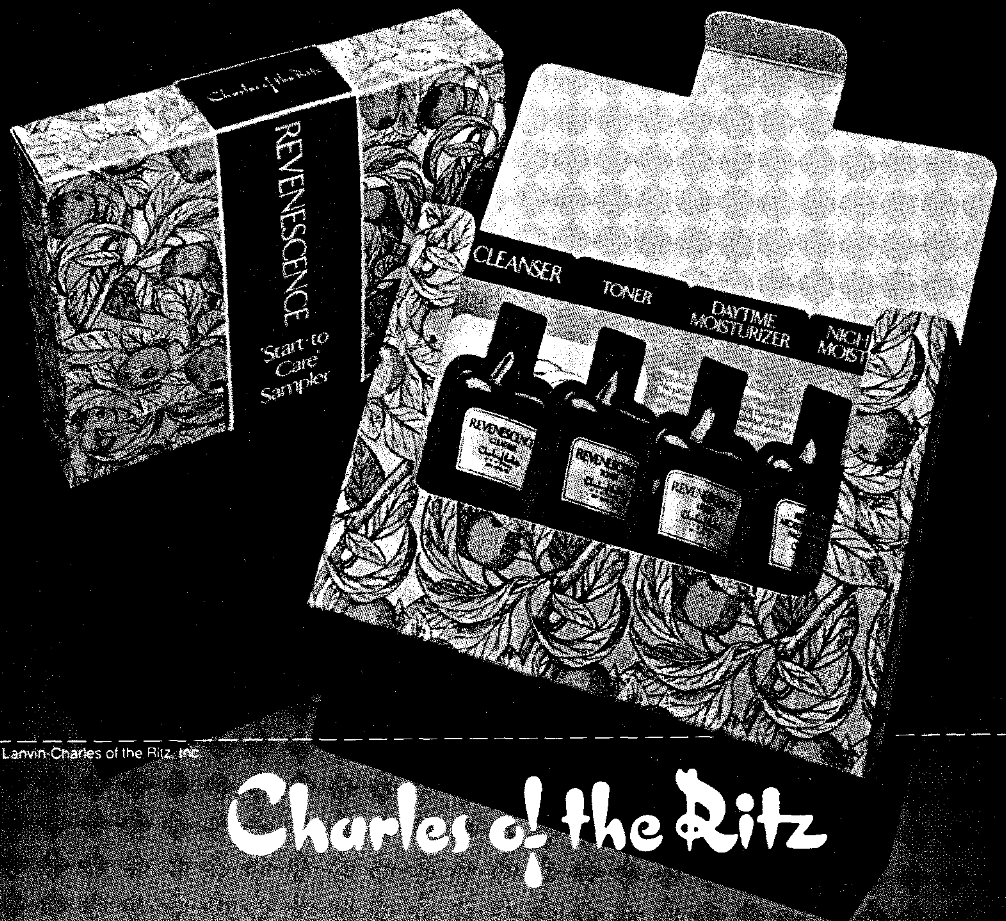

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Charles of the Ritz

plored), Hartman dropped anchor occasionally, picked up a bamboo rod with an English reel, and began to massage the air with sixty feet of line. From either bank, everywhere on the river, small brooks spit nutrients into the St. John, and trout will wait there like bums for a handout. Hartman drew streamers across the mouths of these brooks and provoked strikes despite the cold.

Hartman said there was among guides an age-old practice that would always help a sport feel better about his fishing. Sooner or later, inept as he may be, the sport will catch a fish. The guide nets the fish. Placing a shoulder between the fish and the sport, the guide works studiously, apparently to extricate the hook. What he is really doing is stuffing buckshot down the trout's throat. The guide, all the while, much admires the fish. "Yes, sir, that's a fish, that is *quite* a fish." The fish, ultimately, is weighed. Three pounds. "Ay-uh, well, I guess so, quite a fish." When it's time for the guide to clean the fish, he slips the shot back into his pocket.

"Did *you* ever know anybody who did that, Herb?"

"Oh, well, I guess so."

Hartman said that guides liked to coat the bottom of a canoe with dark shellac, so it would look to a fish like a floating log. He said, too, that it was characteristic of guides to assimilate the manner of the sports they worked for—becoming quite high-nosed, like butlers and chauffeurs. Guides' fishing equipment escalated accordingly, and they spent large chunks of their pay for tackle like the sports'—English reels, for example, and bamboo rods. Hartman's mentor was an old guide named Myron Smart, from Milo, and Hartman remembered his saying, "Out in the woods, you live different, and you do different. You know, I've been in the woods all my life, and I think I get more enjoyment out of the trips than the sports."

In a bogan near the campsite, we stopped to pick fiddleheads—enough for all ten of us for supper. A bogan is a pocket of still water projecting from a river. In other parts of New England, the term is "logan." A fiddlehead is the new leaf of certain ferns—ostrich ferns, cinnamon ferns, hay-scented ferns, evergreen wood ferns. When the leaf first develops, it is coiled like the head of a violin, and, in this young state, is crunchy in texture, sweet in flavor, bland, and succulent—incredibly delicious. We drew up the canoe and loped through the woods, excited by the colonies of ferns. The fern tops are fiddleheads for several days. It is a maxim of the woods that blackflies do not appear and trout are reluctant to bite until the fiddleheads are gone. We have seen damned few trout and no blackflies. When blackflies hatch, said Hartman, he repels them with fly dope—a mixture of citronella, pennyroyal, and tar. It makes him smell like a new driveway. Sometimes, fighting blackflies or mosquitoes, Hartman builds a fire in a bucket, throws green grass into it, and sets the bucket upwind. And no-see-ums, the all but invisible insects that mass on the skin and eat it as if they were acid—what does he do about them?

"I use Vicks Vaporub," he said. "It's the only thing that works."

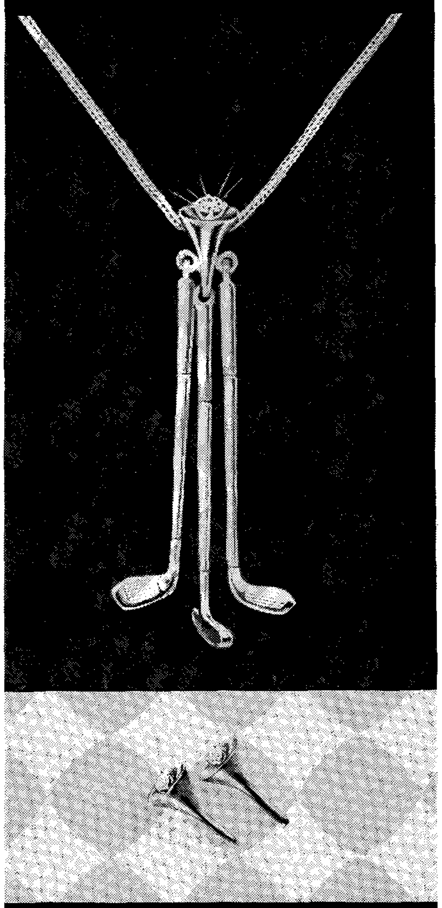
We saw two beaver swimming in the bogan, cutting long wakes across the still water. On shore, we found the scat of fox and bear.

It rained all night at Seven Islands—heavily and steadily—but tapered in the early morning to drizzle and mist. Hartman was up at four-thirty, in the first light, in a sleeveless undershirt, beneath a balsam, shaving. The air temperature was forty-eight degrees. In the low light and mists of that early morning, Seven Islands was even more beautiful than it had been the afternoon and evening before. The bottoms of clouds were touching the plains of grass. I thought of all the water that had fallen in the night, and of the engineered flood that would stop the river. Seven Islands, not far from the head of Lake Dickey, would at times be under fifteen feet of water. At other times, as the dam made its electricity and coped with the river's irregular contributions of water, the surface of the lake would go down as much as forty vertical feet, and Seven Islands would then emerge, like the engulfed cathedral, coated with mud.

After a breakfast of trout and fresh hot raisin bread, we moved on downstream to Priestly Bridge, a loggers' crossing—part bridge, part gravel causeway. Barringer and Hartman had to leave the river there, as they had planned, although they would have liked to stay—would have liked to go with us through the Big Black Rapid. Barringer explained that Maine is "a banana republic" and they had to hurry back to Augusta to see if their bureau was still there.

The spring ice had not been kind to

GOLF



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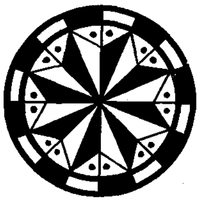
the causeway. The big floes had plowed into it and carried hundreds of tons of it some distance downriver. A bulldozer had been hauled in on the logging road to reclaim the gravel from the river, and the bulldozer was there now, downstream, gathering the gravel spillage and slowly hunkering it upstream. Back and forth the dozer grunted. The dozer belched, coughed, and wheezed. In what was now approaching a hundred miles of the St. John, the only inhabited cabin we had seen was a warden's near Baker Lake, and the only person we had seen (other than travellers in canoes) was a man in a bulldozer in the middle of the river.

SIX miles below the Big Black Rapid, we stop for the night on a grassy ledge that was once a logging road—cut into a steep hillside, twenty feet above the river. Down the hillside we tumble rocks and build a fireplace. Building the fire itself takes longer, in part because the rain has returned and—for dinnertime—is inconveniently heavy, and in part because I do a hurried and slovenly job of putting the fire together. With added shavings, added bark, and a lot of blowing, I eventually have a blaze that can shrug off the falling water. The Byrds and Mike Moody set up a rig of flying tarps—wide sheets of blue nylon held high with cut saplings and rope. Moody departs for the mouth of a brook. A year out of Nasson College, in Springvale, Maine, he apparently got his degree in fly-fishing, for he stays at it six, seven hours a day. The fireplace, hissing away, is just outside the shelter of the tarps, and we are now clustered inside—six of us, anyway—variously sipping gin, rum, and bourbon, and watching Saltonstall boil water. In all the mail-order catalogues in Saltonstall's collection, there is nothing approaching rum in the rain. Certainly, gin has good loft and weather repellence. But this rum—a hundred and fifty-one proof—is watertight.



The St. John, framed in spruce, with big rock ledges protruding, bends from view a mile down, and Saltonstall—never too wet to sell the river—says the scene reminds him of anchorages on the Maine coast, of fjordlike bays that penetrate the islands there. He says, "Don't you think so, Tom?"

Tom Cabot—who is a connoisseur of maritime islands and has many Maine ones in his private collection, who has slept in hundreds of Maine anchorages in his yawl, Avelinda—does not seem to be under the illusion that he is looking out from the shelter of the blue tarpaulins through the smoke of our fire at a piece of Penobscot Bay. He nods agreement, though, and smiles, and toasts the river with a gesture of his cup.

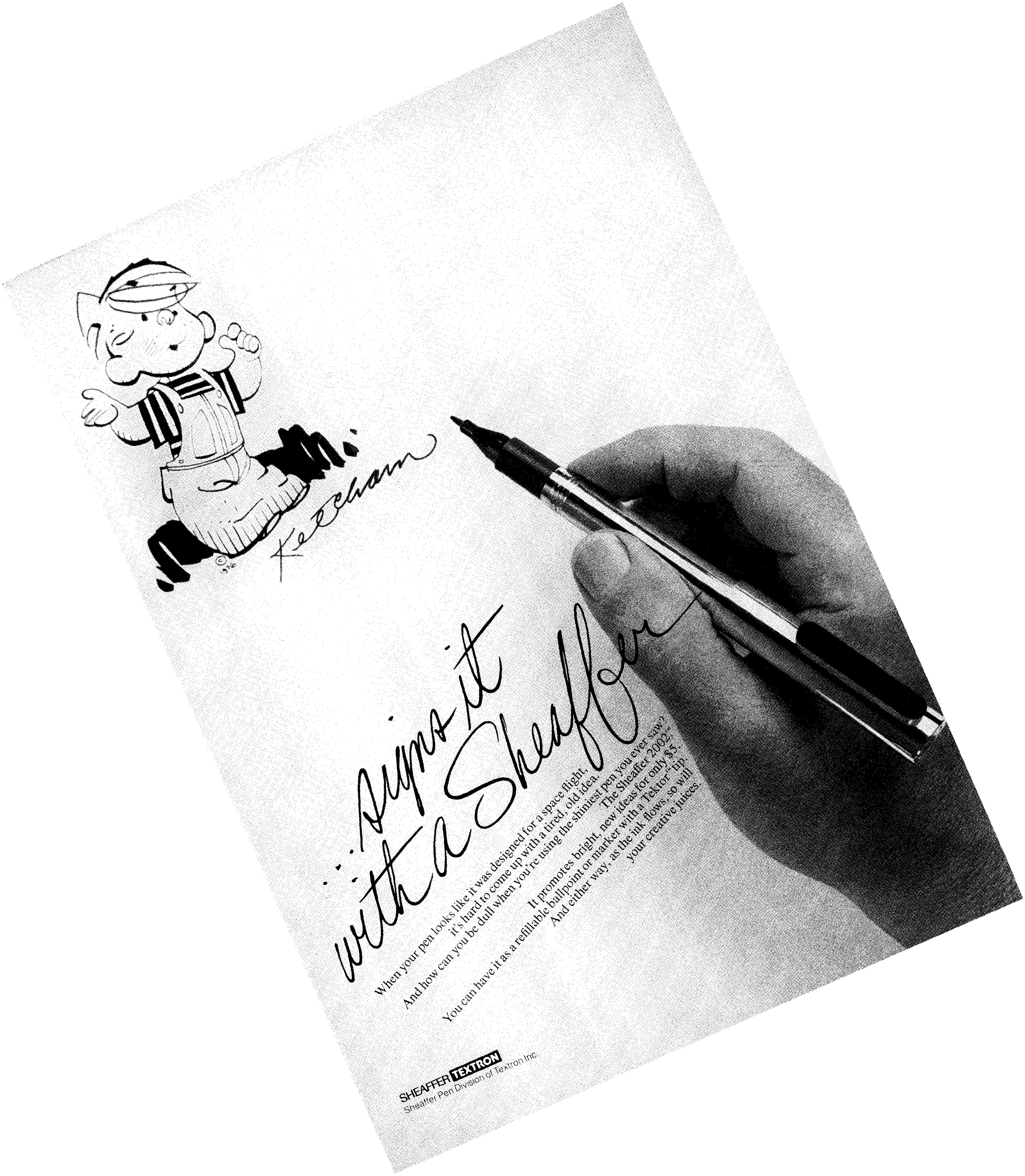
In the morning, big rips of blue appear in the eastbound clouds. On the river again, Tom is with me, and we are bound for Chimenticook Stream. A bend or two, and Sam Warren sees a yearling moose. He gets out of his canoe and goes after it, on a dead run up the riverbank. He learns that he is slower than the moose. He wanted to ride it. We have seen otters, ospreys, black ducks, mergansers, loons. No bears. There is ice this morning in the river—small chunks from big pieces on the bank, near trees with shredded bark. It is sixty hours to June.

"How many chains now, Sam?"

"Oh, fifteen, at least, I'd guess."

A thousand feet. Wide enough, surely, for four canoes. But gradually we string out in a long tandem—out of earshot, and even out of sight. Tom tells me about March, 1923, when he was twenty-five years old and shipped three canoes (wood-and-canvas) to the Quaboag River, in central Massachusetts. With five others, he planned to go eighty miles in a day and a half—down the Quaboag to the Chicopee and down the Chicopee to the Connecticut and down the Connecticut to Hartford. The water seemed fast enough to make that possible. Perhaps it was, but Tom and his friends would never know. In the first twenty miles, they totalled the three canoes. One broke completely in half. The two others came through irreparable, while Cabot and company, hanging on to the gunwales, washed down among cakes of ice. Somehow, all this inspired Cabot's affection, and he wrote an article for the journal of the Appalachian Mountain Club on the joys of white-water canoeing. It helped build interest in the nascent sport, and it led as well to Tom's collaboration (with John Phillips) on "Quick Water and Smooth," the first guidebook to New England canoeing. Because northern Maine was the professionals' exclusive terrain, northern Maine was not included. This is Tom's first look at the St. John River.

Tom is about five feet ten, a trim and athletic man, with dark eyebrows, weathery skin, and a prominent nose in a somewhat narrow face. He wears black rubber nautical boots; an old, thin down jacket; a perky white hat with a blue-and-yellow band. His ruck-



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sack, stencilled "T. D. Cabot," must be fifty years old. His paddle is maple and is dark and scarred. He strokes steadily and smoothly as he talks, telling one story after another, and, conserving himself, he does not dig up the river. Statistically, he is old and decrepit. He's seventy-eight, and he has had several operations for abdominal cancer. But he looks sixty and acts forty, and to the question "How could an old man like that go down a wild river anytime, let alone when ice is still on the ground?" the answer seems to be that Tom's infirmities may have crossed his body but may never cross his mind.

With Julius Caesar and Chief Crazy Horse, Tom is one of few people whose names have appeared in the line index to Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." The familiar quotation, of course, is what John Bossidy sardonically said in giving a toast, in Boston, at the 1910 midwinter dinner for the alumni of the College of the Holy Cross. He said:

And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells talk only to Cabots
And the Cabots talk only to God.

Bossidy was paraphrasing. Five years earlier, on an analogous occasion, a member of the Harvard Class of 1880 had said:

Here's to old Massachusetts,
The home of the sacred cod,
Where the Adamses vote for Douglas,
And the Cabots walk with God.

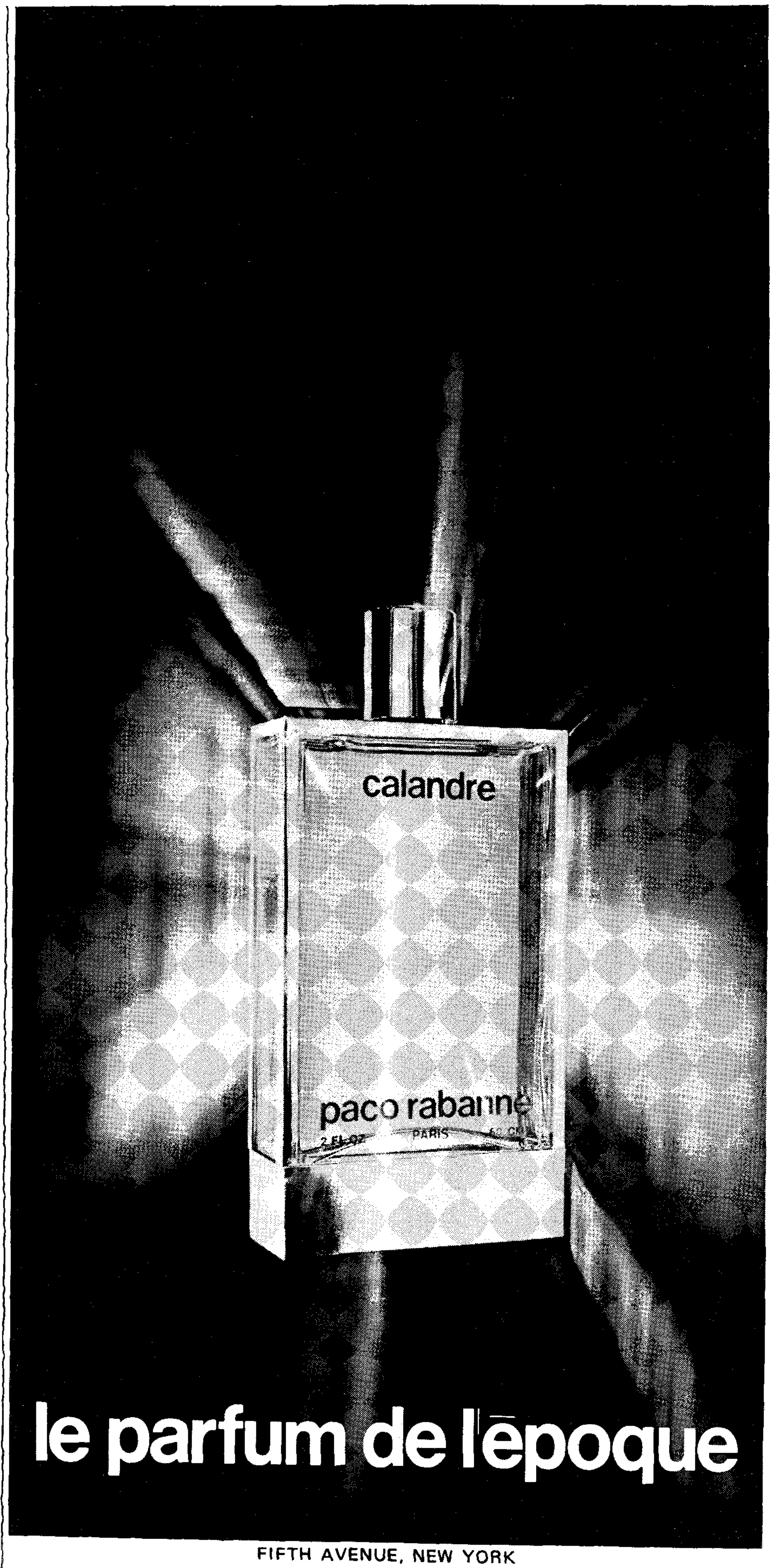
Tom Cabot, who has been everything from a Harvard Overseer to Director of International Security Affairs in the Department of State, will walk and talk with anybody. Especially talk. Listening to him is like listening to a ballgame on the radio, and in the canoe he makes the hours fly. He tells of an expedition he once led to the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta, in Colombia, the highest coastal mountain mass in the world, and of a day in 1927 when he climbed Mt. Katahdin on skis. He was the first person (and possibly the last) ever to do that. He often mentions Harvard and his wife, Virginia, to each of whom he has been married for more than fifty years. Qualified to be at least a dozen kinds of snob, he appears to be only one kind: in the way that English people refer to "red-brick" and "glass" universities, he talks about "freshwater colleges" in the U.S.A. He was once, briefly and unhappily, president of the United Fruit Company. (Saltonstall says that Tom "refused to bribe the Costa Ricans, and the bananas never got out on time.") But primarily he worked in his family's business, the making of carbon black. He is an engineer, and aggressive, and he developed and internationalized the company so that it became the world's foremost in its field. Made from aromatic petroleum residuals, carbon black is used to color things black, including printer's ink, but mainly it goes into rubber tires. Carbon black is about a third, by weight, of every tire that rolls on the roads.

"So why are you telling *me* all this, Tom? You're a Cabot. You're supposed to talk only to God."

Tom grins, and tells me what his father, Godfrey Lowell Cabot, used to say when asked that question. A look of shock and horror would come over old Cabot's face, and, backing away, he would say, "But I thought you *were* God."

We stop for the day near the mouth of Chimenticook Stream, setting up our tents on the edge of what was once a logging camp. A few clearings are all that remain, and some big logs that form a kind of sitting-frame around our fireplace. This was the settlement of the Castonian lumberjacks, reputed to have been the toughest, wildest, unruliest on the river, their axes, their crosscuts, and even their cabins long since obviated by the chain saw, the truck, the skidder. Chimenticook Stream is wide and fast—is in itself a river—and is white with high turbulence from bank to bank, pouring down from the west and into the St. John. I wade out into the mouth to fish, and in five minutes have a trout on the line. Fifteen minutes later, I have another, and tomorrow's breakfast is gaining weight. Unfortunately, though, my legs are numb, and I can no longer feel the river bottom through my shoes. I drop a thermometer into Chimenticook—forty-three degrees. It is apparently not too cold for these remarkable trout, but it's too cold for me, and I retreat to the campfire.

The air grows colder, too, falling into the thirties, and we build up the fire. We'll be shooting the Big Rapid tomorrow, and the thought of it comes to mind from time to time. The person who died there twelve days ago was an airman from Loring Air Force Base, which is in Limestone, Maine, about eighty miles east of the river. He was twenty-one years old and—ironically—was a native of Maine. With three other airmen, he rented a twenty-foot Grumman canoe, and all four—two too many for safety—were in it on the river. They had no life jackets (which are required by state law). When the



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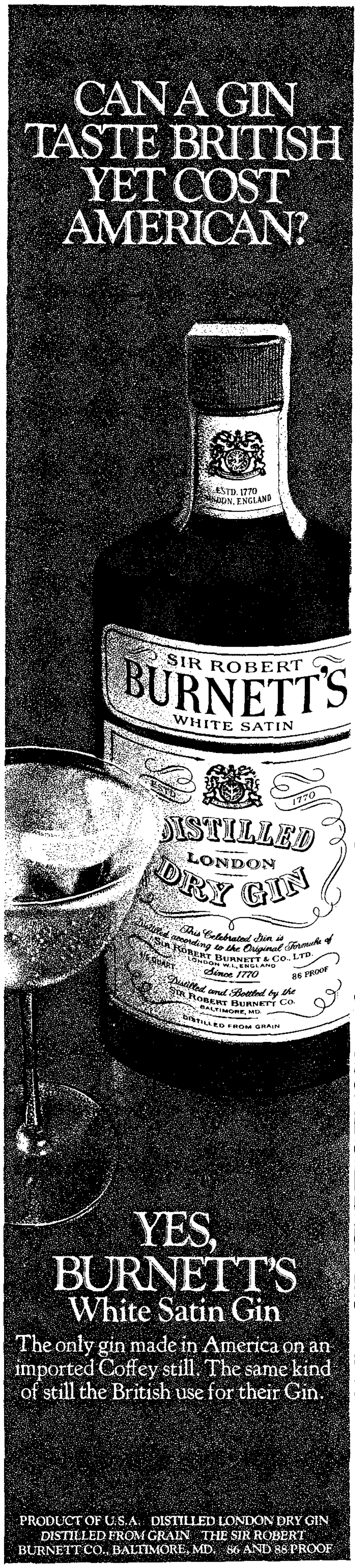
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The only gin made in America on an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still the British use for their Gin.

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canoe turned over, near the head of the Big Rapid, all four left it and tried to swim to safety—a literally fatal error. There is almost no reason to leave a canoe when it overturns, and there are any number of reasons to stay with it, the first of which is that it floats. It's a life raft. If it is pointed downstream—as it should be, so it has a more favorable mean free path through the boulders—the swimmers should place themselves on either side of the upstream end and wash on down to calm water. If the canoe is across the current and resists being turned around, then the swimmers should cling to the upstream side—a terribly important matter to remember, because when a canoe happens to press a person into a rock and pin a person there, it does so with a force of some ten thousand pounds.

John Kauffmann, knocking his pipe on one of the big logs, pulls his field jacket up closer about his neck. He is disturbed by the death in the river, and dismayed by the foolishness that caused it. If four people get into a canoe and break every rule of sense and practice, and one of them dies, canoeing in general takes a loss. Some people think that anyone who goes down a white river is a suicidal fool—even if the rapids, as here, are far between. Kauffmann is *not* a white-water competitor—a wild-water or slalom racer. He is a canoe traveller—analogous to a cross-country skier—but he knows what the racers do and how they do it, and to learn their techniques he has been to school. "What we're trying to do with the white water on this trip is to get through it," he says. "A rapid is a problem, and we solve it. But we are not really involved with the white water. If you want to understand it, you have to get in there and wrestle with it, deal with it on its own terms, literally immerse yourself in it, as the racers do. That is the best training for this kind of tripping, because if you have it you know what white water is. The person who can most peacefully walk down the streets of New York is someone who has a black belt in karate. Under wilderness conditions, you just don't shoot a rapid unless you are certain of success. The primary rule in wilderness is: When in doubt, carry. Sometimes you misjudge. There's an eye for white water—like the eye in any other sport—and if you are away from rivers for a time you can lose your eye. From shore, standing waves can look smaller than they actually are. After a few rapids, you warm up, and your eye comes back. In the first place, though, you have to know what you're looking at. You must know what an eddy is. There is one below every ledge and behind every rock—with water flowing gently upstream—but look out for souse holes. I just don't understand the hydraulics of the souse hole. You must know how to make an eddy turn. It's easy to do, but you have to learn it. The eddy is your emergency landing field. You spin into it—through the eddy wall. If the bowman turns too soon and leans upstream, you dump. You can also go into the eddy with a back ferry. Once you're in the eddy, the canoe just nuzzles up to the rock and sits there, as still as if it were on a pond. Another major rule is: Never lean upstream. You lean upstream and the gunwale lowers, and then the rapid gets its paws on the upstream gunwale and pulls it down. Skiers learn to lean away from the mountain. In standard, open canoes like ours, you have to hit an adroit compromise between paddling too hard and not paddling hard enough. If you paddle too soft, the standing waves will rock you and may roll you over. If you paddle too hard, you may take in a lot of water. Remember: there is a critical limit to the amount of water you can take in. You have to stop and bail or dump the water. Or you'll just eat the river. So drive—but don't drive in too deeply. Talk a lot to each other. It helps things go right. Sometimes the deepest water, the main chance, is too damned rough. Say you've got heavy water. You've got big waves in there. You've got buddhas. You back-ferry. Face forty-five degrees off the direction of the current and paddle backward. You move sideways, across the current, like a ferry, and you avoid that vacuum pull that tends to drag you into the heaviest water. These skills should be practiced and practiced, like shooting baskets. Every one of these skills is applicable to saving your canoe and your cargo and getting through with a whole skin. You don't have to be a slalom racer, but if you immerse yourself for a while in the white-water sport you get to know some hydraulics and you get to know what the river can do not only against you but for you. Those white-water people really know what they are doing. In all the competitions ever held in this country, no one has died."

Tom Cabot says he thinks he'll go through the Big Rapid with John Kauffmann. He has the dibs, and rightly so. He doesn't know that John Kauffmann owns an old aluminum canoe that looks like foil in which a turkey has been roasted.

TOWARD five in the morning, there is a veil of mist from sky to river and in it hangs the moon. Half gone now, gradually eclipsing itself, it tells us how long we have travelled. Half a moon.

Breakfast at six. Strong tea. "Sheep dip" was what the lumberjacks called their tea. We need it. The air is just above the freeze point. We do not eat light. Trout. Fried potatoes. Sourdough pancakes. Big red boiled "logging berries"—the lumberjacks' term for beans.

Tom Cabot returns from a walk in the woods. "I just saw a cow moose," he says. "I looked up, and there was the ass of a moose."

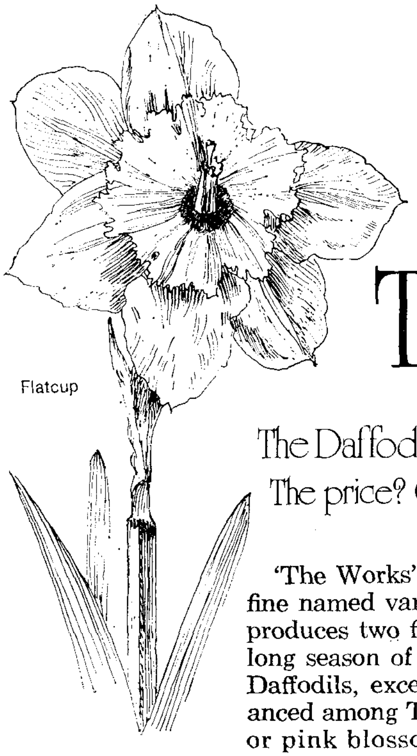
By nine, the sky is blue around big clouds. The day looks good on the river. Easing through the morning, we drop ten miles—Schoolhouse Rapid, Fox Brook Rapid, Poplar Island Rapid—and hunt around for a place to have lunch. For Saltonstall, as guide, any old sandspit will not do. He looks over a brook mouth fringed with alders, crinkles his nose, and keeps paddling.

"Why didn't we stop there?"

"He didn't think it was aesthetic enough, and, being an aesthete, he thought we had better move on," Cabot explains.

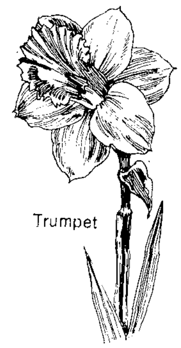
Tom is part aesthete, part Wall Street, and he can take his scenic settings or leave them alone. He knows both sides of the wilderness argument, and he is not always with nature in its debate with man. He has seen Lake Powell in Utah, the result of the dam in Glen Canyon, and while he knows what was lost in Glen Canyon, he is (for reasons of public recreation) not sorry the lake exists. Glen Canyon is sometimes brought into discussions about the St. John, because Glen Canyon was remote and few people knew it was there until it wasn't there anymore.

Saltonstall finally picks a luncheon site under three big white pines—symbols of Maine, the Pine Tree State. There were far-reaching stands of them here once, throughout the north Maine woods. They were cut for the masts of navies. These above us are among the few left. Old-growth eastern white pine, they're up there a hundred feet—their kind the tallest trees in Eastern America. If the lake fills over this point in the riverbed, these pines will reach up like masts from a shipwreck, and even their skysail


Flatcup

Poetaz

Triandrus


Trumpet

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branches will be twenty-five fathoms down.

The Big Rapid is three miles below. We move toward it—all crews the same as for the Big Black Rapid—with everything trebly lashed. Moody and I have the eighteen-foot Grumman, and have again been designated by the guide to go first. If we find trouble, our problem will suggest alternatives to the others. We are the refectory slaves, testing the food of kings.

The four canoes stop on the left bank, and we study the rapid. It does not look forbidding or, for the most part, fierce. It will not be like crossing a turnpike on foot. It is a garden of good choices. Overwhelmingly, it is a spectacular stretch of river—big and white for a full mile before, continuing white, it bends from view. The river narrows here by about a third, pressed between formations of rock, but it is still hundreds of feet wide—big boulders, big submarine ledges, big holes, big pillows, big waves, big chutes, big eddies. Big Rapid. About two-thirds of a mile down, on the left shore, a lone birch leans crazily toward the river. Below the birch, there appears to be a bankside eddy. Shouting above the sound of the rapid, we form our plan. Moody and I are to get into that eddy, and bail, and wait there for everybody else.

"Are you ready?"

"What did you say?"

"All set?"

"Yes, it's lovely here. Possibly we could stop here for another lunch."

"Get going, you sarcastic bastard."

"See you there."

And so we're in it. We make choices, and so does the river. We shout a lot, above the roar. Words coordinate the canoe. My eye is certainly off the mark. I underestimated the haystacks. They are about as ponderous as, for this loaded canoe, they can safely be. I look steeply down at Moody in the bottoms of the troughs. But the route we picked—generally to the left, with some moves toward the center, skirting ledges—is, as Kauffmann would say, solving the problem. We are not playing with the Big Rapid. We are tiptoeing in and hoping it won't wake up. Under the slanting birch, we swing into the eddy and stop. Two. Three. Four. Everybody home, and we bail many quarts.

The river now bends almost ninety degrees to the right, and we can see around the bend to another anchorage, under an isolated maple with an ovate crown.

The run this time is more difficult—the bow kicking high into the air and returning to the surface in awkward slaps. We dig for momentum, sidestep rocks, but not nimbly, for the canoe is sluggish with shipped water. Anxious to get into the calm below the maple, I try a chute that is just about as wide as the beam of the canoe. It's a stupid and almost unsuccessful move, and I get out of the canoe and climb up on a boulder to wave the others around the chute.

We bail a few gallons. Everybody is dry. We relax and joke and look down the rest of the rapid. Less than a mile below we can see flat, and much wider, water. We're so full of ourselves now it's as if we were already there. We do and do not want to be there, for after the end of the rapid the run is smooth and short to Allagash and the end of the wilderness river. The St. John after that is another river—a borderland, farmland, potatoland river—and then a Canadian, developed river, and not what we think of when we think of the St. John. So we look back upstream, at the whiteness of the river here in big display, coming out of a hundred miles of forest.

A canoe appears, bouncing in the waves. Half a mile above us, it rolls over and begins to wash down. Tom Cabot grabs a rope and runs up the bank, jumping from ledge to boulder, boulder to ledge. Everybody follows, but as we get nearer to the capsized canoe we realize there is nothing we can do. It is near the middle of the rapid. We can't throw a rope two hundred feet. The two paddlers are afloat and are hanging on, but the canoe—a fifteen-foot Grumman—is broadside to the current and they are on the downstream side. They are missing rocks, fortunately, but they are apparently oblivious of the danger of being caught between a rock and the canoe. We shout at the top of our lungs, "Get on the other side! Get on the upstream side!" But they don't look around. They can't hear us.

We watch them helplessly, and we return to our canoes. Because the water in the river is little more than ten degrees above freezing, the two in the river could have a greater problem with cold than with rock. When they reach our level, Kauffmann and Cabot move into the rapid in their canoe, Moody and I in ours. Cabot throws them a rope. One of them appears to be shaking but assures us that he is all right. Backpaddling, we wash along with them until the force of the rapid begins to decline, and then we haul in

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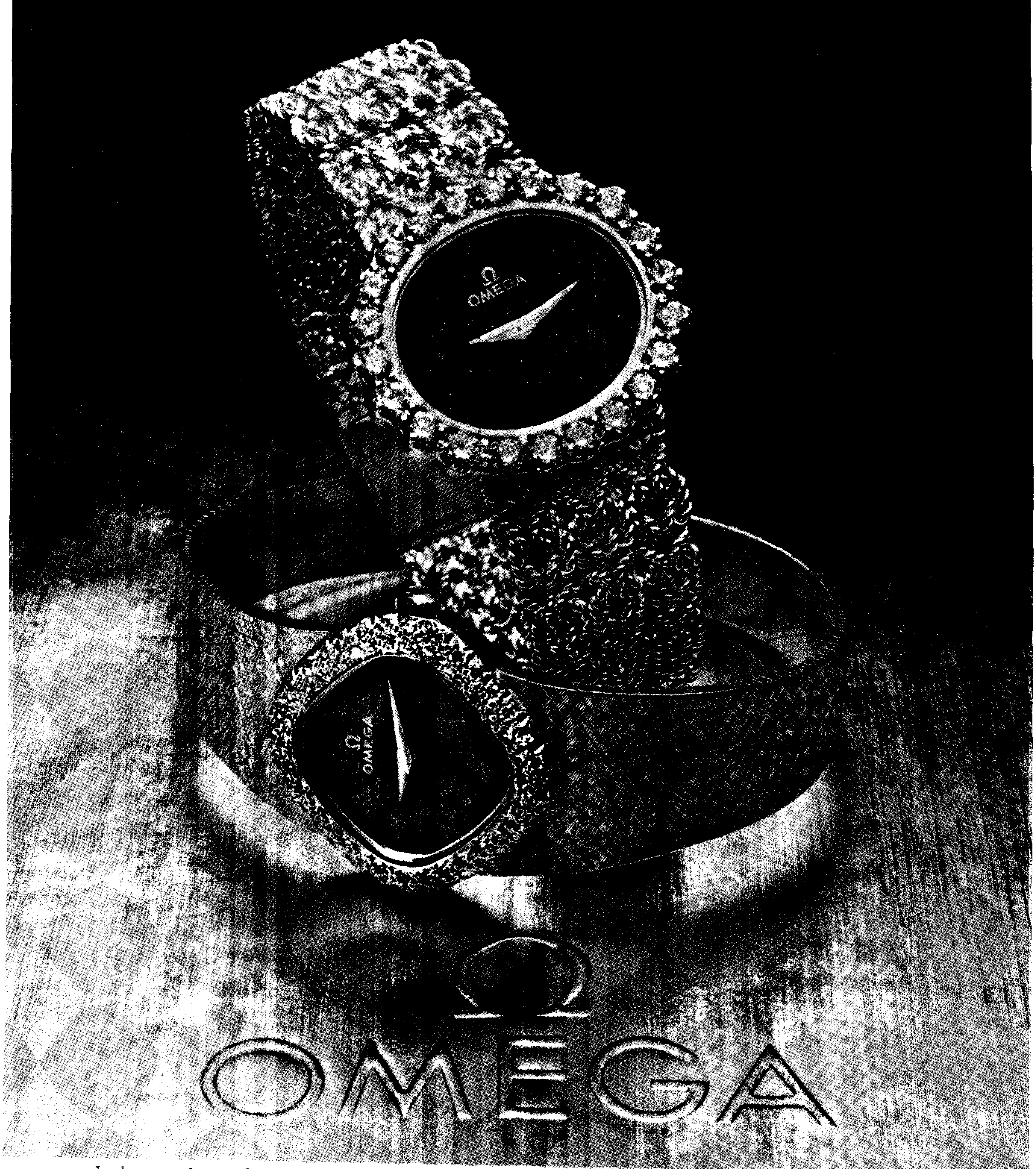

In the case of either Omega you see above, all that glitters is gold, and more.

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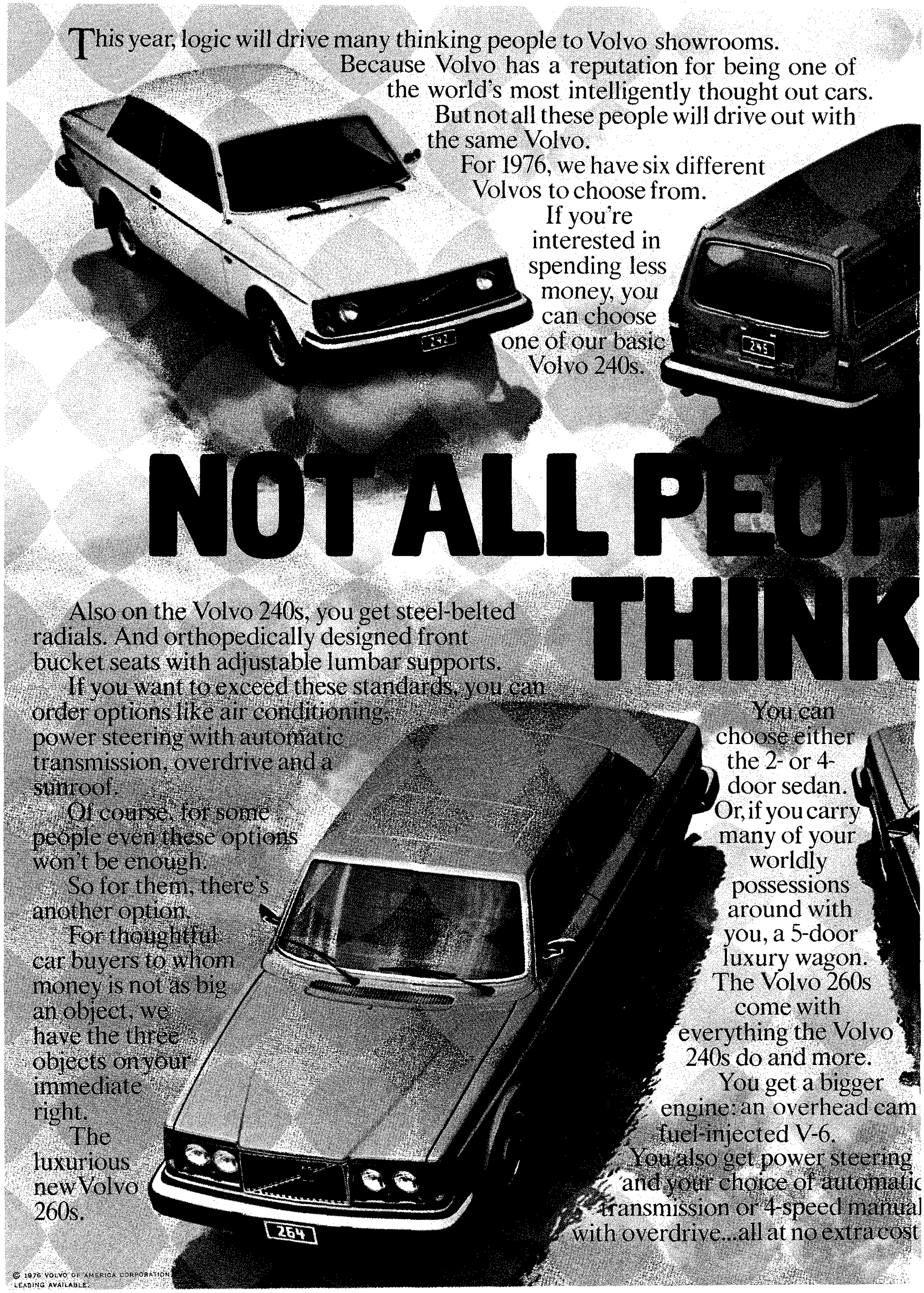

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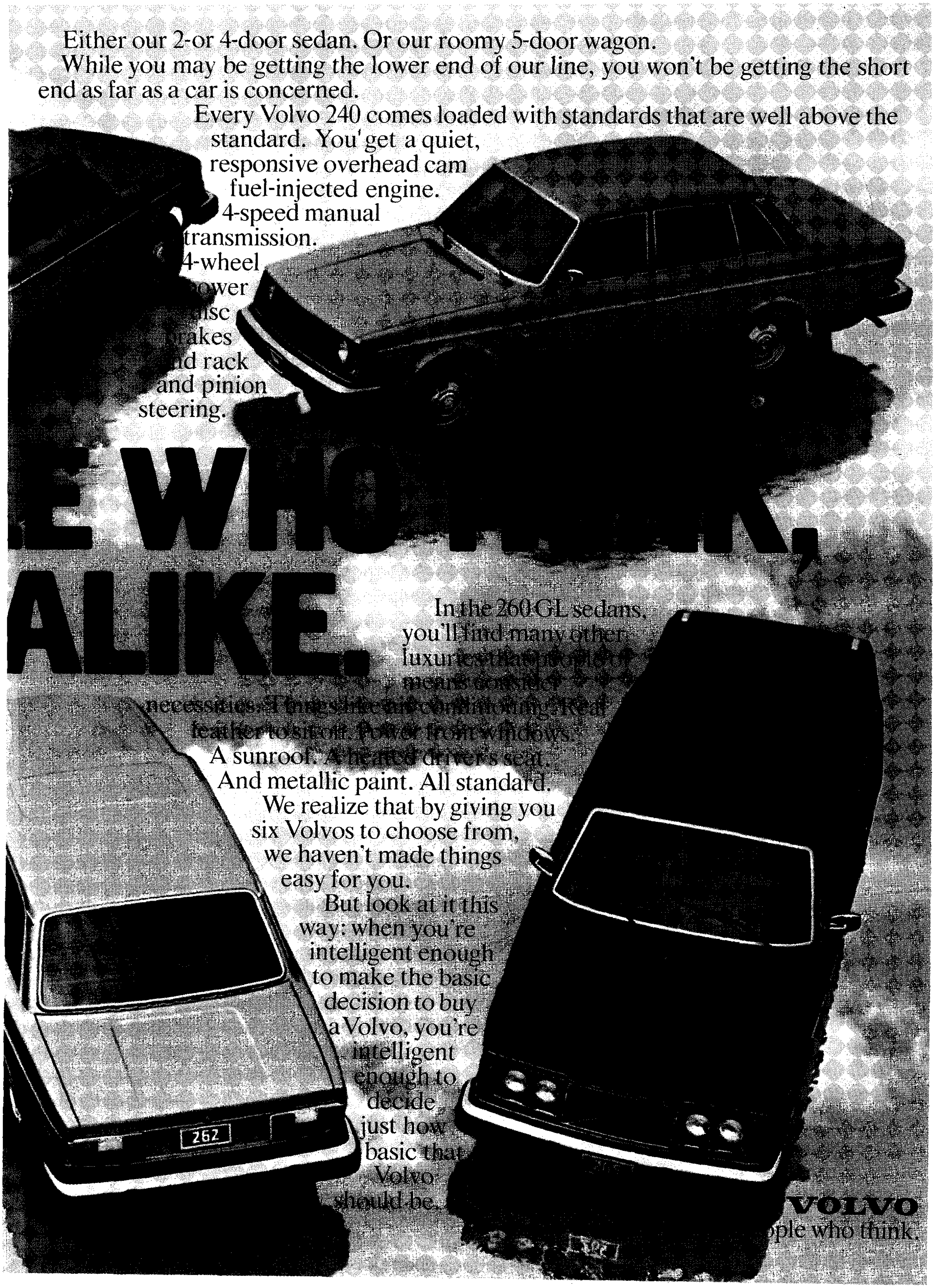

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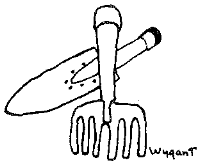
tandem and bring them and their canoe ashore.

One is tall, bearded, and, so it seems, physically unaffected. Relief is the last thing he is about to feel. It has apparently not crossed his mind that the river could have kept him. Instead, he shows fury, frustration, disappointment—like an athlete who has had his big chance and blown it. All the way to the north woods he has come, and has paddled a hundred miles downriver to dump in the Big Rapid, and, kneeling by his canoe, he pounds fist into palm in disgust, saying, "Damn! Damn! Oh, God damn!"



The other paddler is short and thin, and is shaking deeply from cold. He minimizes it, tries to be nonchalant, but does not seem disappointed to be standing on the bank. His T-shirt is dark gray, and above the left breast are small black letters—"YALE."

Tom Cabot questions him about the shirt, asking if it means that he's a student there.

"Yes. I'm there now."

"And how far along are you?"

"I'm '78."

Over Tom's face comes a small-world smile, and he says, "How about that! I'm seventy-eight, too."

WE move down the wide, placid, but still powerfully flowing river, and around a big island to Dickey. Looked at from our point of view, it is the beginning of the constructed world; approached the other way—to the end of U.S. 1 and then to the end of Maine 161—it is the utter end of the line. It's a hamlet, miscellaneously spread up the river slopes: frame houses, house trailers, overturned automobiles, general store, a single gas pump (Shell), over which hangs a giant rack of antlers—bull moose. Under wet laundry strung on someone's porch sits a snowmobile. There's a skidder on a lawn. The river draws us downstream, and Dickey recedes from view.

With low ground on the right and steep-rising forest to the left, we go down the final corridor, three miles or so of straightness, and come to the many-islanded mouth of the Allagash River. The Allagash rushes into the St. John, chopping the current, dumping nutrients into the big river, like all the other feeder streams. On the largest island—Gardner—we end our trip. Allagash, Maine, even smaller than Dickey, is across the way. We pitch our tents on high ground, facing back upriver—a view through the channels among the islands and on up the long wooded passage we have just come through. The river is framed in hills, the one on the right rising steeply some eight hundred feet above the St. John, the one on the left set back a mile from the river across the low, marshy ground at the end of the Allagash. The scene is a big one, but nothing of the size of what the imagination now superimposes on it. Outlined in the air between the hills and above the rivers is the crestline of Dickey Dam. It is more than three hundred feet above us, and it reaches from hill to hill. The dam is two miles wide. It plugs the St. John. It seals the Allagash marshland. Smaller than Oroville, bigger than Aswan, it is the twelfth-largest dam on earth. It contains what were once Aroostook mountains (Township Fifteen, Range Nine), blasted to shards and reassembled here. Its long downstream slope—the classic profile of the earth-fill dam—moves up before us to the crest. If we could put our canoes on our backs and portage up that slope, we'd see fifteen miles of whitecaps in the wind—a surging sea, but just a bay of Lake Dickey, whose main body, bending around a point to the left, reaches fifty-seven miles over the improved St. John. Paddles dipping, we fly the Big Rapid at three hundred feet, and, where the native trout have departed, we fish—thirty-five fathoms above Chimenticook Stream—for stocked Confederate bass. Chimenticook Bay is a five-mile reach, and Big Black Bay is thirty. In all, the lake bottom includes some ninety thousand acres of stumps, and, because Lake Dickey is one to three miles wide and no bridge is contemplated or economically feasible, two hundred thousand acres of standing timber are isolated from the rest of Maine. The lake fills up in spring, and the water is mined for power during the rest of the year, gradually revealing—along three hundred and fifty miles of shore—thirty thousand acres of mud. From the dam, and through the St. John-Allagash north Maine woods, runs a transmission line, continuing for four hundred and fifty miles, to southern New England, and carrying seven hundred and twenty-five megawatts of electricity for two and a half hours a day. That's all. That is the purpose of the Dickey Dam. It is a soupçon, but anything more would drain the lake.

Many decades ago, the United States and Canada considered developing a tidal electric power source in Passamaquoddy Bay. It seemed a pretty good idea—pump-storage, with

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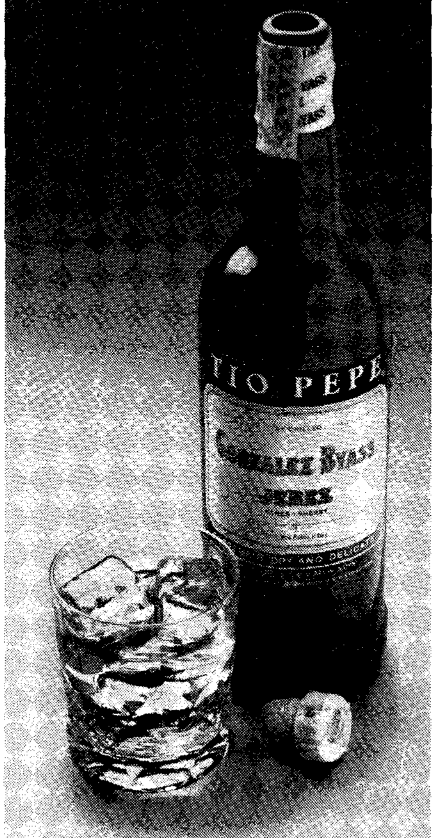

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the tide as pump—but its daily output would be so erratic that another source would be needed to smooth out the curve of power. A conventional dam could do this, on the upper St. John. The Passamaquoddy project was eventually abandoned, but it had put the St. John dam in the book of public works, and dams are not recorded there in delible ink. For some years, though, few people were much interested in spending hundreds of millions of dollars for so small an amount of electricity—for a "peaking power" dam that could supply its power only during roughly a third of each day's peaking time. With the oil embargo of 1973, the situation changed, and the so-called Dickey and Lincoln School Lakes Multiple Purpose Project came back into the conversation. (To even out the flow from the big dam's irregular releases, a small dam would have to be built as well, a few miles downstream, at a place called Lincoln School.) New England power is largely derived from oil—seventy million barrels a year—and the dam at Dickey would save a million and a half barrels each year. Never mind that it would give New England roughly one per cent of its electricity. Never mind that it would almost surely cost, in the end, a billion dollars. It would provide pollution-free, Arab-free, indigenous New England power. The Corps of Engineers came through with a handsome benefit-to-cost ratio, indicating the shrewd Yankee good sense of building the dam, with computations based on a three-and-a-quarter-per-cent interest rate and zero future inflation. Additional cogent arguments were conjured as well—including flood control for villages downriver (dikes, built for a small fraction of the cost of the dam, would do), an upwelling of employment in the depressed environs of Dickey (never mind that the employment would be gone in a few years, when the construction jobs had vanished and a few people with clipboards had come from somewhere else to run the dam). It was felt, finally, that Maine, a state of two thousand lakes, needed a new one for summer recreation, and in the benefit-to-cost computations the recreational value of Lake Dickey was set at one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while, on the other side of the ledger, the St. John River in its natural state was assigned no value at all.

Panic about the Arabs brought all this on, but deeper than the panic is an apparent belief that it is the right of people to have all the electric power they can afford to buy, with the subsidiary right of squandering it when and how they please and of buying it at the same rate at any time of day. We throw away more power than a Dickey Dam could ever give us, by ten times ten times ten. We throw it away in kilowatt-years. And anyone who would do that would throw away a river.

John Kauffmann, packing up his gear, winces in the direction of the damsite and says of Lake Dickey that it would be "like an artificial mountain in the Rockies." He says that he thinks there are plenty of technical arguments sufficient to prove the foolishness of the building of the dam but that in this case one point is really enough: "It would be a sin to murder that beautiful river." Tom Cabot, in his carbon-black boots, says he sees no benefit that would justify the cost.

Each year, when the public-works-appropriations bill rolls out on the floor of Congress, Congress takes a vote on the St. John. Before the energy crisis, when the environmental movement was still going forward, the vote went against the dam, but since then, by a widening margin, the vote has gone the other way, getting up a few hundred thousand dollars here, a million there, to move the Corps through its studies toward the days of construction. The vote on construction funds—the vote that will settle it all—is coming soon, and the barrel seems to be rolling in favor of the dam. There will be winners and losers, all of whom, in a few years, will be dead like the river. The St. John, it is said, was traded for the Allagash, at the time that the Allagash was preserved in legislation. If so, it was an uneven trade. When the guides of the Allagash take their vacations, they load their canoes and go down the St. John.

—JOHN MCPHEE

•

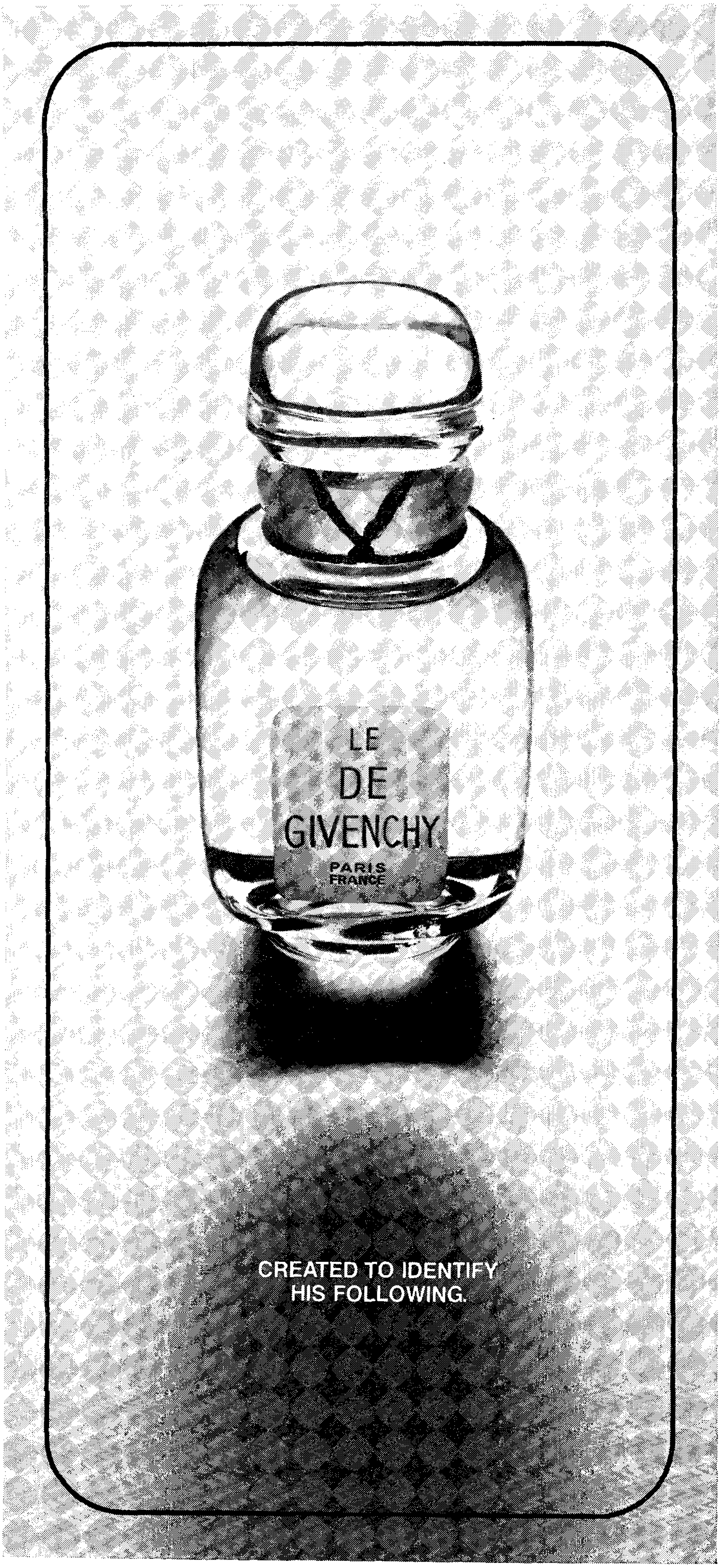
CLEAR DAYS ON THE PROGRAMMING SCENE

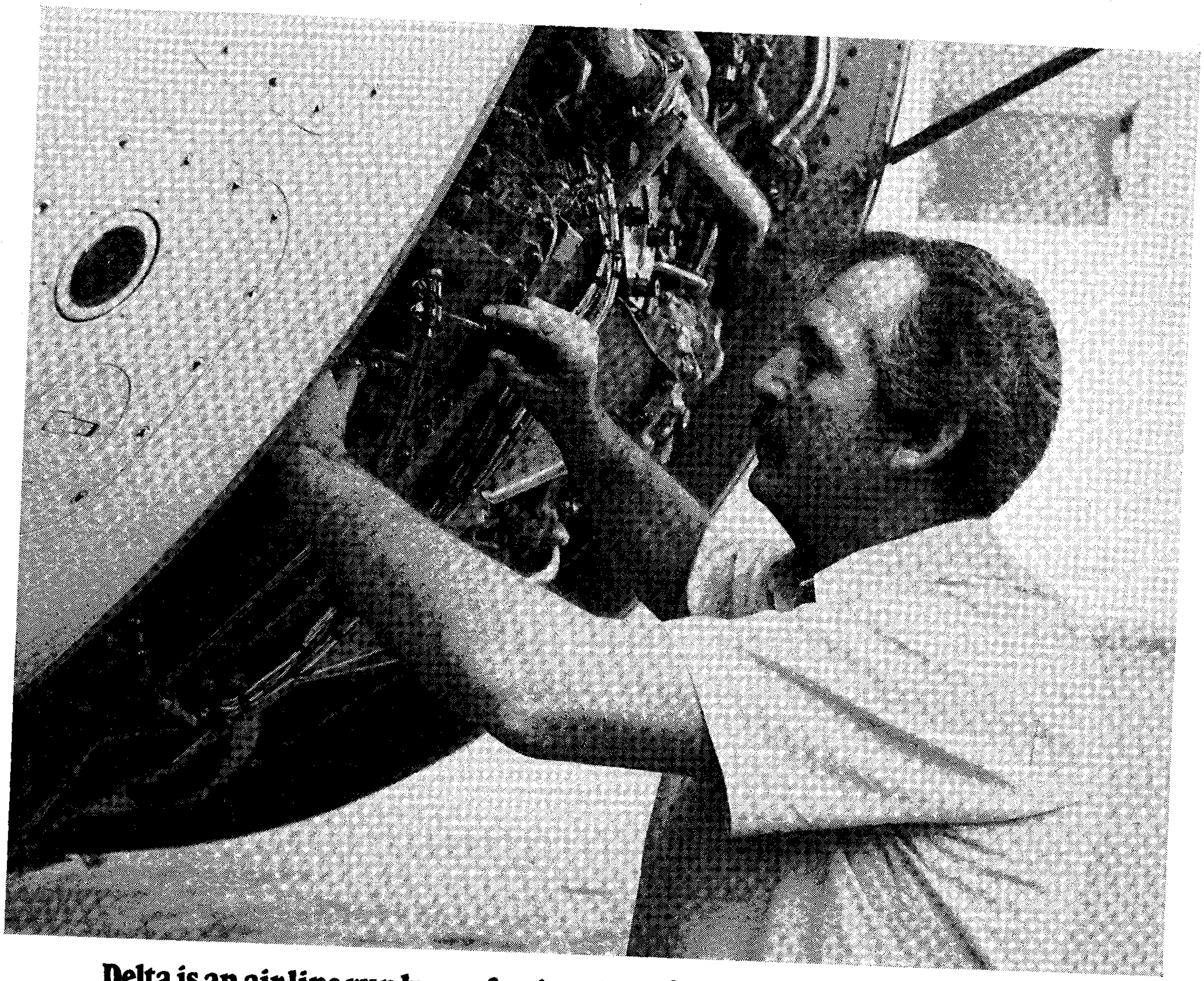
[From the Boston Globe]

"Dirty Harry," canceled by WBZ-TV (Channel 4) yesterday because of its violent subject matter, has been picked up by WLVI-TV (Channel 56) and will be shown on the UHF outlet tomorrow night from 9 to 11.

In its statement announcing the cancelation, Channel 4 said the NBC film "contains scenes, situations and language which we consider inappropriate for presentation to young and impressionable viewers."

Taking its place on the Channel 4 schedule will be "Journey to the Unknown," a macabre two-part tale of devil's sorcery and seaside terrorism.





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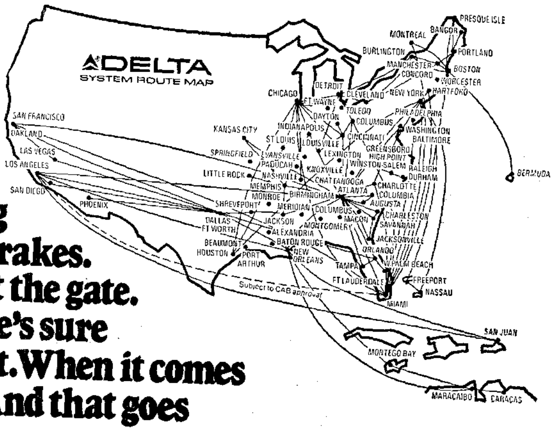
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THE THEATRE

LIFE WITH FATHER

THE star of "Rex," at the Lunt-Fontanne, is unquestionably John Conklin, who designed the sumptuous sets and the even more sumptuous costumes. Henry VIII, the "rex" of the title, had a penchant for vivid colors and rich stuffs—his long-vanished palace of Nonsuch dazzled the eye of everyone who beheld it—and he would feel right merrily at home in Mr. Conklin's gorgeous imaginary Tudor world. The stage is crammed to the last inch of space with royal splendor, and for much of the evening splendor alone promises to make up for the lack of nearly everything else that is usually thought necessary to a successful musical. For example, songs. The music, which is by Richard Rodgers, has been lent a certain factitious vigor by the orchestrations of Irwin Kostal, but none of the tunes resemble those of Mr. Rodgers' long prime, and the best that one can say for the lyrics, which are by Sheldon Harnick, is that they are neatly rhymed and occasionally touching. The book, by Sherman Yellen, is harmless hackwork, imitative of "The Lion in Winter" in language and of some Xeroxed preppie précis in content: though we get Anne Boleyn's rueful witticism to her executioner, we don't get the names of all of Henry's wives.

A star second only to Mr. Conklin is Nicol Williamson, who hurls himself with characteristic vehemence into the role of Henry. Mr. Williamson sings very well indeed; his voice is deep and expressive, and I hope he will feel inclined to risk a role in musical comedy again. He has been encouraged to play Henry in a terrible-tempered "Life with Father" fashion, and he does so with a no doubt exasperated awareness that, as written, there is no other way to play the part. His chief preoccupation throughout the musical is with having a son—a topic about which, I should have thought, the less said the better in our enlightened day. (What Henry didn't know was that it is the father who determines the sex of a child; also, that he had sons who were born dead thanks to one or another of his many resident diseases and not thanks to his wives' weakness or God's wrath.) Penny Fuller plays both Anne Boleyn and Princess Elizabeth, and Tom Aldredge plays Will Somers, Henry's favorite fool. The direction of "Rex" is by Edwin Sherin, the lighting is by Jennifer Tipton, and the dance arrangements are by David Baker. They have all worked hard in a lost cause, and they have my sympathy.

"THE HEIRESS," at the Broadhurst, is a welcome revival of the play that Ruth and Augustus Goetz fashioned, almost thirty years ago, out of that well-nigh perfect little novel, "Washington Square," by Henry James. The novel was published in 1881, which is to say that it will soon be celebrating its one-hundredth anniversary. It remains an enchanting book, as fresh as paint (upon using so homely a phrase in the novel, James would be quick to add, in fastidious parenthesis, "as they say in New York"); it is a comedy very Austen-like, not only in the decorously acid wit with which the author describes his characters but also in the distance that he takes care to keep between himself and them. James pretends to be telling a tale of a vanished time—as a child, he often visited his grandmother's big house on the north side of the Square, and in an uncharacteristic autobiographical aside he confesses that her house has served him as the setting for the fictional Sloper ménage—but the plot of the novel turns upon misfortunes of family life that exist in every generation and that afflict us every bit as painfully today as they did our ancestors in the "uptown" Washington Square of the eighteen-fifties.

In brief, the problem that James addresses in his novel and that the Goetzes faithfully dramatize in their play concerns a daughter who holds too high an opinion of her father, while the father holds too low an opinion of his daughter. Poor Catherine Sloper loves Dr. Sloper, or tries to love him, more than he deserves; he loves her less than she deserves. Catherine, with her concealed acuteness, comes to see her father as he really is, but Dr. Sloper, in his confident obtuseness, never comes close to recognizing Catherine. When a suitor appears, Dr. Sloper arranges for Catherine's heart to be broken—given his impression of his daughter, he feels a sneering certainty that young men must be in pursuit not of Catherine's person but of her fortune, and by ill luck the suitor in question does indeed prove to be a cad. With grave courage, Catherine seeks to mend her heart as best she can; never marrying, she becomes an old maid even in youth. "There was something dead in her life, and her duty was to try and fill the void. Catherine recognized this duty to the utmost; she had a great disapproval of brooding and moping."

Jane Alexander is admirable as Catherine, and Richard Kiley is still more admirable as Dr. Sloper. This is surely the finest performance of his career. David Selby, as the calculating suitor, struck me as too callow and too lacking in charm, and I found Jan Miner, as Dr. Sloper's sister, a little too common in manner to seem a close relative. The superb front parlor of the Sloper house was designed by Oliver Smith, the costumes were designed by Ann Roth, and the lighting was designed by David F. Segal. The play has been directed by George Keathley, who has not feared to let its pace be leisurely. One wishes Dr. Sloper to take his time over his sherry and sneers, and one wishes Catherine to take her time in confronting with ice-cold resolution the two men who scarcely noticed that they were absconding with her life.

SHIRLEY MACLAINE is winding up a limited engagement at the Palace. Her show, in which she has enjoyed a considerable success both in this country and abroad, is an absurdly overproduced Vegas night-club turn, with a big orchestra onstage, a small company of dancers, and Miss MacLaine playing the now conventional Vegas role of the superstar who woos the audience by effusively praising it, by thanking it for the affection it is assumed to be feeling for the star, and by hinting that, if the audience so desired, the star would sing and dance her heart out and die, mike in hand, before their very eyes. This is all show-biz claptrap, singularly unworthy of Miss MacLaine. She is a capable actress with a gift for dancing; at the Palace, she has spent much of

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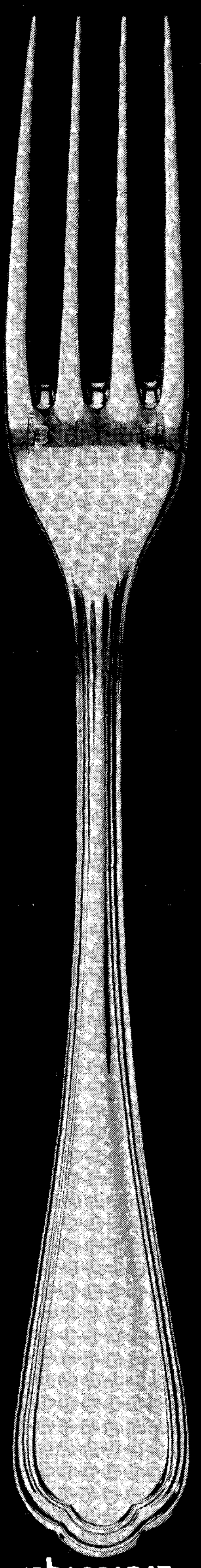

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her time talking about the number of times she has played hookers in movies. What a tiresome subject for an intelligent woman to be making wisecracks about! —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Trilogy's End

DAVID RABE's almost literally stunning "Streamers"—a New York Shakespeare Festival production at the Newhouse which originally opened at Long Wharf, in New Haven—is the final play of his trilogy about Vietnam; the two others are "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel" and "Sticks and Bones." All the action of "Streamers" takes place in one room in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, when the worst of the war still lies ahead. The room itself seems an oasis of civilization. The three young enlisted men who live in it get along well. They are Billy, a sympathetic, rather innocent fellow from Wisconsin; Roger, a black soldier who seems far more realistic and mature than the others and is a close friend of Billy's; and Richie, a well-to-do homosexual from Manhattan. Billy teases Richie some about his effeminacy, and Richie teases back; Roger does not quite believe it or take it very seriously. None of his business anyway. But the inevitable brutality and pain and violence of the Army and the war (along with loyalty and understanding and surprising tenderness) cannot be kept at bay. Their old sergeant, Rooney, who has received his overseas orders, comes in with a companion-in-arms, a Sergeant Cokes, with whom he served in the Second World War and Korea. Cokes is back from Vietnam and is dying of leukemia. Both are drunk and appallingly reminiscent. Cokes, laughing heartily, tells an anecdote about a soldier whose parachute didn't open, and he sings a song to go with it—"Beautiful Streamer," to the tune of "Beautiful Dreamer." A more important intruder is a black soldier named Carlyle, a far rougher type than Roger, and half out of his mind with anger and frustration after three months on K.P. He never lets up on Richie, and it is he who precipitates the terrible, bloody climax of the play. This climax almost seems gratuitous, yet it is integral to the story; nothing in the play is done purely for effect. At the end, two of the young soldiers are sobbing on their cots, and the dying old sergeant again sings "Beautiful Streamer," but as softly as Stephen Foster might have wanted it, and in Vietnamese.

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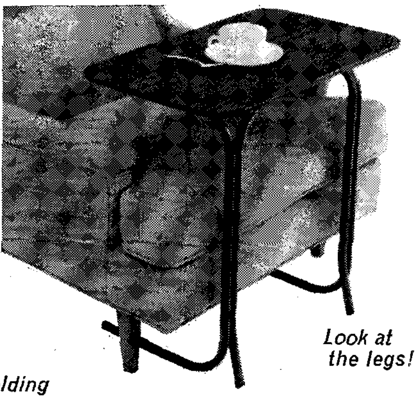

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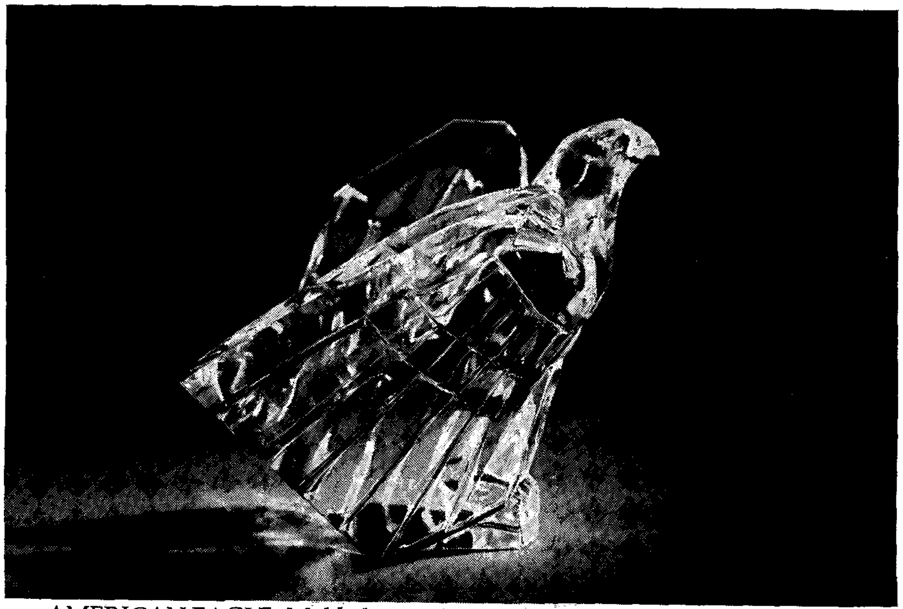
Mr. Rabe is a strong dramatist, and as capable of comedy—much of the soldiers' talk is funny—as he is of tragedy. The plot is filled with mood and incident, and every line rings true. To a certain extent, "Streamers" lacks the originality—the totally persuasive illusion of firsthand observation and inevitability—that helped make "Pavlo Hummel" the masterpiece it is. (Why another black with a knife? Why another homosexual as whipping boy?) Even so, it is very good. The performance, under Mike Nichols' direction, could not be better. The actors, some of them familiar to me, some not, all seem new, so inseparable are they from their roles. The principals, in order of appearance, are Peter Evans (Richie), Dorian Harewood (Carlyle), Paul Rudd (Billy), Terry Alexander (Roger), and Kenneth McMillan and Dolph Sweet as the two old sergeants. The spare, clear setting is by Tony Walton.

AS the audience enters the opera house at the Brooklyn Academy, where the Royal Shakespeare Company's wonderful "Henry V" opened last week, the stage and house lights are on, and the members of the company are wandering around or warming up in informal rehearsal clothes; the stage is bare, except for what looks like bunched-up gunmetal cloth overhead and an array of ropes below. The lights dim; a spotlight wanders for a moment or two and then picks out Chorus (in navy-blue slacks and top)—"Oh for a muse of fire"—and the play begins. Chorus, in the quicksilver performance of Emrys James, remains in modern clothes throughout, with one foot in and one foot out of the action, but always in touch with the audience, like the Stage Manager of "Our Town"—at one point raising his arm to stop the scene of the fatuous, boastful Dauphin and his bored courtiers before the Battle of Agincourt, at another correcting Fluellen's pronunciation of "ambiguities." "Ambiguities" is an important word here, and it is important that it be said right, for it is one of the keys to Alan Howard's complex and totally successful performance as the King. When we first see him, he, too, is in informal clothes, wearing extremely white sneakers and metal-rimmed spectacles, which he removes and gestures with, but soon he and the others are in costume, and that bunched-up cloth spreads out, to great dramatic effect, into a brilliant heraldic canopy (later let down to become the battlefields and tents of France). It



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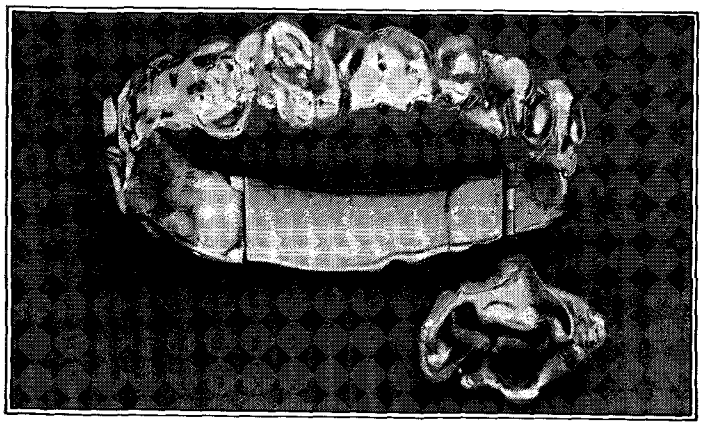

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must be said at once that Mr. Howard's Henry is so different from Laurence Olivier's miracle that it in no way interferes with one's memory of that splendid movie. Mr. Howard is just as poetic, just as eloquent as need be, but his self-doubts show: his face at times seems to shrink and bleach with weariness or discouragement or anger, and then suddenly lights up when things are going better. He never declaims. He moves among his weary soldiers, trying and almost failing to scale a wall, encouraging them with his "Once more into the breach, dear friends" speech. The St. Crispin's Day speech begins in an almost conversational tone to his brothers and the officers before it reaches its noble heights. When he reads the list of the English dead, he is so close to tears that he almost cannot finish it. There is the requisite force here, too, and no opportunity for humor gets by him. Indeed, Mr. Howard is so forceful that this production never seems to be a director's show, yet Terry Hands, at the controls, is firm and innovative. "Henry V" is so familiar that it could easily become a series of set pieces, but the play always moves. It reflects—certainly in the scenes among the tired, downcast English troops—our present-day attitudes toward war, yet it is never allowed to degenerate into a cynical, opportunistic, anti-patriotic exercise. There is great and inspiring love of England in it.

Some of the scenes have been rearranged, and a number of the characters have been eliminated. No Duke of Burgundy, for example; his speech about the postwar blight in France is spoken by Chorus. The proposal scene at the end, usually rather skittish, has become, with its subtle, feminist color, one of the strongest in the play: the King on his knees proposing to the French princess in flawless French before she will accept him. Mr. Hands has been able to get excellent performances from his excellent actors. Brenda Bruce, as Mistress Quickly, makes her account of Falstaff's death more than just pathetic. Charles Dance is haunting as the troubled soldier talking to "Harry in the night" ("But if the cause be not good . . ."). Carolle Rousseau is delightful as the Princess, and Peter Bourke, Geoffrey Hutchings, Trevor Peacock, Tim Wylton, and Richard Moore are fine in other parts. As is true of all R.S.C. productions, there is the unending clarity and, of course, the eloquence that one never ceases to be grateful for. The dramatic, barren setting, with the lighting crew always on view on a grid above the stage, is by Farrah, who presumably also designed the good costumes. Stewart Leviton designed the lighting.

AS for "The Cherry Orchard," at Roundabout I, I can only offer condolences to a number of capable actors—to Paul Benedict and William Roerick, who have done much good work in many plays; to Stephen Keep, the funny Clarence of last year's "Clarence;" and to charming Patricia Conwell—each of whom contributed some validity, and occasionally more than that, to his part in an all but nonexistent production. —EDITH OLIVER

• •

SONG

What binds the atom together
must be like these hives,
this cluster of white bee boxes near the creek,
this exhaling and breathing of wings
like sparks, bits of a mirror,
tracing over the meadow
the petals of a transparent blossom
opening—

these veins flow into a dark armature,
heart or brain, a globular,
interior mirror
of ignited cells about which
the mind whirls: this sibilant,
luminous pulp,
one cell
or one cell's shadow
in the great body of growing
we grow in.
—PHILIP DOW

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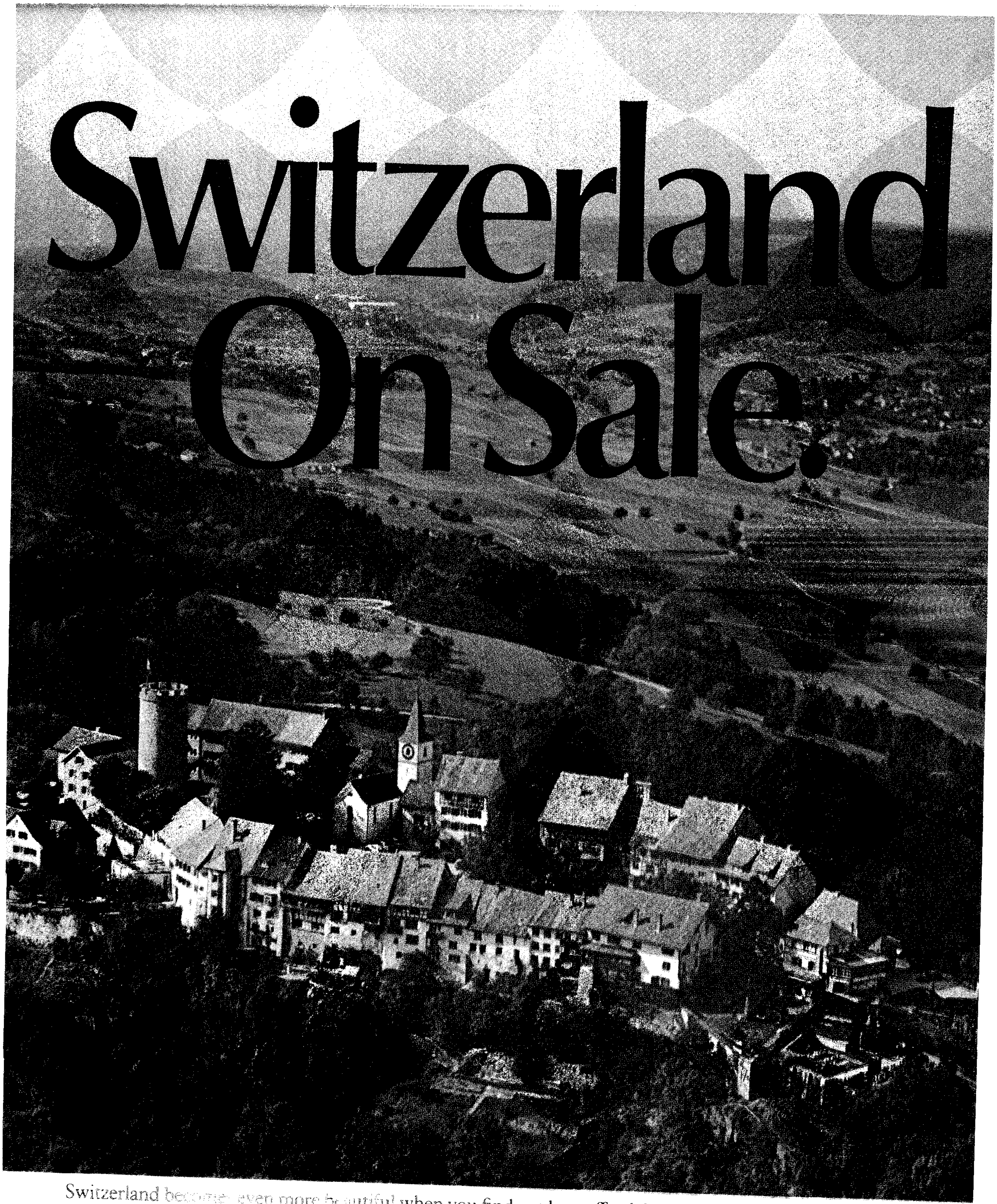

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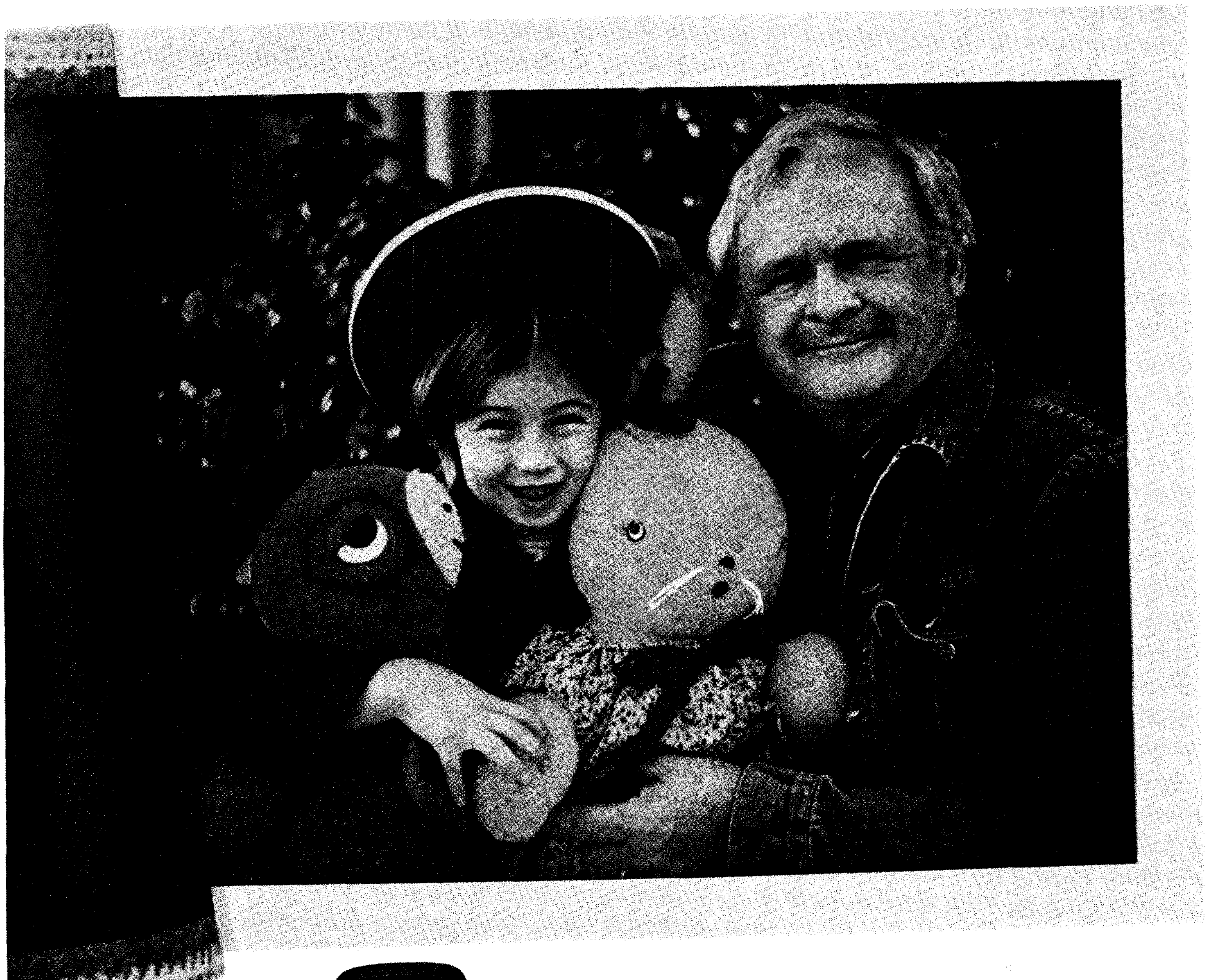

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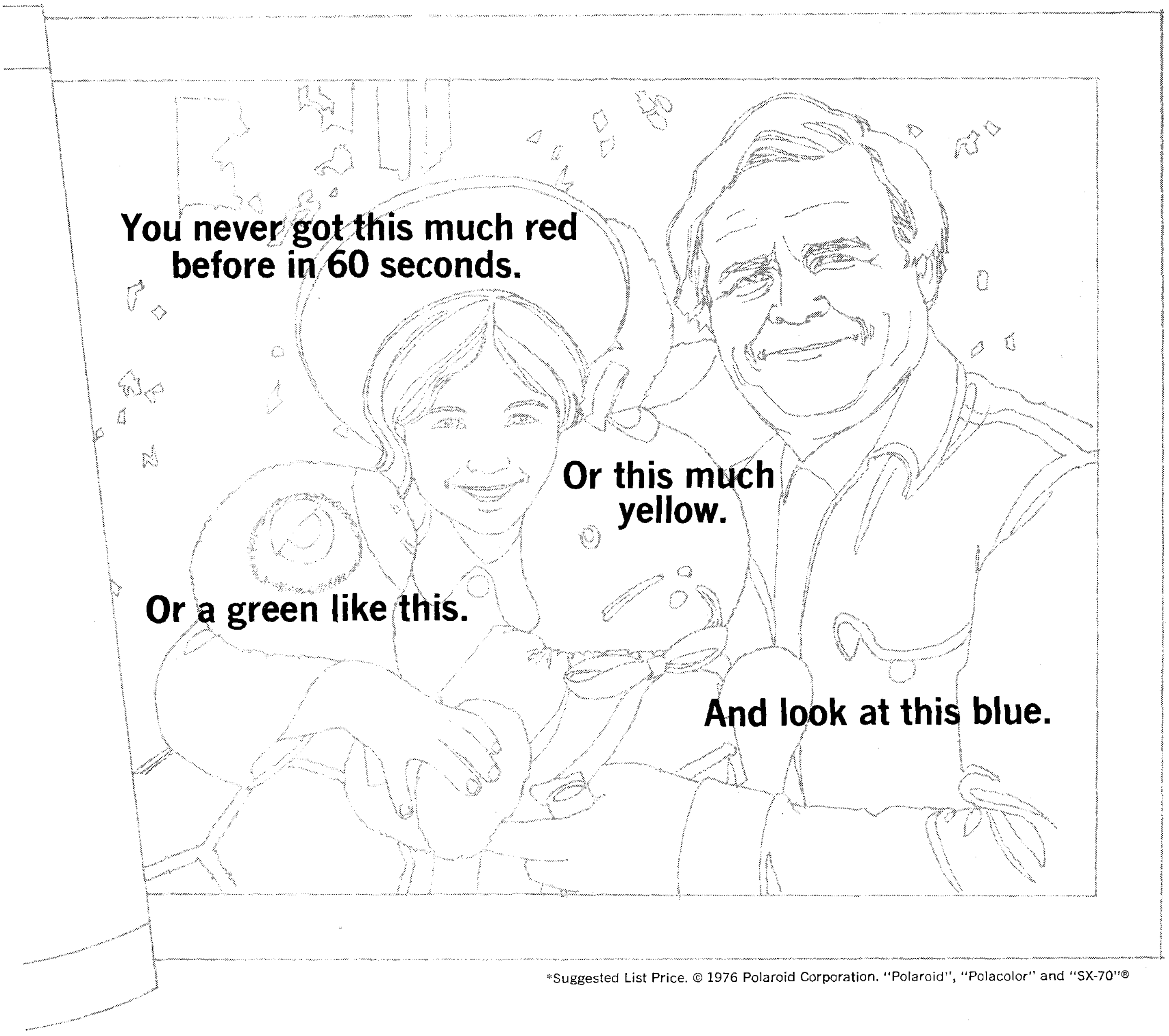
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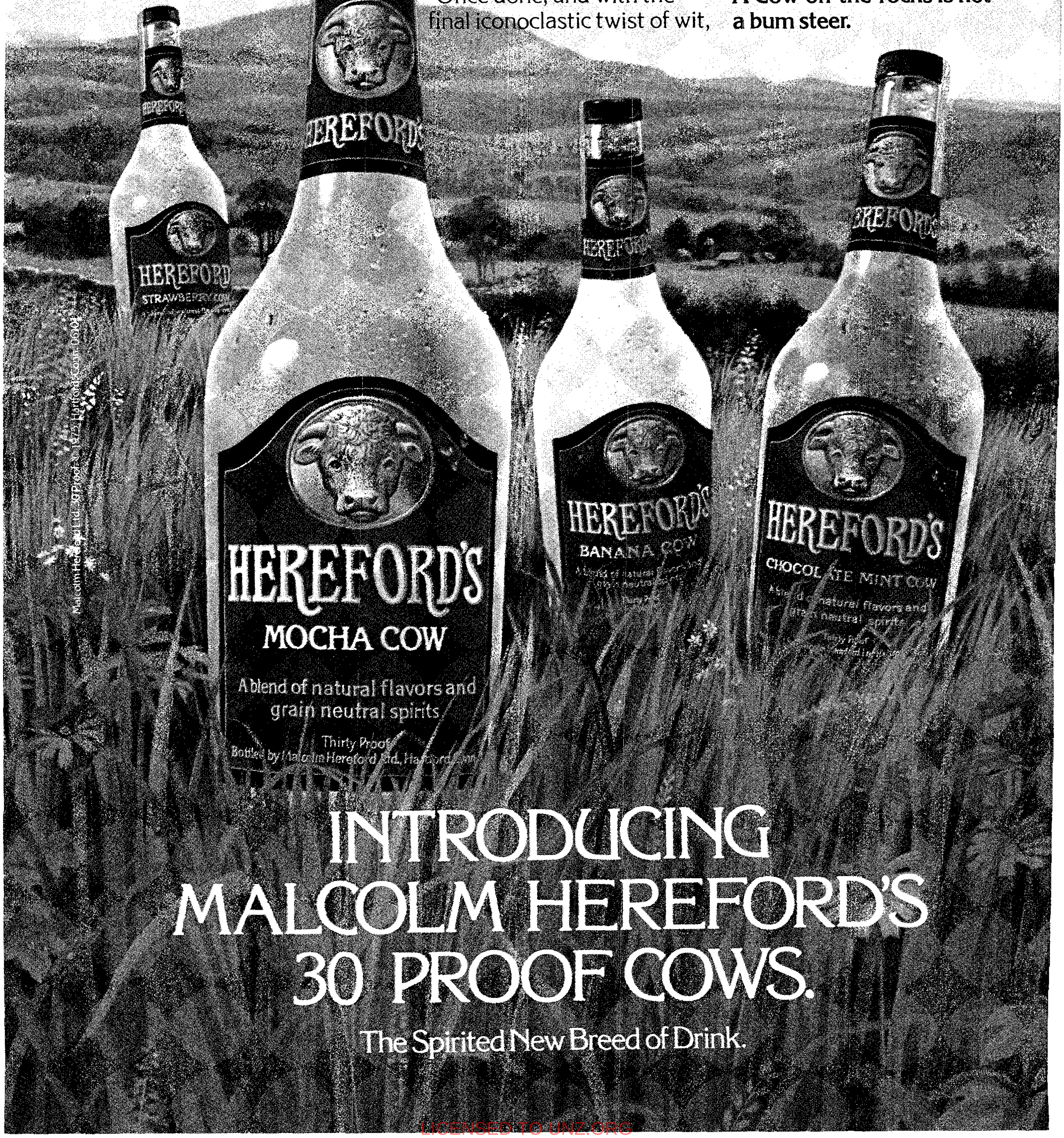
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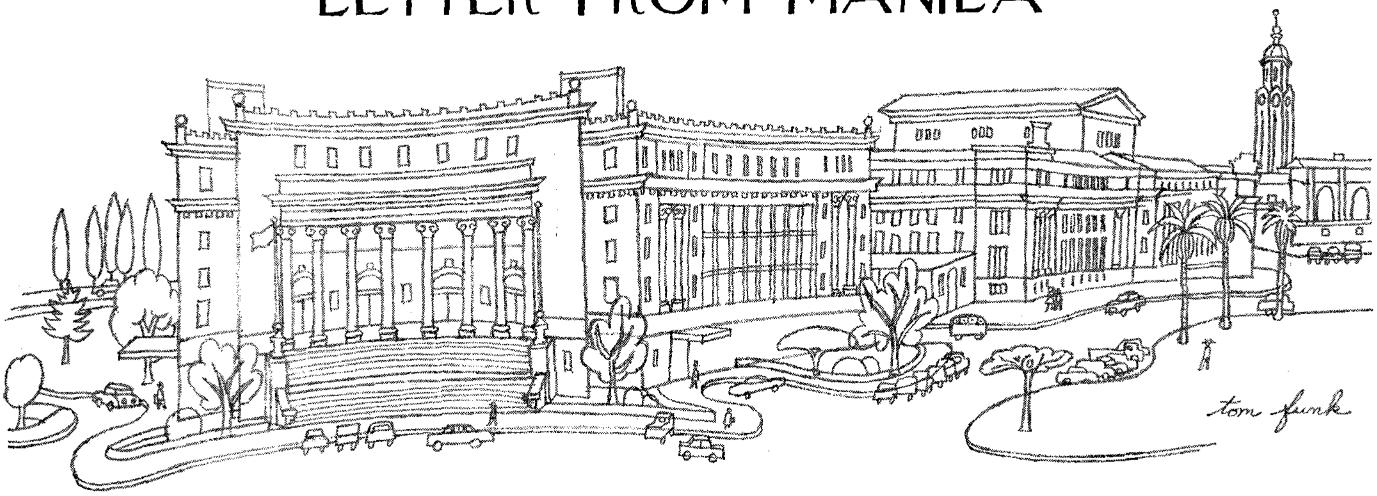

LAST September 19th, in Luneta Park, in downtown Manila, before a huge holiday crowd celebrating the third anniversary of what President Ferdinand E. Marcos likes to call, among many other things, the New Society and what is in fact martial law, the President recited a list of gains and benefits achieved in the preceding three years, and then startled his audience, which included most of the ranking members of the government, by declaring that despite the popular enthusiasm for reform "we are in fact a nation divided against itself—divided between urban and rural, rich and poor, majorities and minorities, privileged and underprivileged." He went on to speak of continuing fears that "we have liquidated an oligarchy only to set up a new oligarchy," and of the "massive opportunities for graft, corruption, and misuse of influence—opportunities which are now being exploited within the government service." In what has since become known locally as the Friday Night Massacre, he thereupon announced the dismissal or retirement of some fifty high government officials, including six Cabinet members and the Commissioners of Customs and Internal Revenue. In the days that followed, as government departments feverishly complied with the President's orders to cleanse their ranks, more than two thousand lesser bureaucrats were purged, though it was subsequently disclosed that several hundred whose names were on lists submitted by the various departments and bureaus and who were then evaluated by computer for their efficiency either had already retired or had died.

The abruptness of the original announcement and the sloppy way in which the whole purge operation was handled were by no means typical of Marcos, who in his systematic imposition on the Philippines of what he also calls "constitutional authoritarianism" has always planned his moves well in advance and carried them out with an unusual mixture of audacity and caution. Though the reasons for the shake-up and, in particular, for the strange manner in which it was conducted went deeper than appeared on the surface, there was no doubt that Marcos was responding to popular discontent over corruption in the upper levels of the government and in the military, which was becoming increasingly powerful politically. He did not mention the military in his Luneta speech, but at the time he delivered it he was in the process of obtaining letters of resignation from all forty-eight flag-rank and general officers in the armed forces. Then, though he privately let it be known that he intended to cleanse the ranks of the military by the start of the new year, he did nothing until mid-February, when—prompted by increasing opposition to the martial-law regime from liberal elements in the Catholic Church, from workers in poor sections of Manila, and from some of his more outspoken political opponents, including former President Diosdado Macapagal—he announced in a nationwide speech that "complete reorganization" of the armed forces would be carried out during the first quarter of this year, and that the action would involve courts-martial of some high-ranking officers. In mid-March, he followed up his announcement by declaring that "arrogance and abuse of power" in the military would be curbed and that "periodic rotation of personnel" would be ordered to eliminate corruption and improve morale. Finally, at the end of March, he retired eight generals—all of them already over the retirement age of sixty-five—and promoted twenty-one senior brigadier generals and colonels. The promotions gave the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force new heads, but Marcos, significantly, retained the three highest-ranking officers in his military hierarchy—the chief of staff, the head of his security guard, and the commander of the Philippine Constabulary. There was no further mention of prosecutions for corruption, and the delayed military purge appeared to be primarily a face-saving move, which would not end the mounting criticism of the regime. Moreover, many of the ranking bureaucrats whom Marcos peremptorily dismissed last September have since been given lucrative new jobs, so it will not be surprising if some of the forcibly retired generals soon show up in civilian posts.

With inefficiency, graft, and corruption still rampant, and the rumblings of discontent growing louder, Marcos is demonstrating what all authoritarian rulers demonstrate sooner or later—a gradual loss of direction and momentum, accompanied by the ostensible imposition of more "discipline" to accomplish touted "reforms." Meanwhile, he faces the necessity of developing new sources of power for the continuation of what he has described as "crisis government," as "our battle for survival," and, in an especially revealing passage in his own writings, as a "Cromwellian phase in our quest for a good and just society." This phase, or "the martial-law interlude," as he also calls it, is now in its fourth year, and Marcos told me in an interview that he has no plans to end it in the foreseeable future, because "neither the security situation nor economic conditions" permit him to move toward the creation of a parliamentary democracy to replace his own variety of Presidential government, at present codified in a new constitution that was ratified in January, 1973, by hastily summoned Citizens' Assemblies—docile instruments that also voted against the convening of an interim National Assem-

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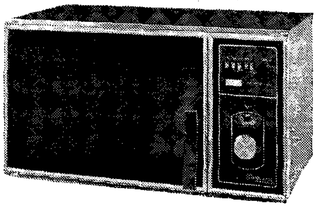

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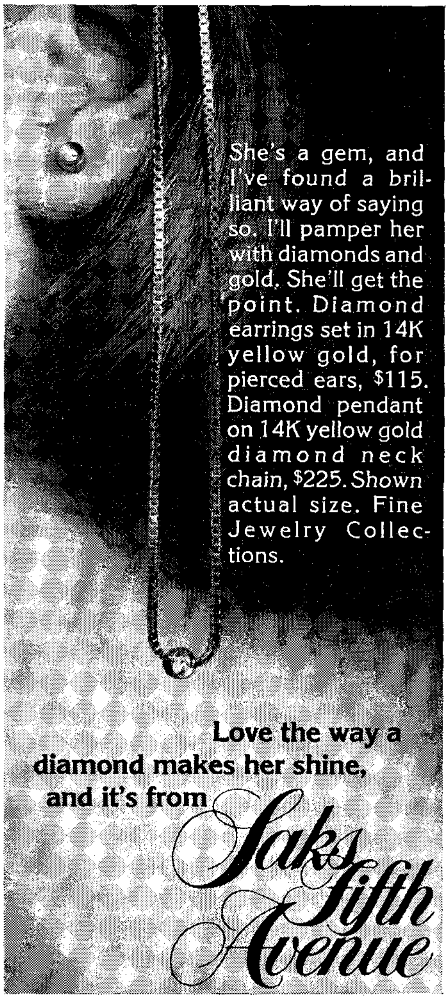
bly and endorsed the martial-law regime.

Since then, Marcos has twice sought renewed public approbation of his rule by holding referenda in the nation's forty-two thousand *barangays*—the name the Malayo-Polynesian settlers gave to their first communities, and the one he uses, in place of the traditional Hispanic "barrios," for villages and townships when he is referring to them as political entities. In July of 1973, looking ahead to what would have been the end of his elected term in December, he obtained a vote of ninety per cent in favor of his remaining in office and "finishing the reforms" he had initiated under martial law. In February, 1975, he again obtained a ninety-per-cent-affirmative vote—this time in answer to the question of whether the voters approved of the way he was exercising his powers, including the power to issue "proclamations, orders, decrees, and instructions." His principal tool is the Presidential Decree, of which he has handed down over nine hundred since martial law went into effect. To another question—whether the *barangay* voters wanted some fifteen thousand local public offices, including those of provincial governors, mayors, and city councilmen, to be filled by elections when the incumbents' terms expired, at the end of 1975, or whether the President should appoint all such officials thenceforth—about seventy-eight per cent of the Filipino voters reportedly favored his making the choices; seventeen per cent opted for elections; and five per cent abstained. Actually, there has been ample evidence that all these alleged instances of what Marcos calls grass-roots democracy were the result of manipulations by local bosses whose futures depended solely on Marcos's whim.

Marcos told me that, in response to the minority vote on local elections, he might allow a few such contests to be held, to test whether broader elections could take place later in an orderly and honest manner. However, the significance of any such step would be minimized by a decree he issued late last year, setting up a People's Council in every province, city, and municipality. The councils included—along with members of former provincial and municipal councils and selected representatives of labor, youth, and industry—*barangay* officials who had nearly all been appointed by Marcos. The effect of the new move, which Marcos hailed as "actually beginning [the reform of] our political institutions throughout the country," seemed to be, more than



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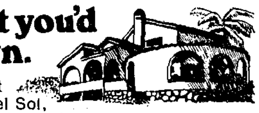

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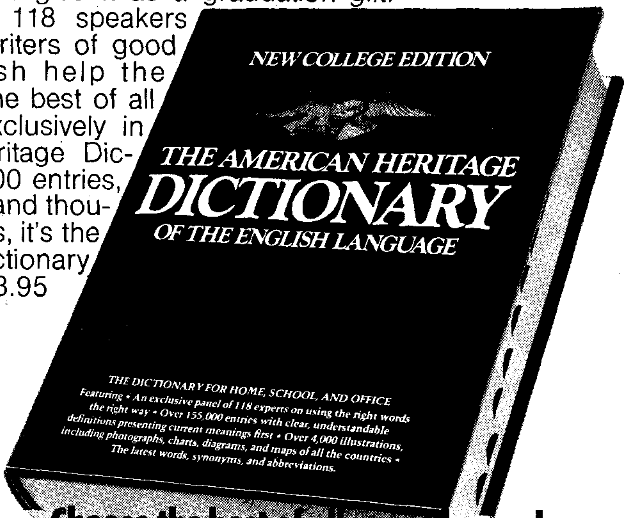
anything else, to solidify his tight hold on institutions he is refashioning to suit his own needs and desires. This became only too apparent when, at the end of January, addressing three thousand members of a new National People's Council, composed of delegates from the local and provincial councils, he announced that he was also creating a new Legislative Advisory Council, to recommend new laws and to "perform the functions of a National Assembly during the period of martial law." The advisory body would be chosen from the National People's Council, the Cabinet, and some civic groups, although a few weeks later he hinted that it might be elected. However, he said that he continued to consider the January, 1973, plebiscite on the constitution a "mandate," precluding the holding of any national elections or the convening of a regular National Assembly until 1980, at the earliest.

Among authoritarian governments in Asia, that of the Philippines is unique in having a strong democratic heritage from its American model. Governments such as those of South Korea and Indonesia, though they hold regular elections and convene national assemblies, cannot be said to have had comparable experience with Western-style party politics. Marcos is fully aware of this difference and of how it affects his own experiment in dictatorship. When he introduced martial law, he gave as his pretexts for doing so the chaos, dissension, greed, and profligacy of what he now calls the Old Society, and at the time many Filipinos and quite a few foreigners either approved of his actions and his stated goals of reform or gave him the benefit of the doubt. Now, despite some solid accomplishments, such as a land-reform program that is at least partly effective and a rapidly growing economy that has held its own in the face of the world economic crisis, his version of martial law is rapidly losing whatever appeal it had. Privately, more and more Filipinos are expressing bitterness over the growing rather than diminishing disparity between the rich and the poor—which Marcos himself felt forced to mention in his Luneta speech—and are pointing out that he and his handsome, hard-driving wife, Imelda, seem to have fashioned something brand-new in the long line of oligarchies in post-colonial Hispanic countries: a dyadic, or two-person, model. There can be no doubt of the personal profits reaped by the pair, and, as for his wife's share of power, in November he appointed her Governor of Metro Manila—that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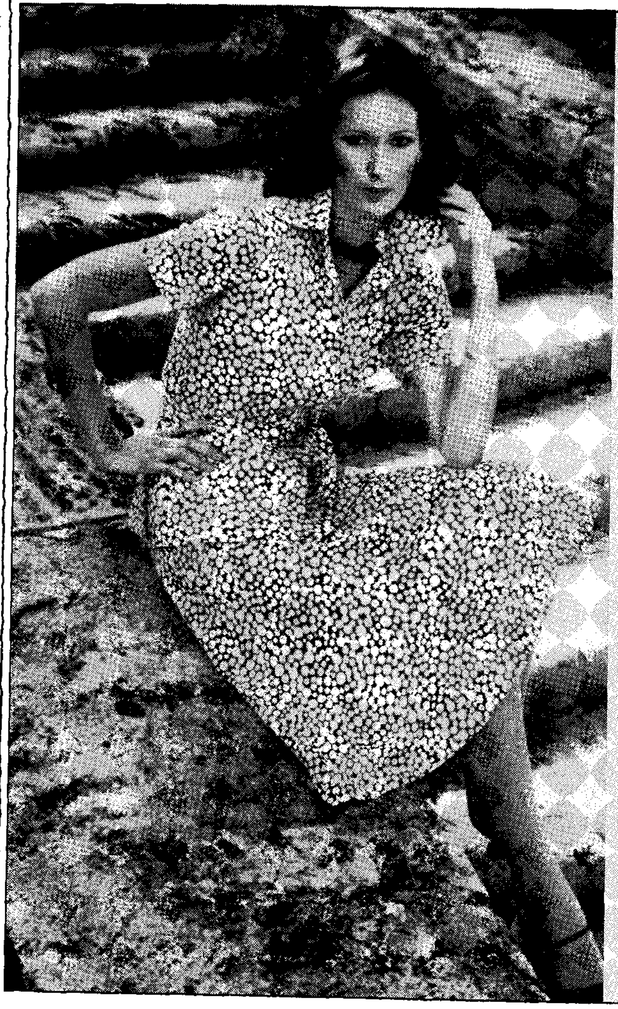

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is, Greater Manila. Recently, there has been a systematic effort, emanating from Malacañang, the Presidential palace, to push the idea that Marcos should, by decree, name his wife as his successor in the event of his demise.

Among others, businessmen are raising their voices against the regime: a recent report put out by one of the opposition political groups and distributed to foreign correspondents—but not domestically—contains complaints about the growing "power of bureaucrats over businessmen [which] tends to result in graft and corruption," and expresses doubts concerning Marcos's assertion that "a reasonable amount of government intervention is necessary to protect the climate of private investment."

While continuing to proclaim his passion for reform and for improving the lot of the poor, Marcos adopts a holier-than-thou attitude that places him, his wife, and his close entourage of business associates above the battle—apart from the "new oligarchs" whom he denounces but in fact epitomizes. The opposition against him has mounted in recent months, prompting him to renew his earlier accusations that a "united front" of left- and right-wing elements is conspiring against him, and he is approaching a moment of economic and political transition that obviously worries him. In the past year, he has charted a new foreign-policy course, which has led him to establish diplomatic relations with Communist China and to prepare to do so with the Soviet Union, and which has aligned the Philippines with Third World countries. At the same time, he has stated his intention of maintaining the historic alliance with the United States and of negotiating terms with Washington which will enable America to go on using, though no longer to administer completely by itself, the big airbase at Clark Field and the naval base at Subic Bay. When President Ford stopped at Manila on his way home from his trip to China in December, there were preliminary talks about the bases, and negotiations will begin in earnest in Manila this June. In working out a new and difficult balance of relationships, Marcos is in a special position, compared to most of his Southeast Asian counterparts, because of the special circumstances of the continuing American economic and military interest in the Philippines. Where he may come a cropper, though, is in his uncertain domestic situation. While the Filipinos have traditionally demonstrated a peculiarly placid acceptance of whatever kind of government has been offered them—first Spanish autocracy, then American-guided democracy, then their own imitation of it, and now martial law—the discontent of the majority of the people, whose abject poverty has not been ameliorated by the President's proclaimed reforms, and who have become increasingly troubled by the deprivation of human rights, seems bound to be expressed before long, for the very reasons Marcos has enumerated.

THE rising resentment of martial law because of its failure to bring promised social and economic advantages is especially apparent in the crowded urban centers—notably in Greater Manila, which contains some five million people. At the same time that many of the rural areas are beginning to prosper, the cities, whose combined population now makes up more than thirty per cent of the Philippines' forty-three million, are becoming swollen with people who cannot find adequate jobs and housing. A paper delivered last spring at a symposium on urbanization, population, and development, prepared by the Institute of Philippine Culture, under the direction of Mary Racelis Hollnsteiner, a sociologist at the highly regarded Ateneo University, in Manila, found that the astonishing total of a third of Greater Manila's population is living in slum and squatter enclaves. "These communities are largely peopled by migrants who, pushed or pulled to the city, find themselves swinging in pendulum fashion between periods of employment and unemployment," the paper noted. In an effort to determine how squatters, living in huts and shacks, and non-squatters, whose living conditions are only slightly better, were coping with poverty, the Institute's researchers interviewed eighty families in Manila's Sampaloc area, a neighborhood with few middle-class professionals; numbers of scavengers, who mostly collect and sell scrap paper; and a majority of low-income semiskilled and unskilled laborers.

The average number of children per family was four. Housing was found to be "generally deplorable," with squatters' poorly constructed homes—made of salvaged materials, including rubber tires on the roofs to keep them from flying off during typhoons—crowded together in narrow alleys or

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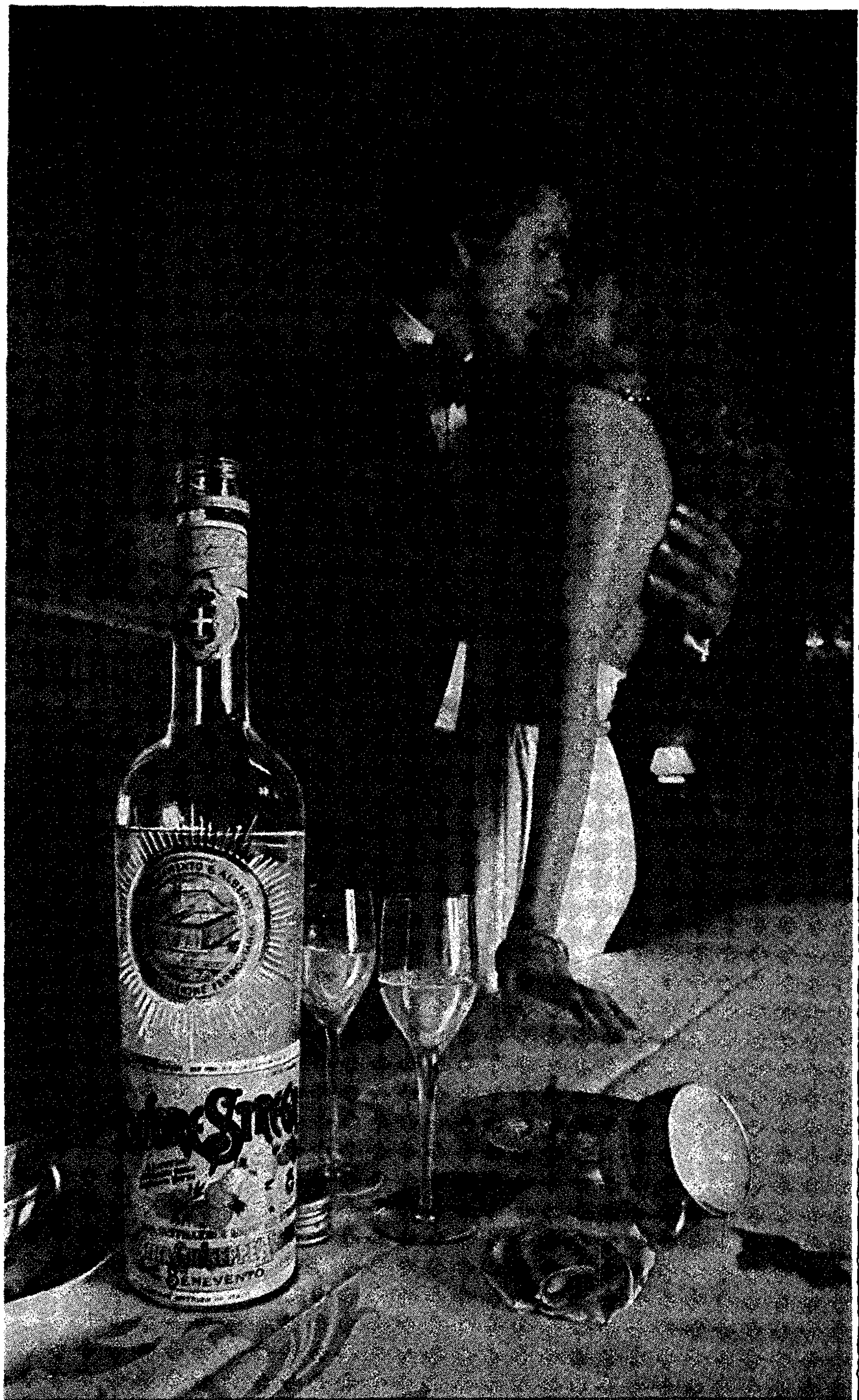
along dirty canals, where, in winter, they were constantly subjected to floods and penetrating dampness, and, in summer, to stifling, fetid heat. Open drainage was common, and toilets were rare. The toll of poverty on health was tremendous. In fourteen per cent of the households in the community, at least one preschool child had died from pneumonia, diarrhea, or gastroenteritis. Malnutrition was common, and most households existed on a day-to-day economic basis, buying small quantities of food when they had the money and when they had none borrowing from relatives or local moneylenders or simply going without meals. The squatters surveyed mostly eked out some sort of a living by scavenging or street vending, while the non-squatters surveyed were mechanics, drivers of taxis or of the ubiquitous Manila jeepneys (multi-passenger mini-buses), or small-scale businessmen, and there was a sprinkling of low-paid civil servants. With two-fifths of the women and one or two children in each family working, the median weekly household income was ten dollars; the average daily per-capita income was less than two pesos, or about twenty-five cents. Despite such poverty, or what the paper described as "outright destitution," most of the residents interviewed said they wanted to remain in Manila, hoping that it would afford their children, at least, better opportunities. The study condemned the urban administrators and service-agency workers, "who harass the squatter-scavenger and ignore the non-squatter poor or insist on their accommodating to upper-middle-class norms," and it also assailed members of the upper class, who "by surrounding themselves with high walls and protecting themselves with security guards . . . show their sense of unease and ostrich-like reluctance to confront the widespread poverty around them."

The stark conditions of urban poverty are borne out by another recent study, dealing with factory workers, which was commissioned by Archbishop Jaime Sin, of Manila, and Bishop Julio Labayen, the director of a church-sponsored organization called the National Secretariat for Social Action. Whereas in 1969 a worker had to put in an hour and a quarter's work to buy his family their daily rice supply of one ganta, or about half a peck, in 1974 he had to work nearly three hours to buy the same amount. The price of rice, after increasing for four years in a row, has since 1974 been held down by the government. Prices of other basic foods, such as bread, milk, eggs, and vege-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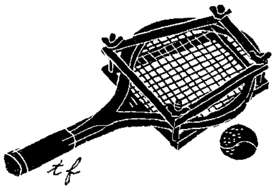
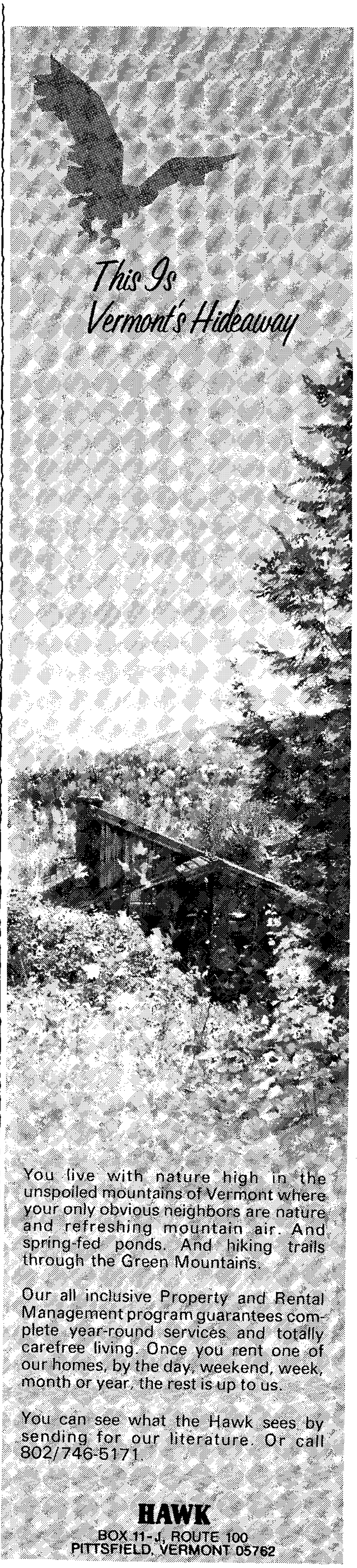
tables, have doubled or tripled during this period and are still rising. Since most of the money earned has to go for food, few families have anything left for clothes or education. Many of the people interviewed said that they worked less than a full week, or that they had lost their jobs to workers willing to take less money; they also complained of poor and unsanitary working conditions, of their inability to organize as they wished, and of a ban on strikes, proclaimed by Marcos. Until late last year, they had been banned only "in vital industries." Then, early in November, following a sitdown strike at a Manila distillery by part-time workers known as "casuals," Marcos issued a new and tougher anti-strike decree, forbidding "all forms of strikes, picketing, and lockouts" and forbidding any workers' or farmers' organizations to receive assistance from foreign priests—a provision suggesting that Marcos was deeply apprehensive about radical clerics. But a month later Marcos changed his mind and, in a move that demonstrated his uncertainty about how far down the path of dictatorship he wants to go, again limited the strike ban to vital industries. He was undoubtedly impelled to take this step as a result of two demonstrations, each involving several thousand workers. The first took place late in November and the second during President Ford's visit in December. Both occurred in front of churches, and were the largest public protests since the imposition of martial law. Around this time, too, a newly formed Trade Union Congress, comprising twenty-three separate federations with a claimed total membership of three hundred thousand, called for higher wages, and by the year's end Marcos had raised the minimum-wage levels of the lowest-income workers in private industry, giving government workers increases of five per cent or more.



Marcos has said that he wants to encourage trade unionism, but the fact is that, while his government countenances unions, it appears in some ways to be moving toward the creation of a syndicalist state not unlike Mussolini's Fascist corporate state. The government recognizes only unions set up in separate, vertical industrial categories, and it is also requiring businesses to organize along vertical, syndicalist lines. All lumber companies, for instance, are expected to join a Chamber of Wood Industries, and members of professions have been similarly regimented, with lawyers now being required to belong to a new Integrated Bar of the Philippines. In this increasingly controlled system, collective bargaining amounts to forced collusion between management and the official unions, and is carried on under the auspices of the Department of Labor and the National Labor Relations Commission. Only about a third of all workers are unionized, and although members of approved unions enjoy a considerable degree of job security, independent unions often find their attempts to organize workers restricted or broken up, and when they do win a plant vote they may be officially disqualified on obscure technical grounds. Dismissals, and even beatings, of unapproved union leaders are not uncommon. Ironically, though the Secretary of Labor, Blas Ople, has a long history of left-wing associations, all other former top left-wing labor leaders are now in jail.

MRS. HOLLNSTEINER, the sociologist, in a conversation I had with her, observed, "The government has no mechanism for coping with the realities of poverty." She went on to say that the new technocrats whom Marcos depends on are—despite their academic competence—too highly specialized. "There has to be an ideology, and that's hard to develop in a society with so many rich," she said. "Marcos is trying to mix milk and water." Though the government is belatedly formulating a public-housing program, both Mrs. Hollnsteiner and a number of Filipino priests dedicated to social action told me that the program not only is insufficient but is concentrating on middle- rather than low-cost projects. According to Alejandro Melchor, Marcos's former executive secretary, who was dismissed in late November (his job was abolished and divided among five new Presidential assistants), there is a backlog of a million housing units that the government had planned to build in the past several years but didn't, and there is need for four hundred and eighty thousand new units annually. Melchor said, "At best, we are able to build only half the number of units required," but he estimated that by 1977, under the current program, about a million and a quarter families would have new dwelling units. Recently established government credit arrangements will enable



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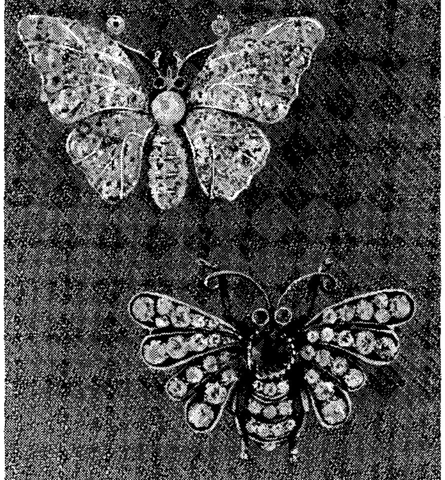

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low-salaried workers to buy low-cost houses, he said, but the trouble is that inflation has raised the estimated price of a small two-story house from eight hundred dollars to at least twelve hundred dollars, which is beyond the reach of the average laborer, let alone the average underemployed squatter. In my conversation with Marcos, he spoke of building low-cost housing, but he seemed more interested in continuing to encourage large-scale private investment by improving the national infrastructure—roads, new sources of energy, and so on. I was told by others that, while Marcos is aware of the housing problem, he does not want to build extensive low-cost high-rise projects, as Singapore has done so successfully, because he doesn't want to encourage further migration into Manila from the countryside.

As it happens, there is plenty of unoccupied land suitable for housing development within Greater Manila—as there is everywhere in the Philippines—but much of it is owned by businessmen and politicians who want to hold on to it or sell it at high prices for industrial development. There is the area called Quezon City, for example, which was once supposed to become the site for a new national capital, in order to alleviate congestion in downtown Manila. This plan was abandoned (although Quezon City is still officially designated as the capital), but, ironically, the traffic in Quezon City itself has been getting worse every year, until it has become the heaviest and least controlled in Asia, with the possible exception of that in Bangkok. At present, eighty per cent of the population of Quezon City occupies only twenty per cent of the land, and real-estate developers have been erecting nothing except business offices and expensive private dwellings. A nearby high-rise development, Makati, is being constantly expanded with sparkling new commercial buildings, many of which are occupied by multinational firms taking advantage of various incentives that the government offers them. There has been no attempt to utilize any of the land in either area for low-cost housing, and, in fact, squatters are constantly being evicted and forced to exist wherever else they can.

Along the bay front in Manila, nearly twenty-seven thousand acres of land are being reclaimed from the sea. Part of the new land will be available for private housing, mostly condominiums for the wealthy, but the emphasis is on the building of what is to be called New City, which will be the site of

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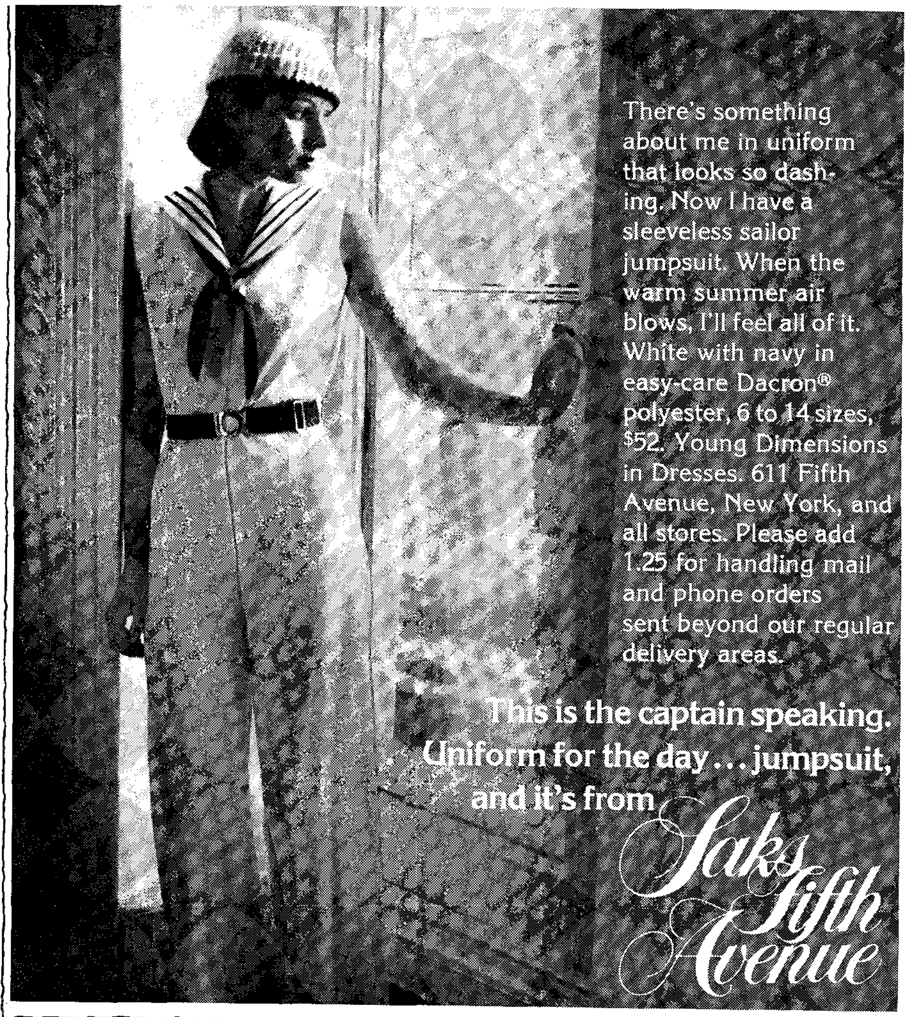
high-rise offices, shopping centers, entertainment strips, and expensive modern hotels. Twelve new hotels are being built in various parts of the city right now, and four more are planned, though the recent increase in the number of tourists has been too modest to justify that many. So far, one hotel and a large convention center are going up in the New City area—largely under the inspiration of Mrs. Marcos. She has also supervised the building of a Cultural Center and a Folk Arts Theatre along Roxas Boulevard, fronting the bay, and a number of other cultural and scenic projects all over Manila.

While Manila's expensive new building projects all add to the city's attractiveness and help to stimulate investment and lure tourists, none of them benefit the poor. On the contrary, the lavish contracts bring more profits to the rich. Many of the contractors are friends of the Marcoses or serve as fronts in elaborate investment syndicates for them, their associates, and their relatives (including Mrs. Marcos's family, the Romualdezes). Although Mrs. Marcos has ordered five garbage-recycling plants from France to help deal with Greater Manila's tremendous waste problem, there seems reason to question whether, as the metropolitan area's new Governor, she will turn her attention to other real problems, like effective flood control and slum relocation, as she has pledged.

Largely as a result of intervention by Catholic Church activists and of financial backing by the World Bank, the government has begun one effort to help the urban poor—adopting a plan to improve conditions in what is known as the Tondo Foreshoreland, along the Manila waterfront. Here thirty thousand squatter families, or a total of more than two hundred thousand people, occupy one of the largest squatter settlements in Asia. The area has become extremely tough, and gangs of young criminals from Tondo have operated all over town, frequently fighting and killing each other. The squalid, teeming settlement has been recurrently ravaged by fires fanned by offshore winds, and has suffered from heavy floods in the rainy season. All of this has led to voluble protests by the Tondoites and attempts by Marcos and others to placate them.

At a meeting I attended of what is known as the Zone One Tondo Organization and in talks I had with a number of its leaders, it appeared that there were still many points at issue. The government wants to distribute



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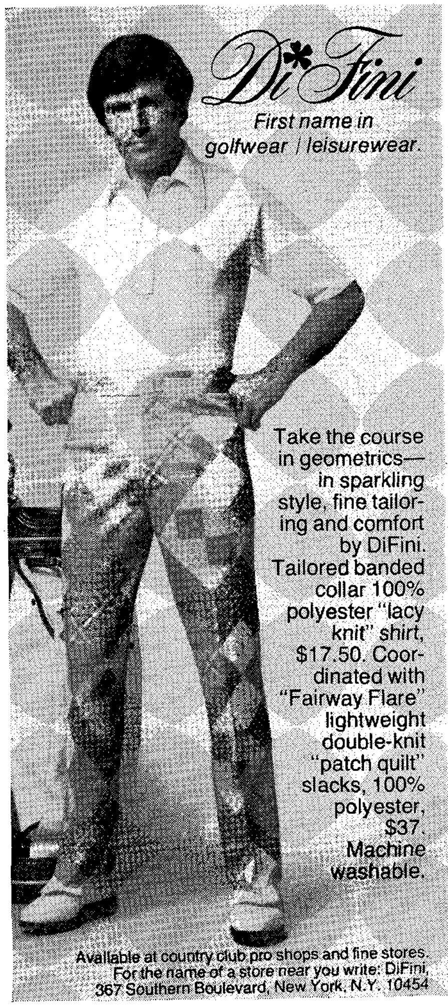

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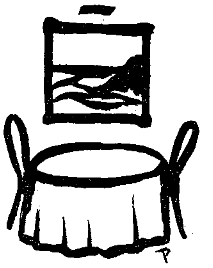
Tondo land to the squatters but to retain title, while the Tondoites want land titles to be held by their own cooperatives, in order to avoid future encroachments. They are also demanding prompt provision of such essential services as water, electricity, walkways, bridges, and mobile clinics. Though the basic issue of land ownership remains unresolved, plans are now being completed for the World Bank and the government to share the financing of these services and to arrange the leasing of land plots to Tondoites for about ten or twelve cents a month per square yard. The project is to begin later this year, and the World Bank hopes that it can serve as a model for dealing with other squatter areas in Asia.

THROUGHOUT the Philippines, the problem of who controls what land remains the source of fierce conflicts, ranging from armed battles between Christians and Moslems in western Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago to the angry rejection in northern Luzon of a huge government hydroelectric scheme. Marcos made land reform his No. 1 objective after he instituted martial law, and—despite a number of omissions, flaws, and anomalies in his reform program, and the fact that it is less than half completed—most impartial experts agree that more progress has been made in the past three and a half years than during the past thirty. The major part of the land problem—the freeing of peasants from bondage as impoverished tenants and sharecroppers—has been only partly solved by the program, which covers merely those areas devoted to the cultivation of rice and corn. Nearly a million and a half hectares (a hectare is about two and a half acres) of these crops, worked by nine hundred and fifteen thousand tenant farmers, are covered under the program. When it is completed—sometime in 1977, the government hopes—over half the land will have been transferred to almost four hundred thousand tenant farmers, and the rest will be worked by five hundred and twenty thousand farmers under permanent leasehold arrangements. This is no more than a third of the country's total agricultural land; the rest is devoted to other crops, the most important of which are coconut and sugar. Peasants working land devoted to these crops want to bring it under the reform program, too, but no such action is imminent, even though workers in sugarcane fields are, with one exception, probably the worst paid and most underprivileged of all agricultural employees. The exception is landless peasants, who work when and for whom they can—a category that, according to some estimates, comes to perhaps three million people.



So far, well over two hundred thousand tenant farmers have received land-transfer certificates, but very few of them as yet hold title to the land in question, because they have only begun to meet their obligations under the amortization plan. This gives them fifteen years to make payments to the government Land Bank, the institution in charge of reimbursing the landlords—to whom the bank makes cash payments of ten per cent or, in some cases, twenty or thirty per cent, with the balance of the sale price covered by negotiable twenty-five-year government bonds. Most of the peasants are in arrears on their amortization payments, and the government recently announced that it would turn over to other peasants any land on which the present holders fail to meet their obligations. Another problem is that much of the land that has technically been transferred has not yet been surveyed, and, as a consequence, so many landlords and tenants are engaged in complicated litigation in agrarian courts that it seems doubtful whether the government's deadline for completion of the program will be met. Until this past year, the program did not affect landlords holding anything less than seven hectares, and the status of those holding less than twenty-four hectares was obscure. Over the past several months, Marcos has issued orders that bring all landlords growing rice or corn under the scope of the program, with the stipulation that those holding at least seven hectares or less can retain ownership but must give tenants firm leaseholds. Some experts maintain that it would have been better if the whole program had been based on effective leasehold arrangements whereby a tenant rents his plot from a landlord for twenty-five per cent of his expected annual proceeds, calculated on the basis of his average crop returns in the three years prior to 1972. This was the original concept of Philippine land reform, but then the transfer of titles became the main preoccupation. A difficulty that the program makes no attempt to cope with is the fact that most peasants' farm plots are physically separated from their homes, and very few peasants own the land on which their houses are built; one result is that, while their new prosperity has led them to buy television sets and refrigerators, they have done little or nothing to plant their own home gardens or improve the lots they live on, because they are afraid their landlords will evict them. This situation exists especially among the tenants whose plots are in the seven-hectare-and-under category—and that includes fifty-seven per cent of the tenants and ninety per cent of all landlords. It has been said in defense of the small landlords—whom Marcos hesitates to offend, because most of them are among his supporters—that they have no sources of income other than their rents from tenants, but a recent American study disclosed that only twenty per cent of them were solely dependent on rents.

Government figures purport to show that under the land-reform program, which includes irrigation projects in dry areas, resettlement projects, and the formation of new barrio coöperatives, farmers are producing and earning about twenty per cent more than they were before, but there are still many critics who find fault with the program as it relates to the country's overall economic development. A study by the Institute of Philippine Culture points out that not only has land reform to date widened the economic gap between well-developed regions, such as central Luzon, and poorer ones, such as the eastern Visayas, in the central Philippines, but rural people in all regions have suffered from "a steady erosion of their capacity to control their own lives." The study says, "The forces of change have dislocated and impoverished large sections of the population, so that it has not been able to generate genuine economic growth. A substantial proportion of rural production is in fact extracted through commercial crop production for export and through the commercialization of agricultural production as a whole." Much of what is produced "goes abroad as profit remittances of multinational corporations, and is wasted through excessive consumption by the ruling élite." Despite the "meagre achievements" of land reform, "the intensification of surplus extraction and the commercialization of the rural economy have resulted in land alienation, increased tenancy, and the concentration of land holdings in fewer and fewer hands," the study maintains. "The same process also results in the erosion of community in-

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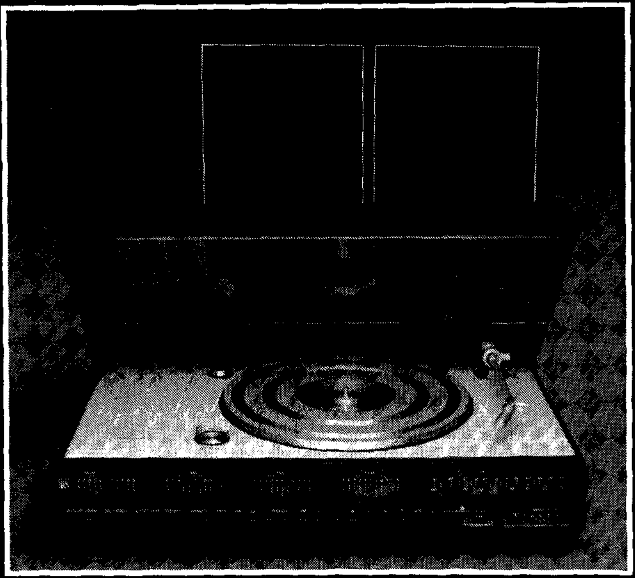

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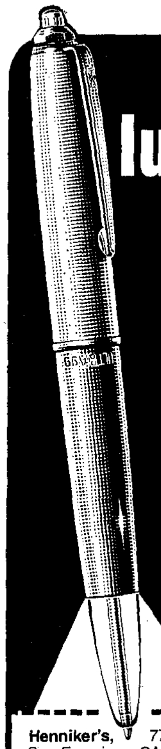

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stitutions and other social networks, such as the patron-client relationships of landlords and tenants, which provided a degree of security to the peasantry." As the ownership of land has become more profitable, landlord resistance to redistribution has increased, and "the expansion of hectarage devoted to sugar and other export crops cannot but lead to more landlessness for increasingly large segments of the rural population."

A somewhat less pessimistic prognosis was given to me by a group of five Filipino community workers involved in Program Compassion—a government effort to better the lot of peasants in such areas as agricultural productivity (referred to as the Green Revolution), nutrition, the environment, and family planning. The men I spoke with criticized the government's failure to assist peasants beyond the initial stages of land reform. For example, peasants now lack the production aids and incentives that the better landlords used to offer, including carefully supervised loans. The peasants can now borrow from three different government agencies, but there is no coördination among the agencies and no check is made on whether the loans are used productively, so some farmers simply use the money to buy luxuries. Fertilizer, which is subsidized for rice and corn land, is frequently resold by peasants at higher prices to sugar-plantation middlemen, and pesticides are also part of a new corrupt pattern of trade and bribery, because farmers are forced to buy pesticides even if they don't need them, under threat of not receiving any fertilizer. Overall, however, the technicians felt that the Green Revolution was succeeding. New highways and other roads have facilitated distribution and marketing, and the barrio coöperative movement is slowly growing, even though there are not enough facilities for trading food products. In any case, the majority of peasants seem generally inclined to accept martial law, since it doesn't affect them too directly. (In spite of it, though, lawlessness has recently increased in the countryside, as it has in Manila, and the national crime rate is again growing.)

One of the most interesting observations made by the five community workers I spoke with was that the influence of the Catholic Church has been diminishing in some rural areas as a result of cleavages between the activist members of the various orders, notably the Jesuits, and the old-line bishops and priests, who remain ardent conserva-

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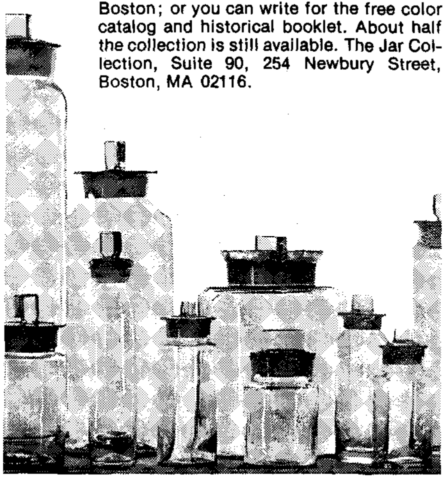

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tives. Under the auspices of a Manila organization called the Association of Major Religious Superiors, the activists publish a weekly bulletin, *Signs of the Times*, containing a variety of articles on national and international subjects, many having to do with human rights. The bulletin, which Marcos recently banned—a ban that the Association has disregarded—is sent throughout the countryside, but local parish priests decide individually whether or not to disseminate it, and many are strongly opposed to what the activists are doing. Partly as a result of this sort of clerical friction, many peasants and townspeople in this predominantly Catholic country are no longer regularly attending Mass, and some are seeking out other churches—either the evangelical Iglesia ni Cristo or other Protestant places of worship.

In Manila, the Catholic militants, along with liberal Protestant churchmen, are among the strongest opponents of the Marcos regime. Two priests charged by the military with inciting rebellion have been in jail for more than a year, the government having refused to release them on bail. Both the National Secretariat for Social Action and the Association of Major Religious Superiors regularly issue pamphlets, reports, and surveys on a variety of subjects, such as the deprivation of civil rights; the condition of the urban poor; the low status and harsh treatment of sugar workers on Negros, the main sugar-producing island; and unfair treatment of such minorities as the Moslems, the Igorots, and the Kalinga and Bontoc tribesmen of northern Luzon. In recent weeks, the Church has strongly supported the campaign of the Kalingas against the government's plan to build five big hydroelectric dams that would obliterate not only some of their villages but some of their sacred burial grounds. Archbishop Sin, who has been in office for about two years, is far more progressive than his predecessors and has supported several of the activist causes on moral, social, and humanitarian grounds. In a talk I had with him, he indicated that although he believes firmly in the separation of church and state, if political or military repression became severe he would consider himself obliged to speak out strongly. Early in 1974, the government agreed to form a Church-Military Liaison Committee, enabling top-ranking military officers and Church leaders to hold monthly meetings, and these have frequently been useful. At one of them, in mid-

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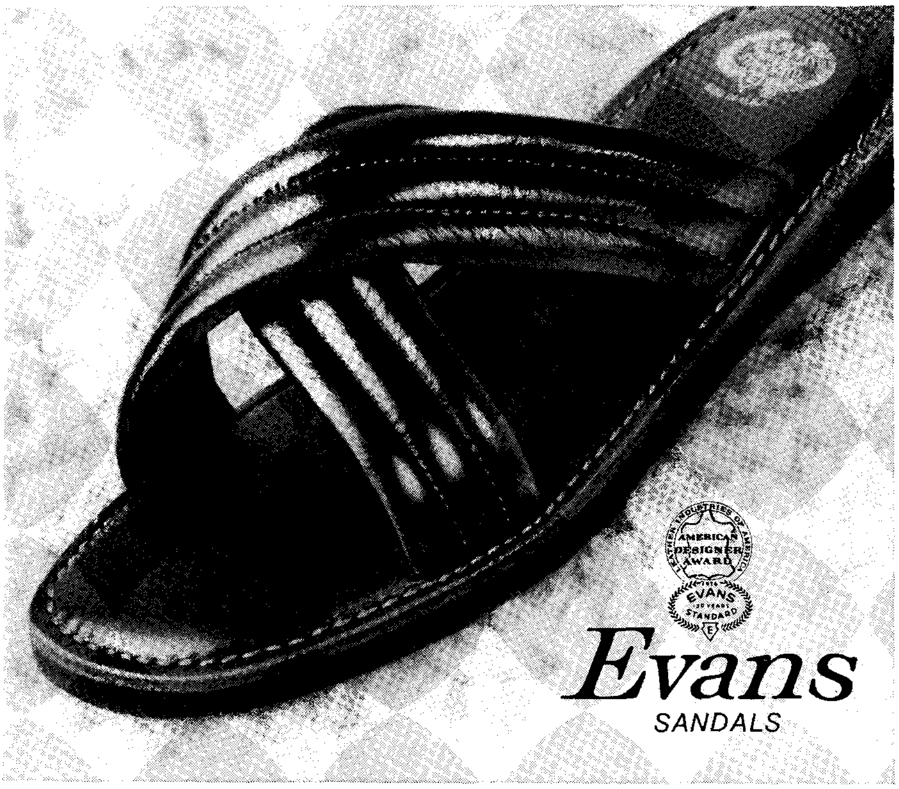

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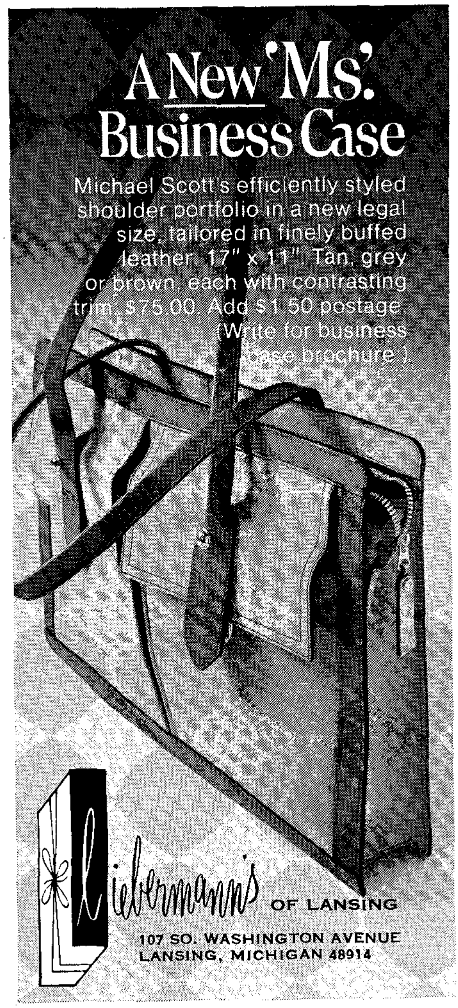

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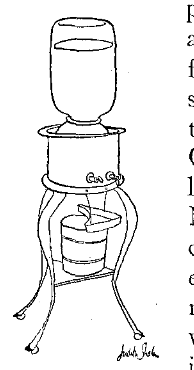
1974, the military admitted that eighteen thousand persons had been arrested since the start of martial law but said that all except fifty-two hundred had been released. Of these, Marcos subsequently disclosed, eleven hundred and sixty-five were political detainees and the rest were "ordinary martial-law criminals." He has since released about fifteen hundred more prisoners, of whom about half were political detainees, and the campaign to obtain the release of all political prisoners continues.

STILL in jail, on charges of murder, subversion, and illegal possession of weapons, is Marcos's chief political opponent, Senator Benigno Aquino, Jr., who was arrested immediately after the declaration of martial law. Aquino, a leader of the old opposition Liberal Party, who would probably have succeeded Marcos as President if elections had been held on schedule, vehemently denies the charges against him, and claims that Marcos obtained his "evidence" from self-confessed criminals and perjurers. The Senator has refused to appear before a military tribunal, except to deliver a scathing statement, and will probably also refuse to face a civil court that is scheduled to hear his case shortly, on the basis of evidence already taken in the military court and accepted as valid by the Marcos-controlled Supreme Court. Last spring, Aquino went on a forty-day hunger strike "to dramatize the mockery of justice." After being transferred to a veterans' hospital on Marcos's orders ("He would not even allow me to die," Aquino says), he was persuaded by his family and friends to give up his fast. In 1973, he had been held *incommunicado* for thirty days in the Sierra Madre Mountains on a diet of bread and water, for having smuggled out protest letters to friends, but it is reported that he has otherwise been treated well under detention at Fort Bonifacio, in Makati—although, with rare exceptions, he is permitted to see only his immediate family and his lawyers. Torture, however, has been used on less well-known prisoners. Proof of this has been submitted by some of those released and has been publicized by the Church and by the Civil Liberties Union of the Philippines, which, in a pamphlet issued last September, accused the police and the military of employing "water cures" and electric shocks as well as beatings with clubs.

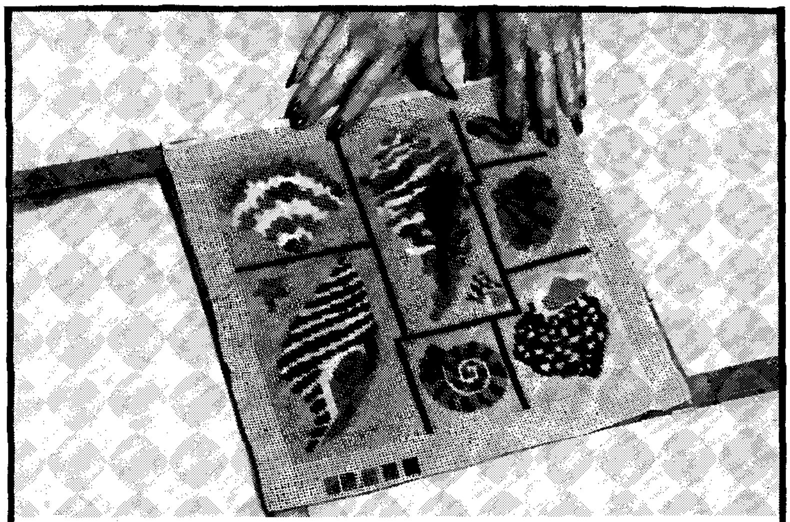


Opposition to Marcos's regime has been growing among the nation's non-religious intellectuals, as is attested not only by the Civil Liberties Union report but also by a hundred-page document entitled "A Message of Hope to Filipinos Who Care," which was guardedly distributed, mostly to foreigners, early in October, and which bore the signatures of a hundred and thirty prominent civilians, churchmen, and academics, self-described as "a representative group of citizens devoted to the cause of truth, justice, and freedom." The principal author of this document was Senator Jovito Salonga, a respected Liberal Party leader, who was severely injured, along with seven other Party leaders, in August of 1971, when two fragmentation bombs were thrown on the stage at a Party rally; the bombs killed several bystanders, but no one has ever determined who was responsible. After tracing the events that led to the establishment of martial law—which included not only a mounting number of demonstrations and some violence on the part of students and workers but also, the document claims, a number of staged incidents that gave Marcos his excuse to move—the "Message of Hope" credits martial law with some initial accomplishments, such as the disbanding of private armies and crime syndicates, the confiscation of unlicensed guns, and the dismissal of some corrupt government employees, but then it pertinently asks, "If, indeed, drastic reforms had to be instituted to save the Republic, should it be the Chief Executive of the bad Old Society that should now lead the crusade for a good New Society?" It goes on to charge Marcos with using empty excuses to maintain martial law indefinitely and with having no "overriding ideology to which the people can make a genuine commitment." That the various referendums that Marcos has held were rigged, the paper says, has been proved by testimony given before the Subcommittee on International Organizations of the United States House Foreign Affairs Committee by Primitivo Mijares, who was formerly one of the members of Marcos's inner entourage but broke with him and has since applied for refugee status in the United States. (Unfortunately, the reasons for his defection are clouded by reports that he took part in some questionable financial dealings.)

Salonga is highly critical of "the

propensity of the New Society to spend the money of the people on frivolous, nonproductive projects," and he cites sixty million dollars spent on the 1974 Miss Universe Contest and as much or more on the Ali-Frazier heavyweight championship fight last October, when the government demanded donations of millions of pesos from corporations for promotion of the bout. But the document reserves its strongest criticism for the government's policy of undermining "economic nationalism" by overencouraging investment of foreign capital. It notes that inducements include "cheap labor, frozen wages, impotent unions, no strikes or demonstrations, no embarrassing investigations, tax holidays and incentives, plus firm guarantees of a hundred-per-cent capital repatriation and profit remittances." It goes on to assert that "multinational corporations operating in a poor country invariably tend to control its economy. They ruin or buy out local enterprises unable to compete with them, borrow working capital from local banks and financing institutions . . . corrupt the local ruling élite through all sorts of devices and pressures . . . [and] expose the native population to consumption patterns suitable only to affluent societies." When I mentioned these statements to Marcos, he countered by pointing out that the multinationals are limited to a maximum forty-per-cent equity in local businesses, and that Philippine investments are fully protected. Economic officials at the American Embassy, whose role certainly includes the protection of American investments in the Philippines, maintain, somewhat defensively, that "exploitation is certainly within acceptable norms," and claim that by bringing in vast amounts of capital instead of borrowing it all from domestic banks the multinationals are preserving the Philippines' financial balance. However, even the defenders of the multinationals admit that there is a need to improve the rules under which they function, and that there should be some limit to their remittances of profits. And even the top Filipino bankers are opposed to a martial-law regulation that requires local banks to increase their paid-up capital to at least a hundred million pesos, or about thirteen million dollars, and has not only forced mergers—an action that was justified because there were too many undercapitalized banks—but led institutions to open their doors and vaults to foreign banks, which have been able to dictate the terms of doing business.

The report of the Civil Liberties



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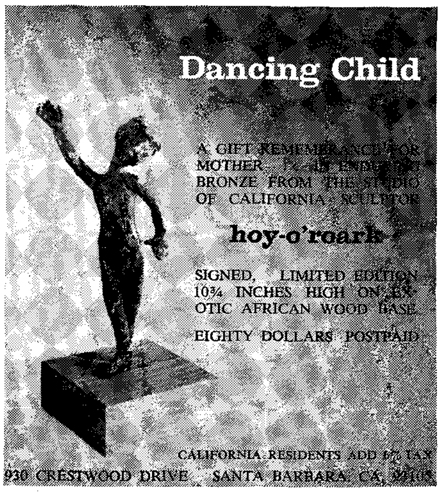

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Union, much of which was written by another Liberal Party senator, José Diokno—who, after the imposition of martial law, had been held, along with Aquino, in Fort Bonifacio for nearly two years without any charges having been filed against him—covers the same ground as the Salonga paper but places special emphasis on the growing power of the armed forces, which are in the process of being built up from a pre-martial-law total of sixty thousand men to two hundred and seventy-five thousand; on the total control of the press, radio, and television; and on the control that Marcos maintains over the judiciary through his unlimited right to replace any judge. A few weeks after the report appeared, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Querube Makalintal, raised his voice against the lack of judicial freedom and said there should be some "cutoff date," after which the judiciary should recover its complete independence.

By permitting his opposition to speak out to the extent that it does, Marcos has been able to impress foreigners with the fact that he is not a dictator, but the fact remains that the opposition has virtually no outlet for its protests within the Philippines. (Several months ago, a Filipino dentist was briefly detained for having a copy of the Salonga paper in his office.) Marcos told me that he was glad to hear the opposition's views whenever they were transmitted to him, but at least until recently he has had his opponents thoroughly boxed in. He rejects their demands for an end to martial law and for the reëstablishment of separation of powers, checks and balances, human freedom, and civil rights as impossible under the present crisis conditions—that convenient excuse which anyone in absolute power can go on using as long as he wants. As Salonga told me, such "minor improvements" as the creation of the new Legislative Advisory Council "only help make absolute dictatorship a little more tolerable." He and other moderate opposition leaders are against any form of violence, such as a coup or an assassination, and advocate instead a public campaign of civil disobedience by workers, lawyers, judges, students—in effect, all Filipinos. Such a campaign is difficult to imagine in the Philippines, however, and Salonga himself notes "the peculiar makeup" of the Filipinos—"their attitude of dependency and their desire to please," and their habit of turning to intermediaries to press their grievances. Yet if driven to the wall "the average Filipino will react violently," he adds, and neither he

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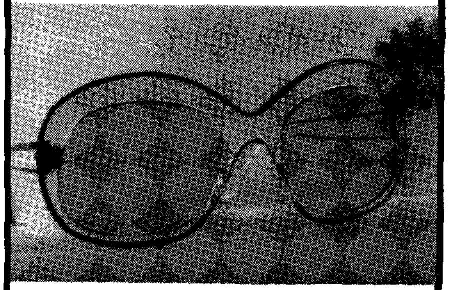

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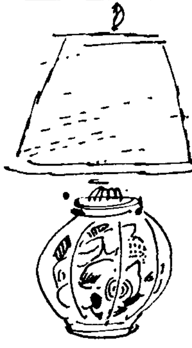

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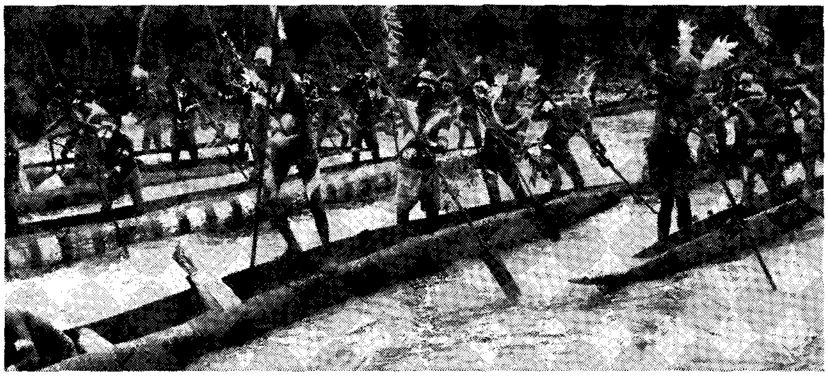
nor the more radical members of the clergy—who have maintained contact with underground Communist leaders of the New People's Army, in the countryside—rule out the possibility of armed resistance.

THE New People's Army, the successor to the Hukbalahaps of the early nineteen-fifties, now numbers eighteen hundred men, according to Philippine and American intelligence sources, and its ideological arm, the Maoist-oriented Communist Party of the Philippines, has five or six thousand members and probably thirty-five or forty thousand serious sympathizers. The N.P.A. is concentrated in Isabela Province, a mountainous area of northern Luzon, and in Sorsogon Province, in the sparsely settled southeastern tip of Luzon, where some elements have spilled over onto neighboring Samar Island, part of the Visaya group. The Communists' structural organization is currently weak, since a number of their leaders were picked up in Manila early this year, following the apprehension, surrender, or killing of a score of their local "commanders"—chiefs of small insurgent bands—and many of their troops over the past two years. There is some debate as to whether they are actually crippled or are simply lying low and concentrating on building up their ranks anew instead of attacking government troops and encroaching on remote barrios as they have done in the past. The recent dragnet missed the two top commanders, Bernabe Buscayno, alias Dante, and Victor Corpuz, a former Army lieutenant who defected to the rebels five years ago, and also still at large is the head of the Communist Party, José Maria Sison—a former professor and student leader at the University of the Philippines, who took to the hills about the same time as Corpuz. In August, 1974, a religious retreat held in the Manila suburb of Novaliches for nuns from all over Southeast Asia was raided by squads of armed soldiers brought in by helicopter, because of a report that Sison, who uses the alias Amado Guerrero, was present. When Sison proved not to be there, the government was highly embarrassed, and eventually the Secretary of National Defense, Juan Ponce Enrile, apologized to Archbishop Sin for the incursion.

Prior to the imposition of martial law, there was a strong radical student movement in the Philippines, with forty or fifty thousand members, many of whom joined the N.P.A. in the moun-



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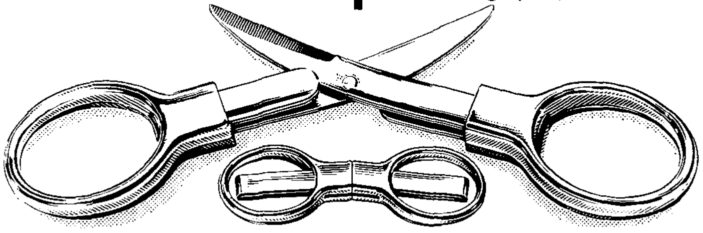

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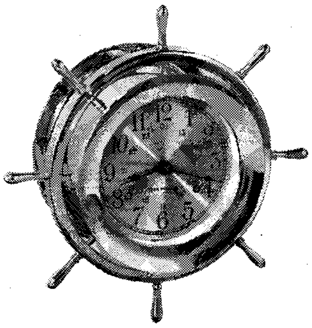

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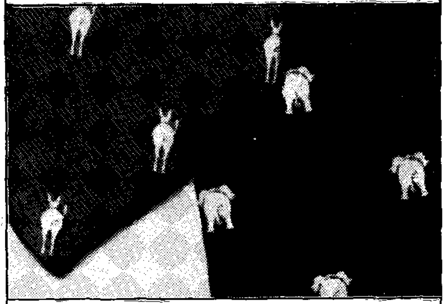

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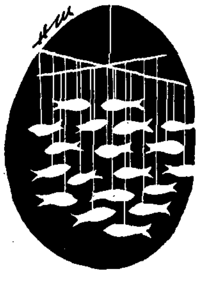
tains for varying periods of time. But martial law put an end to that, and today the student groups are fragmented and on the defensive, concentrating on trying to get student councils, which were banned, started again. A relatively small number maintain underground contact with Communist and N.P.A. leaders, but this is a hazardous thing to do, because the government has them under strict surveillance. As a friend of mine, an American missionary and teacher, put it, “those who were awake are not asleep, but there's no red paint being thrown around.” Nevertheless, a new period of active urban opposition to the government, spearheaded by radical Church and student elements, remains a threat, and one Marcos is acutely aware of. Beginning in late December, student demonstrations were averted by the arrest of numerous student leaders. Several priests and professors were also jailed. In January, two editors of the *Philippine Collegian*, the student newspaper put out by the University of the Philippines, were arrested after the paper printed a letter from former President Diosdado Macapagal demanding that Marcos convene an interim National Assembly as a curb on one-man rule. Again, at the beginning of April, Macapagal raised his voice—an important one for the opposition—with similar demands for the restoration of popular rule. Simultaneously, he requested asylum in the United States Embassy—a plea that was not granted, because American officials said they had been assured that his freedom would be respected by his government.

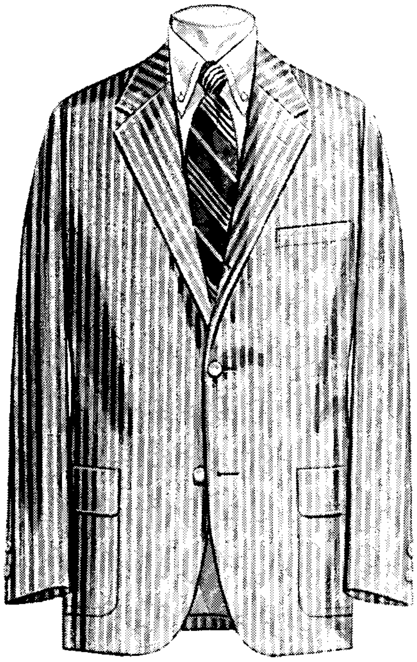


AN important new feature of the Philippine ideological scene is Marcos's recent decision to establish diplomatic relations with Communist China. Manila set about accomplishing this with great fanfare. First, late in 1974, Mrs. Marcos went to Peking with a party of two hundred, and was accorded a tremendous welcome. Then, last June, the Marcoses, travelling in separate planes with an entourage of three hundred, flew to the Chinese capital, where Marcos saw everyone from Mao on down. The Chinese told Marcos—as they had earlier told the late Premier Tun Abdul Razak, of Malaysia, and would shortly tell Premier Kukrit Pramoj, of Thailand—that China would not interfere in the internal affairs of any Southeast Asian nation and would not support local insurgency movements. The Chinese have, however, made a subtle distinction between not aiding such movements and “allowing” the Communist Party of China to lend support to “fraternal” parties. Peking has openly given its backing to both the Malaysian and the Thai Communist Parties. There is evidence, moreover, that the Chinese are still helping the insurgents in those countries by training cadres, and perhaps by smuggling some weapons in through third countries. In February, 1974, a small freighter engaged in a gunrunning expedition sank in the China Sea off the Philippine coast; the survivors, taken to Hong Kong, were claimed by China and were sent there. More significantly, the day before Marcos went to China the Toronto *Globe and Mail* reported that a Chinese official at Peking's Embassy in Canada had been asked to leave the country after he was found to be involved in an effort to smuggle more than seventy thousand dollars—presumed to be for the Philippine insurgents—across the American border to a radical instructor who had formerly taught at the University of the Philippines and was then at the University of Connecticut. The instructor's wife, who was carrying the money, was arrested. This upset Marcos at the time, but he told me he had faith in the assurances of the Chinese that such efforts would not be repeated and that no aid would be given to the New People's Army. “Still, we will keep our guard up and take precautions,” he said. The Communist Party here was initially disturbed and confused by Marcos's Peking trip, but shortly afterward its underground paper, *Ang Bayan*, sent greetings to the Communist Party of China on the latter's fifty-fourth anniversary and said that the establishment of relations between China and the Philippines represented “a further defeat of the long discredited and extremely hostile anti-China policy of U.S. imperialism” and “a counteraction to Soviet social imperialism's design to step into the shoes of U.S. imperialism in Asia.” It added, “A tyrannical regime which remains tyrannical cannot be saved from doom by sheer diplomacy with other countries. The broad masses of the Filipino people decide their own destiny.”

Several weeks after the Marcoses' Peking trip, the Chinese took over the old Taiwan Embassy in Manila (the Philippine government has retained trade relations with Taiwan, however), and there has been an exchange of ambassadors. Trade with the People's Republic of China is expected to increase, with the Filipinos hoping to receive oil at preferential prices, and the Chinese seeking copper, lumber, coconut oil, sugar, and technical help on irrigation.

As for Russian-Philippine relations, a draft trade treaty was completed with Moscow last July, though Marcos has yet to sign it. He was prepared to go to Moscow last September, but the Russians weren't ready to receive him, and the trip is now planned for the end of this month. The old pro-Moscow branch of the Communist Party of the Philippines, which strongly backed the Hukbalahap revolt in the fifties, is still in existence but is of little consequence at the moment. Its leaders, after being in jail for many years, were recently released, and professed their loyalty to Marcos. The Moscow-Peking rivalry will surely be reflected in the Philippines, as it has been elsewhere in Southeast Asia. There are few Russians here, but Marcos now has to deal with the status of two hundred thousand alien Chinese, along with five hundred thousand people of Chinese origin who are Philippine citizens. According to an agreement between Manila and Peking, the two hundred thousand aliens must now choose either Philippine citizenship or allegiance to the People's Republic.

WHEN Marcos cites security problems as a major reason for maintaining martial law, he is referring chiefly to a Moslem rebellion in the southern Philippines. Impartial observers, however, regard the disturbances as more of a nuisance than a threat, even though eighty-five per cent of the armed forces—which at present, including the Army, the Constabulary, the Navy, and the Air Force, number about a hundred and twenty thousand—are engaged in trying to suppress various Moslem factions fighting in half a dozen different areas, notably Jolo and other islands of the Sulu Archipelago, the islands of Tawitawi and Basilan, and Cotabato Province, in Mindanao. The more radical Moslem groups have for many years sought either total or partial autonomy, but most Moslems have simply demanded that the government pay more attention to their economic and social needs, and especially to their right to have their ancestral lands protected from what they justifiably claim have been encroachments by migrating Christians,



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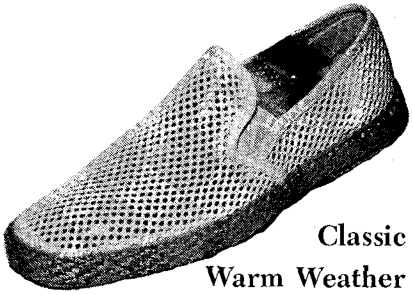

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who in many cases have seized large areas, driving Moslems out. Over the past year, the government has prepared an elaborate program to meet many of the Moslem demands, but, like so many other programs, this one will not be easy to put into effect, for the problems it is designed to solve have many complicated and disparate aspects, which have plagued the islands for more than four hundred years. At least, the new program represents the first major effort in all that time to come to terms with the Moslems, and Marcos has made much of the fact that about eight thousand of the rebels have accepted amnesty offers and come to Manila to surrender themselves and their weapons. The government says there are only about nine thousand rebels still fighting, of whom only one or two thousand are classed as "hard core," but American military men here put the total figure closer to ten or twelve thousand. The Americans also say that the Philippine government forces are suffering between seventy-five and ninety deaths a month, with more than three hundred wounded—a sizable toll. The government, however, says that casualties are much lower.

The rebels have in recent years received considerable assistance, mostly weapons, from neighboring Sabah, which is part of Malaysia, and from the left-wing government of Libya. Marcos told me that though this support has been reduced, it is continuing, despite efforts on his part to get Arab help in settling the dispute. These efforts have been partly successful, having helped evolve the new program for aiding the Moslems and having encouraged some of the surrenders, and yet there appears to be no end to the fighting, which flares up and dies down sporadically. Most government troops either are not eager to fight or are easily ambushed by well-armed Moslem bands. The principal guerrilla faction is the Moro National Liberation Front, whose core is estimated at four thousand seasoned fighters, two hundred of whom have been trained by the Arabs. (Late last March, three members of the Front hijacked a Philippine Air Lines jetliner over Mindanao and demanded three hundred thousand dollars and safe passage to Libya. They were refused the ransom but they kept twelve hostages as they flew, by several stages, to Libya, where they finally surrendered to authorities and released their prisoners.) Marcos's attempts to appease the Moslems and solicit Arab help are spurred by his worries about oil, since he remains dependent on Arab sources for three-quarters of his

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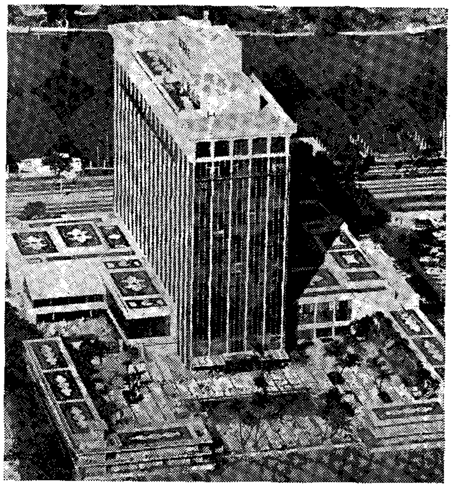

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supply. From the security standpoint, the Moslem crisis is both containable and localized, and it was suggested in January, during a Moslem-Christian conference held at Mindanao State University, that it could probably be handled much more smoothly and expeditiously if the sheer size of the external military forces involved were considerably reduced, and if more of the troops were of Moslem origin.

MORE than any other chief executive in Asia, Marcos maintains a firm personal hold on the nation's economy. A Filipino business friend of mine says, "Marcos runs the country as if it were one big conglomerate." According to the World Bank, the economy has done well under martial law, though the nation, like all other nations, is experiencing the effects of the worldwide recession. In 1973, as a result of the international commodity boom and the inauguration of new agricultural and industrial development programs, the economic growth rate rose to ten per cent after having averaged five per cent for a decade. The rate in 1974 dropped off to about six per cent, and in 1975 it was back to five per cent, but fiscal experts give the government credit for husbanding its financial reserves and bringing the rate of inflation down from more than forty per cent in 1974 to between ten and twenty per cent in 1975. Despite large current balance-of-trade and budget deficits, the nation's international credit rating is high, and Marcos hopes to obtain approximately two billion dollars in loans in the next year or so to continue what he maintains is the Philippines' only hope for survival—development and more development. In the past two years, he has doubled the amount of money spent in the public sector, for roads, transportation, and power, though doing so has increased the national debt, and he intends to seek more foreign investment capital as well as more money from taxation. Since the country has enough standby credits and has foreign reserves of one and a half billion dollars, it can make a strong recovery in 1976, the World Bank believes, provided there is more demand for its export products—notably sugar, copper, coconut oil, and lumber. Sugar, which Marcos has made a government monopoly, was selling at fifty-three cents a pound a year or so ago but is now down to fourteen cents. The government misjudged the price trend and held back on its sales, leaving itself with eight thousand tons in overloaded warehouses. The picture brightened

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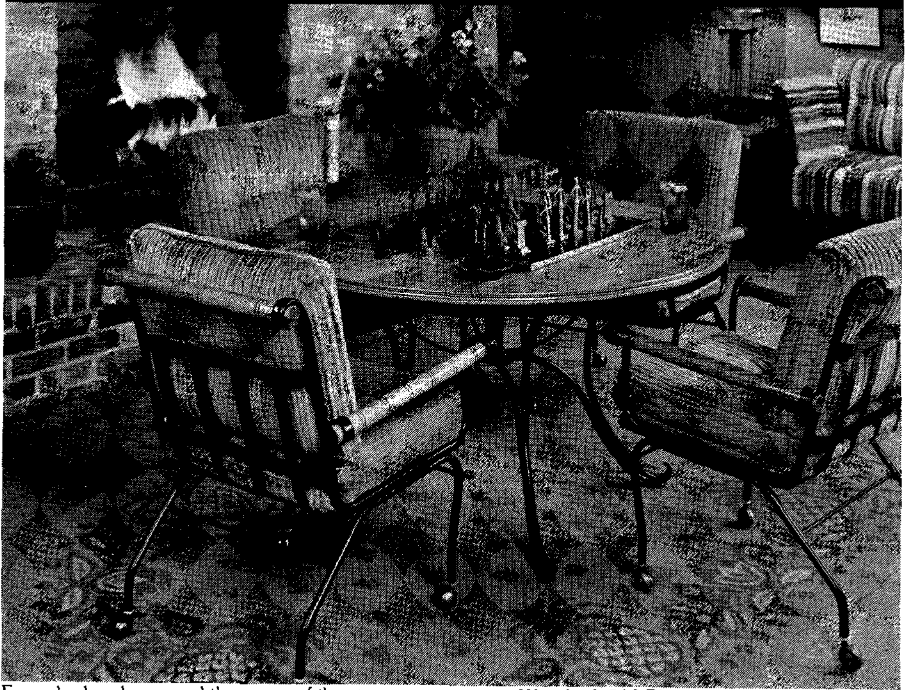

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considerably recently when the government brought off what was regarded as a coup by signing two long-term contracts with American sugar companies, and thus, according to the *Times*, "tied up more than a fourth of United States imported sugar requirements for the next five years."

Though the Philippines buy and sell all over the world, Japan and the United States, in that order, remain their two biggest trading partners. Their long-term trade arrangements with the United States, under the Laurel-Langley Agreement, expired in mid-1974, and though some provisions were extended, a new agreement on trade and military bases may soon be negotiated; the Philippines want preferences for coconut oil and Philippine mahogany, but otherwise they will go along with the international tariff agreements currently being worked out at Geneva. There may be some tough bargaining on sharing the military use of Clark Air Base and Subic Bay Naval Station and setting rental fees for American occupancy, which would be tantamount to increasing American military aid to the Philippines, which now comes to between twenty and thirty million dollars a year, or about a third of the total United States economic aid. The United States keeps eighty-five hundred airmen at Clark Air Base and forty-five hundred Navy men at Subic Bay, and salaries of the Filipino employees at the bases and expenditures by American servicemen add a hundred and fifty million dollars a year to the Philippine economy. Marcos told me that the Chinese did not raise the question of American bases and forces when he spoke with them—a silence that he interpreted as approval of the continuing American effort to offset growing Russian naval strength in the area.

OVER the long run, the Philippines still face grave economic and social problems. Despite a family-planning program that United Nations experts say has brought the rate of population growth down below three per cent a year, the population will still double by the year 2000. This means an average of two million new mouths a year to be fed over the next quarter of a century, and also the need to try to find jobs for those who reach the age of employment. With unemployment and underemployment together standing at the rate of twenty-five per cent today, this will be no easy task. Urban overcrowding has already reached unmanageable proportions, and, despite

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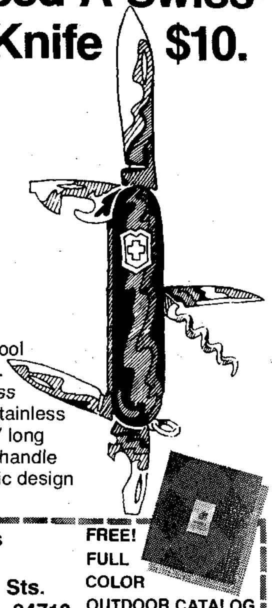

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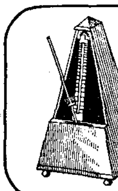

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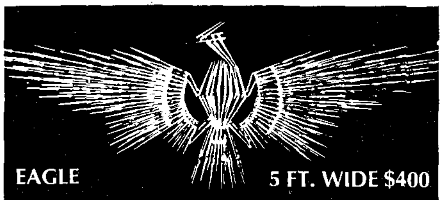

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Marcos's bold plans for more capital expenditure, too few government programs are functioning properly. American officials here are against what they call "the Band-Aid approach" of depending heavily on foreign loans and short-term palliatives, which is what the World Bank appraisals show the Philippines to be doing. They call the Philippines "a tractable but soft state," and they wonder if the Filipinos really grasp the critical nature of their long-range problems.

A number of Westerners I spoke with believe that unless Marcos mitigates his arbitrary rule by ending martial law and moving to hold elections for a new National Assembly, as the constitution prescribes, and at the same time improves the lot of the many poor Filipinos, a new power struggle will inevitably occur, involving not only Marcos and his entourage but the whole gamut of political, military, and social forces. According to a secret decree that Marcos likes to drop hints about, he has made "arrangements" to pass power on in what he hopes will be an orderly fashion in case anything happens to him. He implies that he has chosen a group of persons (his critics refer to it as a "junta") to replace him, and the common guess is that it will be headed by his wife—a supposition that looks more plausible all the time, in view of her new job in Manila and the recent explicit suggestions regarding her potential future role. The Marcoses are a strange couple, often appearing to be more of a business partnership than a marriage. A good part of the time, they go their separate ways, and they deal for the most part with separate constellations of favored disciples. Despite Mrs. Marcos's deep involvement in the nation's affairs, there are many who believe that she would not remain for long at the head of a junta but would choose to retire abroad.

Among other possible heirs in the tight palace coterie—which shows increasing signs of being beset by jealousies and feuds, and has been compared to the court of the Romanoffs—is Defense Secretary Enrile, who has been a close associate of Marcos's for many years and has recently talked vaguely of wanting to return to his law practice. But probably the most important element in Philippine political life today, next to Marcos, is not an individual but the military establishment. Its growing strength and increasing participation in a broad spectrum of affairs in the New Society have turned it into a powerful political

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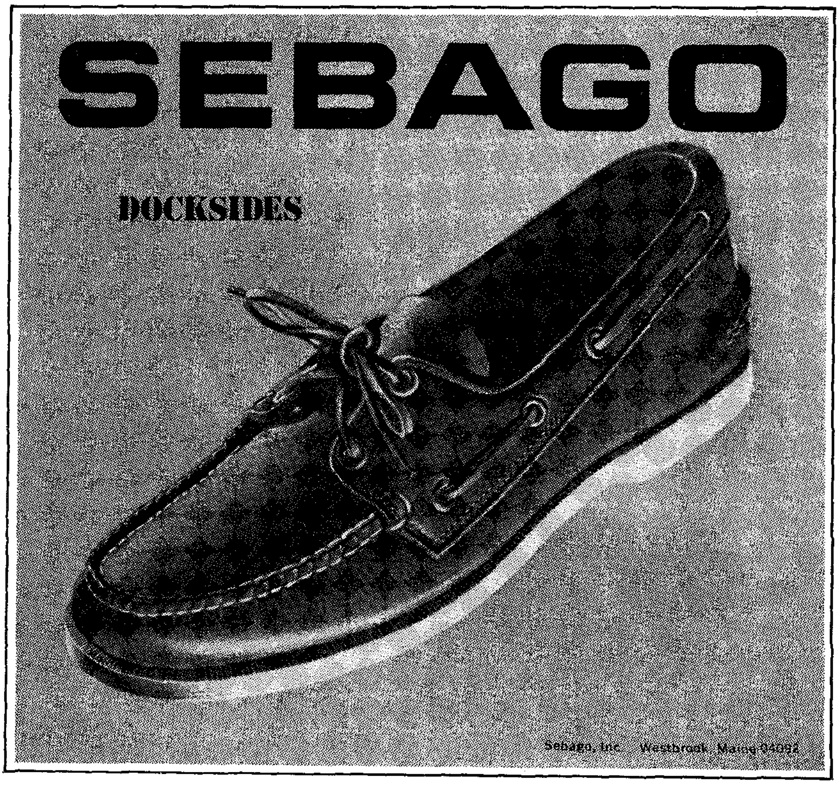

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instrument, though it is a factionalized one, with growing friction between the higher-ranking officers and the younger ones. The man to watch, many observers believe, is Major General Fidel Ramos, the chief of the Philippine Constabulary, who is a cousin of Marcos. Ramos is a Protestant in a Catholic country, but he is also a highly articulate intellectual, and he has a wide following among military men.

Whatever happens—and at the moment, despite the growing opposition, there is no sign that anything in particular is about to happen to end the Marcos regime—the Philippines are not likely to return to their former near-anarchic way of life, democratic as that may have been. Not even Marcos's political opponents seek that. The polarization that Marcos has created in the New Society is bound to have some permanent effects. One school of thought foresees a three-way struggle among left-of-center liberals with Christian support; the conservative, business-oriented element that Marcos has backed; and the newly emerging domestic Communist force, which will have China's blessing. In such a conflict, these analysts believe, the military, though divided into factions, would hold the balance of power, and in a showdown the Communists and some of the militant churchmen would face a conservative coalition supported by the military. The turmoil and probable violence that would mark such a confrontation could well lead to complete chaos. For this reason, even Marcos's bitterest enemies look to him to move, while he is still strong and influential, toward the peaceful transition to parliamentary democracy he has so often promised. If he fails to do so in the next year or two, they say, the Philippines could undergo the same sort of prolonged political turmoil that recently beset Portugal.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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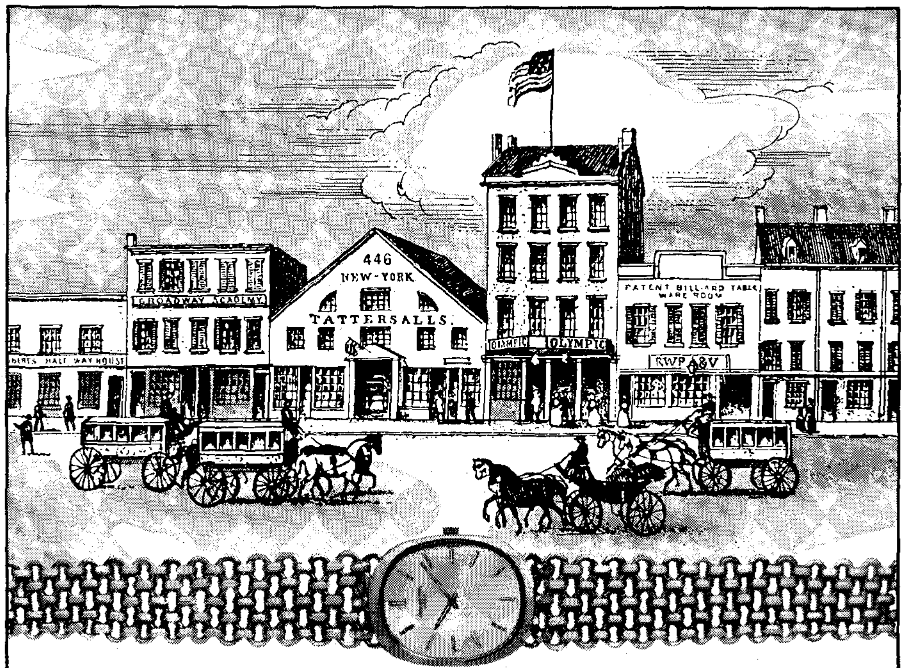
That electric fence picks up a lot of background noise.



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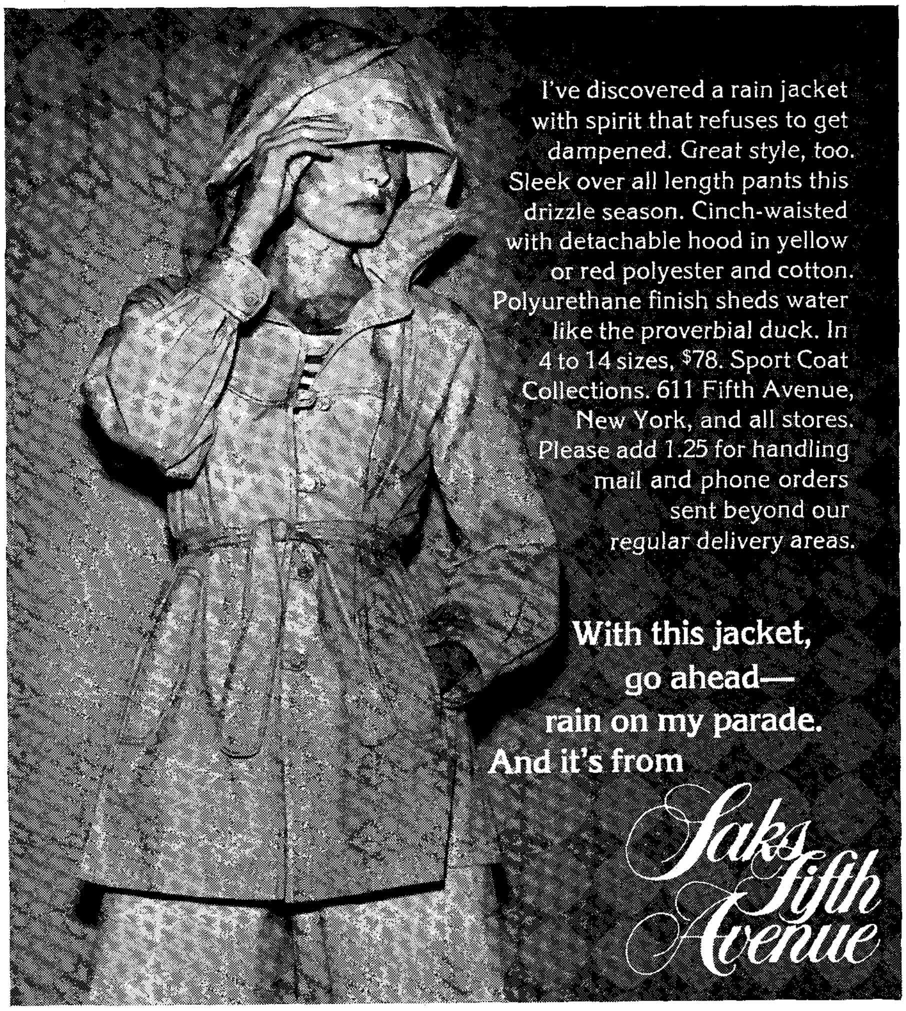

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Renoir Renascent

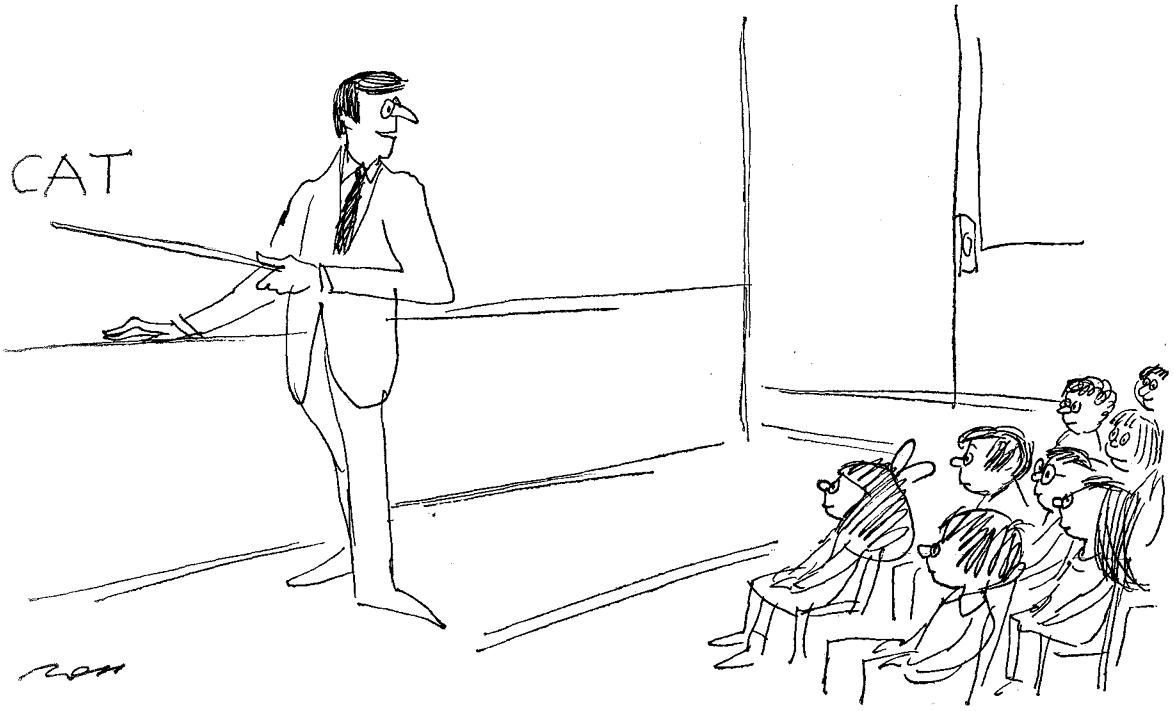
JEAN RENOIR'S prodigal "La Chienne" (1931), showing commercially in this country for—amazingly—the first time with subtitles, starts with a view of a box like a Punch-and-Judy theatre. In opening with a theatrical metaphor, it is like his "Le Carrosse d'Or" (1953) and his "Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir" (1969). The most cinematic of directors loves the theatre; the most naturalistic of directors adores the shock of artifice and device.

A puppet *flic* warns us that we are going to see an allegorical drama. Guignol arrives, thrashes the *flic*, who has orated that vice is always punished, and says that what we are to see has no moral whatever and proves nothing whatever. It is to be about He, She, and The Other Guy. The image melts into a realistic counterpart. The He is Legrand, played by Michel Simon. Black-mustached, wearing steel-rimmed pince-nez and a clerkly hat, Legrand is a cashier in a small hosiery company, and is married to Adèle (Magdeleine Bérubet), a restless, shrewish woman. The She is Lulu (Janie Marèze), a delicate-faced tart with fine-plucked eyebrows and a moral sense that she loses easily, like her place in a book that she might be reading in bed in her white satin, ostrich-feather-trimmed negligée. It is typical of her infant evil that she should sound entirely sincere and yet lie most of the time. The Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp whose earnest concern is Lulu's interest in her work.

After an office stag party that is a model piece of false bonhomie and flatness—the screenplay is by Renoir and André Girard, from a novel by Georges de la Fouchardière—Legrand, incurious, declines to go with his cronies to a brothel, and, in the street, finds the drunk Dédé beating up Lulu, who is Dédé's mistress. When Legrand gets home and wakes up his wife, she is made furious by the mere suspicion that he may have had a good time, and chatters on mercilessly about her first husband, Sergeant Godard. She is the sort of woman who perpetually batters men with talk of the better intimates she had before: in contrast to what happens to us with dentists, who are always telling us what inexpert attention has been given in the past to our teeth. Legrand simply waits for the gale to blow itself out, and contemplates one of his canvases. He is a Sunday painter. But the tantrums inherent in his wife's idea of a couple living together eventually take their toll, and he sets up Lulu in a Montmartre apartment, where she talks to a fellow-tart about her new vacuum cleaner ("It's more hygienic"), drawing her friend a bath with movements of offhand national pride in housewifery. Like his painter father, Jean Renoir has made a study of French gesture.

In the meantime, Dédé is furious that Lulu—who spends her nights with him and her days with Legrand—is not getting more money out of Legrand. The nagged husband has taken his paintings to Lulu's; to make some loot on the side, Dédé arranges an exhibition of them as if they were by Lulu, under the pseudonym of Clara Wood. Legrand realizes that Lulu is selling his paintings, but typically avoids a row. Instead, he tries to bail matters out by pinching his wife's savings from under a pile of linen. And then, one night, he meets his wife's supposedly dead husband, Sergeant Godard, who has retreated into pretended extinction so as to put an end to the purgatorial apparent eternity of life with Adèle. Legrand sets in motion a chaotic robbery confrontation between the first husband and Adèle. It gives him a chance to escape for good to Lulu. Salvation, surely. But he finds his callous beloved in bed with Dédé. The film is a progression of acts of simple flight brought to elegiac and terrible ends. The photography of the scene of the discovery of Lulu's perfidy is full of tacit pain. From following Legrand's back up the stairs, the view moves to outside the window. We are looking at a frame inside a frame, and seeing through the eyes of a man gripped in the torment of a trust betrayed who is himself enclosed in the lighter guilt of having left a scold of a wife.

For the moment, no cataclysm ensues—and this is characteristic of Renoir. It is not until the next morning, when Lulu is cutting the pages of a book, that Legrand murders her. He does it with the paper cutter. His head hangs very heavily over the corpse, like a dray horse's. Obliterate everyday life by becoming a Sunday painter—not enough. Why has he murdered his loved girl? Because, perhaps, he could no longer hear in her laughter anything but the sound of his own self-disgust. Legrand escapes, and later in the day Dédé draws up in his car and is arrested for the crime. There is a Renoir point here about the good of loitering: a car gives certainty to places



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journeyed between, but walking allows a man to melt into the flux.

Renoir's films have a feeling for French pavement life which is almost like a feeling for a character. His camera is a constant street witness. Here, outside Lulu's apartment, we are on a steep slope where children play and street musicians sing of pure love. For the first time in his career, Renoir in this film used natural sound, so that the noise of people walking away as they talk really does evoke the physical essence of departure. Natural sound posed its problems, he remembers. Quite distant water gushing in a gutter suggested Niagara. But he solved that by using a closeup of the gutter. Where master craftsmen are concerned, all problems are technical and all solutions are simple; a physical difficulty becomes an accomplice in the suggestion of realism. Just as "La Chienne" is to be marvelled at for its beautiful use of deep-focus photography, so it is for its sound track. One thinks of the faraway noise across a courtyard outside Lulu's flat of a little girl practicing piano scales. In Lulu's voice there is a vengeful poetry of contradiction; her low-toned words are sometimes of the most untender sort.

To quote Renoir himself, in "My Life and My Films": "People imagine that in a talkie nothing matters except the actual dialogue. I, too, believe in dialogue, but to me it is only part of the sound track: a sigh, the creak of a door, the sound of footsteps on the pavement, things such as these can say as much as the spoken word. . . . The happy event which led me to hope that I might be able to make 'La Chienne' was the appointment of Pierre Braunberger to the post of co-director of the Billancourt Studios. I picked up the phone the moment I heard the news; but Braunberger explained that he had a partner, and that even with the latter's agreement he could not undertake such a big production without the consent of his backers. He assured me that he wanted me to make 'La Chienne.' His sincerity was apparent, but at the same time he wanted to keep his job, and I don't blame him. His partner was Roger Richebé, the son of a big exhibitor. Richebé *père* owned a large number of cinemas, principally in and around Marseilles. He also owned a reel of film depicting a bullfight. When he felt that the feature film being shown was becoming tedious he would interpolate his spool. 'Back Street' would suddenly become a bullfight, to the bewilderment of the audience."

There is nothing post-synched in "La

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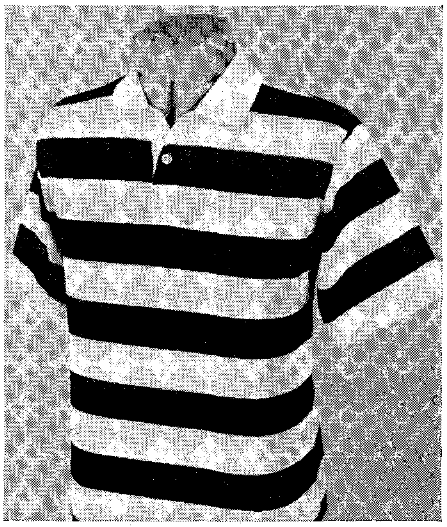

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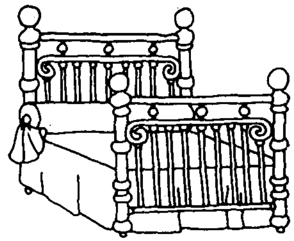

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Chienne." Renoir tried damping down unsought sound with hangings and mattresses. The perfection of the voices of his actors for their parts is no accident. Renoir is droll about the problems of overelocution. He relates of Janie Marèze that she was ideal for the part of Lulu except that she was the convent-educated daughter of respectable parents: but "I made her imitate Maurice Chevalier and it worked perfectly."

At the end of the film, Legrand is a *clochard* opening car doors outside art exhibitions. He has been exonerated by the police: we see him now unshaven, at the bottom of the heap, but surviving. He is joined by, of all brothers of the spirit, Sergeant Godard. There is a meeting full of tramp conviviality. Legrand has triumphed. He feels ugly, with his crumpled face, which Lulu viciously teased him about, but within he is superior, because he is able to detach himself from the ludicrous facts of his existence.

So what have we been watching? Farce or social realism? Only Renoir can direct such a story and make us know that they are the same thing. Society's restrictions are often inimical and venal, says "La Chienne." And criminal acts are not interesting, says Renoir, as this charitable sage has always inclined to suggest. It is the lives of those considered criminal which are interesting. When the puppet-show curtain falls again, we have the sense of a new start. We have moved, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Legrand and Sergeant Godard laugh as Legrand is thrown a few francs in the last shot by some gallery clients who have bought his self-portrait. They don't even recognize him. The down-and-outs saunter away to feast off the tip.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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FUN IN THE TWILIGHT

[*Charlotte* (*Vt.*) *News*]

A talk on Wills by Vermont Legal Aid attorney Stephen Kimball will be featured at the monthly birthday party meeting of the Senior Citizens Having Fun Club today (Thursday) at the vestry at 1:30 P.M. Anyone interested may attend.

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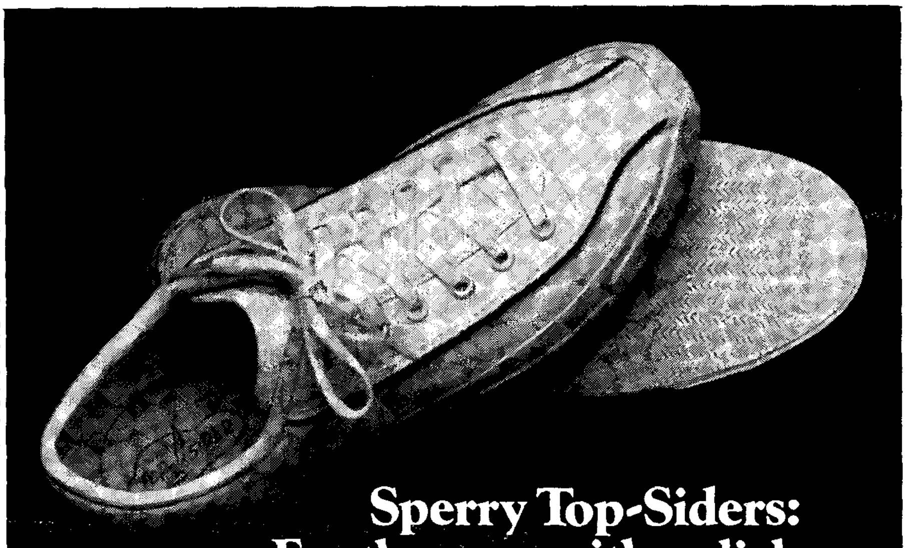

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THE RACE TRACK

Derby Tip

THIS watcher of workouts gives you Honest Pleasure to win the Kentucky Derby at Louisville on Saturday—if he can stay a mile and a quarter. To be sure, his victory in the Blue Grass Stakes, at a mile and a furlong, at Keeneland last week was clouded with ifs and buts. Piloted by Baeza, he led all the way and was five lengths in front at the three-quarter pole, but he ultimately won by only a length and a half from Certain Roman, who, if *he* had won, would have paid a $298.40 mutuel. Of course, nobody knows what Baeza's riding orders were, but it seemed to me, as I watched a tape of the race on TV later, that Honest Pleasure was merely doing the sort of gallop he'd do any morning, and he showed no perturbation when the long shot challenged sharply in the last furlong. Though it was the only thrill of the race, the backers of both horses got their money's worth. The five others who ran against Honest Pleasure were a moderate lot. "We're only running for second money," Mrs. Rosemary Henderson, the trainer of Proud Birdie, said. Proud Birdie was fourth.

After the race, some observers maintained that the winner's time—1:49⅖, over a fast track—was pretty slow for a Derby favorite who was last year's champion two-year-old, even though he didn't have to run any faster than that to win. Speed, next to dollars, is paramount in the Blue Grass. Back in 1948, when the Calumet Stable's Coaltown won the race in 1:49⅕ after horses had been winning it in around 1:51 for years, horsemen scoured Lexington to get a horse-against-horse bet on Coaltown to beat Citation in the Derby. As you know, Citation won.

From all accounts, it was probably Keeneland's biggest day. Lexingtonians delight to see a good horse run; a crowd of 20,901 turned out to see Honest Pleasure, and most bet on him. The mutuel pool on the Blue Grass was $331,242, of which $294,029 was on Honest Pleasure, and that made a minus pool of $41,876. The manage-

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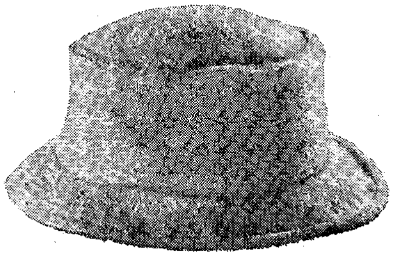

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ment was required by state law to pay $2.20 on every winning ticket.

AS this is written, I'd say that there will be no more than ten starters in this Derby, and probably only seven. No owners are putting up $7,600—the entry and starting fees—just to see their colors carried to the post. There will be no stars from California: Telly's Pop, winner of the California Derby, has been declared out; trainer Ron McAnally says that An Act, winner of the Santa Anita Derby, needs a rest; and Mrs. Connie Ring, who owns Crystal Water, winner of the Hollywood Derby, thinks home is the best place for him, too. The last arrivals I tabbed were Play the Red, who Johnny Campo says is his come-from-behind horse, and Bold Forbes, the speedball everybody, or nearly everybody, thinks is the horse that Honest Pleasure has to beat. He's been resting since his victory in the Wood Memorial Stakes, and he arrived at Churchill Downs in perfect condition. Like Honest Pleasure, he will have light work before the Derby. It will be his first go at a mile and a quarter.

OFFHAND, I'd say that Laz Barrera, who trains Bold Forbes for Esteban Rodriguez Tizol, is probably the busiest man on three race tracks—with Bold Forbes at Churchill Downs, Life's Hope at Sportsman's Park, in Chicago (where he will run in the Illinois Derby this weekend), and a big stable at Aqueduct. He could have put Katonka in the Top Flight Handicap, for fillies and mares, at the Big A last weekend, but he skipped that. It may be just as well that he did, for Proud Delta found her racing legs and won in fine style from Let Me Linger, Spring Is Here, and four others.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The German Democratic Republic from the Sixties to the Seventies. By P. C. Ludz. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Center for International Affairs. 1970. 97 pp. No price quoted. It is difficult to imagine that this study could have appeared twenty years ago.—*Survival.*

Let's close our eyes and try.

•

"That's right," concludes Rosenfield. "It was Alexander Pope who said, 'Be not the first to embrace the new nor the last to let go of the old.'"

In my opinion, any theater owner who can quote Alexander Pope doesn't deserve to lose $115,000.—*Chicago Tribune.*

We quite agree.

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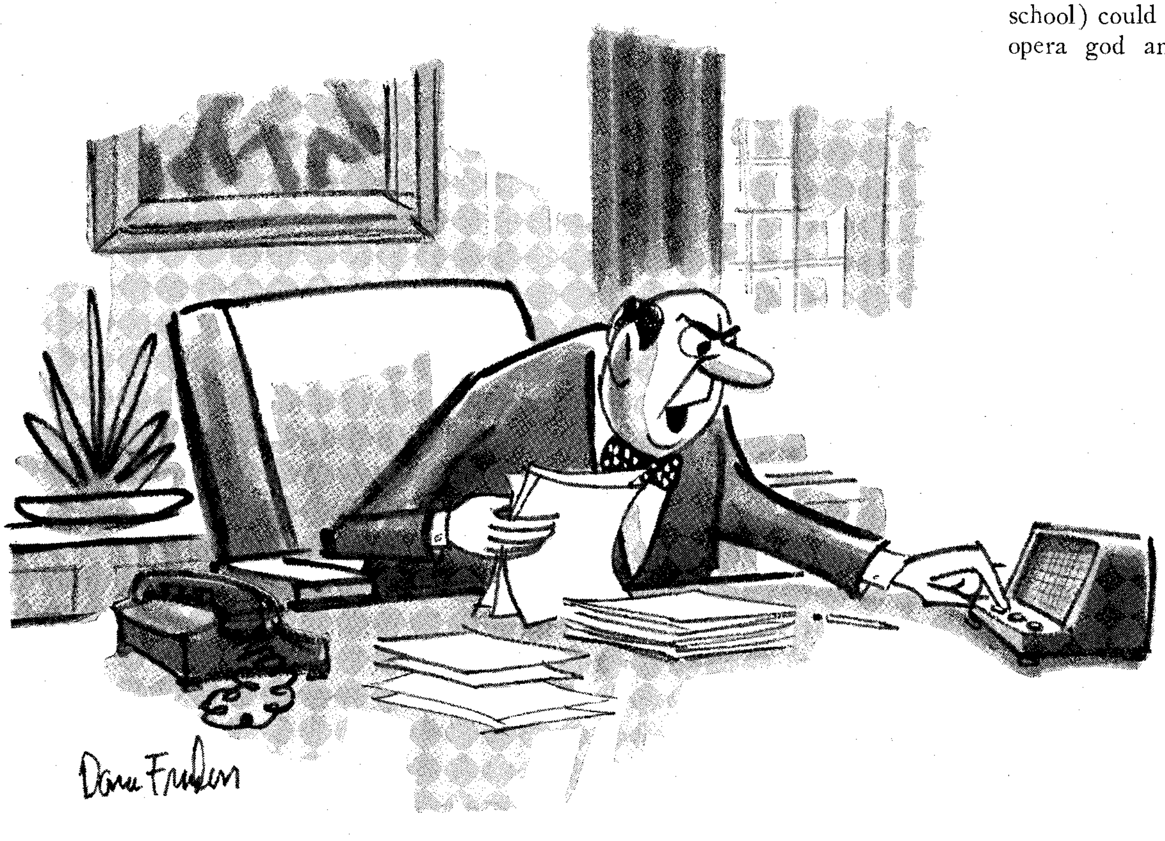
MUSICAL EVENTS

Opera Prima

MUSIC by the young Mozart, given by the Westchester Chamber Chorus and Orchestra, under Jens Nygaard, made a delectable concert in Alice Tully Hall last week. Music, one should perhaps say (though the program book did not), by the young Mozart and his father, since the autographs of all the works that were performed are partly in Wolfgang's hand, partly in Leopold's. First, there was one of the three piano concertos arranged from sonatas by John Christian Bach. Köchel, in his catalogue, dated them to 1771; Alfred Einstein, in his revision of Köchel, pushed them back six years; and then Wolfgang Plath, noting (in an article in the *Mozart-Jahrbuch 1960-61*) that only the string parts are filled in in Wolfgang's hand, decided from the shape of the clefs and the natural signs that they cannot be earlier than the end of 1770 and are probably later. It is tempting to assign these adaptations to the summer months of 1771, between Mozart's two Italian visits, and realistic to credit Leopold with their simple formal design. (By that date, Wolfgang was a far more enterprising creator.) But in any event J. C. Bach's galant melodies, which so happily influenced the young Mozart, provided a happy introduction to the concert. Mr. Nygaard, who directed the performance from the keyboard, had the right feeling for elegance that is not brittle, charm that is not cloying, and buoyancy that is not boisterous. Throughout the evening, his molding of phrases, his care for the precise weighting of harmonic progressions, and his unfussy attention to any sudden, surprising inner parts, which he made audible but not overemphatic, conspired for our delight. The concerto was followed by "God Is Our Refuge," those twenty-three "learned" measures presented to the British Museum in 1765 by the nine-year-old genius and his father, and the Kyrie, K. 33, of the following year—most of it in Leopold's hand and all of it astonishingly prophetic of Wolfgang's later church style. Then came the Cassation in G, K. 63, for which oboes and horns joined the little string band. Wind and strings were excellently balanced in this performance. Mozart was thirteen when he wrote the score (Leopold's contribution seems to have been only some tidying of tempo and dynamic indications), and yet the word "masterpiece" is justified: the mastery is of harmonic adventure and control; of learned devices used with unobtrusive skill (the first minuet is a canon); of unconventional phrase lengths; and of string textures—combinations of muted against unmuted, cantabile against pizzicato, swift figuration against slow—such as are admired in the mature Haydn. Mr. Nygaard observed many repeats, but not those in the adagio—an exquisite concerto movement that would have been well worth hearing twice. Into the trio sections of both minuets he introduced some quirky but rather attractive articulations of his own, making staccato the slurred bass lines of the first, and slurring some of the staccato scales in the second.

The second half of the concert was devoted to Mozart's first opera, "Apollo et Hyacinthus," composed when he was eleven—a school opera written for the Salzburg Gymnasium, an intermedium whose acts alternated with those of a Latin play. The original Hyacinth, a treble, was twelve years old. The cast of five contained another treble (aged fifteen), two altos (aged twelve and seventeen; the elder, Joseph Vonderthon, later became Superior of Maria Plain, that beautiful pilgrimage church outside Salzburg), and a tenor (aged twenty-three, a student of moral theology and law). The second treble has the role of Melia, Hyacinth's sister. By introducing her into the tale, a happy ending—her betrothal to Apollo—could be contrived and at the same time, as the latest editor of the score puts it, the tricky subject of Apollo's and Zephyr's love for Hyacinth (thin ice at a boys' school) could be skated over, for in the opera god and swain are rivals for Melia's affections. There is not much action apart from the two metamorphoses: "*Zephyrus in ventum mutatus abripitur*" and "*Subsidens cum funere, tellus Hyacinthos flores germinat.*" But there is a sequence of ten very shapely and attractive numbers: an overture, a chorus, five arias, two duets, and a final trio for the characters—Apollo, Melia, and her father, Oebalus—who have been left in recognizable form. In true opera-seria fashion, Mozart set out to provide arias in many different manners, accompanied by different kinds of texture. (The band, as in the cassation, is just strings and



"Miss Clark, get me the paper shuffler who shuffled these papers!"

pairs of oboes and horns.) Oebalus sings a simile aria, "Ut navis in aequore luxuriante, per montes, per valles undarum jactatur," in which the choppy sea is vividly and amusingly depicted by stretches of up to thirty measures at a time in alternate *forte* and *piano;* the first violins set the vessel pitching, the seconds set her rolling, and the vocal line heaves uneasily. The high point of the opera is a duet for Oebalus and Melia, tenor and soprano, "Natus cadit . . . Frater cadit," as they grieve for Hyacinth's death. The movement is more familiar in its abridged form as the andante of the symphony K. 43 but far more beautiful in the operatic original. First violins, muted, play the flowing melody; cellos and double basses sound the beats, pizzicato; second violins pluck off-beat three-part chords; divided violas murmur; the horns sustain gently. The voices, when they enter, steal in and out of the first-violin line, and at one ravishing moment they cross. There are movements in Mozart—the andante of the C-Major Piano Concerto, K. 467, comes to mind—which hold their listeners rapt from the opening measures, which . . . But words fail me, and instead I think of certain of Vermeer's pictures, not because they are "like" Mozart but because they, too, inspire serene, intense rapture. Pulling down the Britannica to see what words have been found for Vermeer, I read that his "beauty of tone and perfect harmony are conspicuous," and of his "singular completeness and charm," of figures that "seem to move in light and air." For the duet in "Apollo" and the andante of K. 467 those phrases are apt.

In Mr. Nygaard's concert performance, Barbara Hendricks doubled the roles of Hyacinth and Melia, and Jeffrey Gall, a countertenor, those of Apollo and Zephyr; Grayson Hirst sang Oebalus. All three were delightful—fluent and true in division, sweet in timbre, delicate in their phrasing, daring but not reckless in their cadenzas. Were they right to sing the Latin with an Italian, rather than an Austrian, pronunciation? The recitatives were abridged, but not so severely as to jam numbers too close together. A narrator, June LeBell, pleasantly simple in manner, kept us in touch with the plot. One's only regrets were that Mr. Nygaard had not, for the concerto, obtained an instrument better suited to the music than a modern Steinway; that he clumped all his fiddles together on one side, so that antiphonal effects in the first two movements of the cassation and in the accompaniment to the

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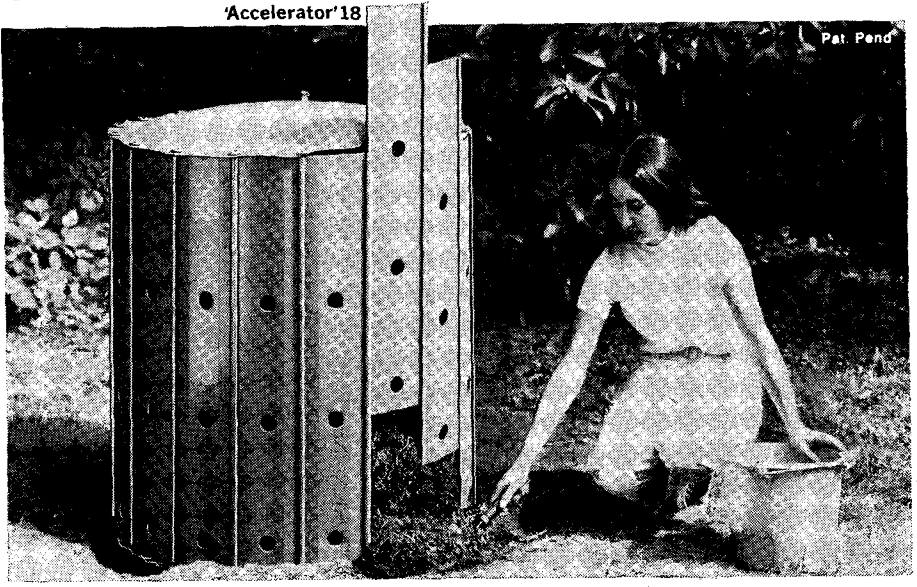

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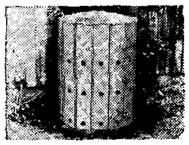

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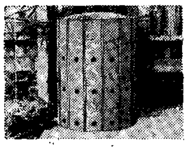

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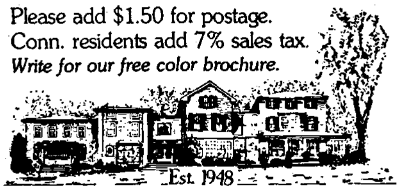

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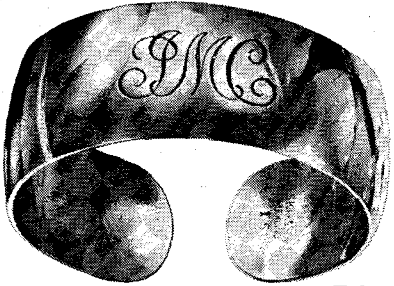

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chorus of the opera were obscured; that the program book contained no Latin libretto and English translation (some pretty details of word-painting must have passed unnoticed by anyone without a score, or fluent Latin); and that the wooden shutters at the back of the platform were not pushed aside, so that the organ might serve as a handsome backdrop to a memorable concert.

Three days before, there was Mozart choral music in Avery Fisher Hall—the "Regina Coeli," K. 276, the K. 321 Vespers, and, in the second half, the C-Minor Mass, K. 427. There were no program notes at all. Every schoolboy knows that Mozart left the C-Minor Mass unfinished; no hint was given about whose edition would be used, and I did not wait to discover—the lacklustre singing of the National Chorale, feeble soloists, and Martin Josman's way of beating through the music without shaping the phrases, tending the instrumental textures, or sounding the sense of the harmonies had made the first half of the concert a dismal, un-Mozartian affair.

Leonard Bernstein ended his stint at the Philharmonic this season with a program that included two local premières. The more substantial piece was William Schuman's "Concerto on Old English Rounds," for viola, women's chorus, and orchestra, first played in Boston in 1974. This is at once a viola concerto in five movements and a suite-cum-fantasia on "Amaryllis," Henry Aldrich's "Great Tom Is Cast," "Who'll Buy Mi Roses?," and John Hilton's "Come, Follow, Follow, Follow, Follow, Follow, Follow Me." Good rounds—and these four are all good—are fascinatingly ingenious things, mesmeric as they get under way, but at a certain point monotony of rhythm and harmony sets in and one longs for the singers to stop. Schuman recognizes that point, and before reaching it he cunningly slides his rounds into new keys (no easy task if their progress is to remain smooth), or transforms their rhythms, or does other dexterous, entertaining things. This is a happy, witty score, which often made me smile and nearly made me laugh aloud; the composer's sleight of hand when he starts bringing the different rounds together in a wicked gallimaufry is wonderfully neat. But it is also a poetic piece. The viola begins it, "uttering" the Amaryllis melody and musing on it; and elsewhere the viola is descant commentator on the other tunes. The work, which lasted nearly forty-

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five minutes, almost outstayed its welcome: at the end of the fourth movement a fugue subject is assembled from elements of all the different rounds, and counterpoint is ground out in a ruthless way that recalls Hindemith at his most graceless; and the coda, more musing on Amaryllis, takes a very long time to reach its conclusion. (Incidentally, surely the fourth line of "Amaryllis" should end with "hie," not "hide;" "hie" both rhymes—with "nigh"—and makes better sense.) Donald McInnes, for whom the piece was written, was an eloquent viola soloist, and Abraham Kaplan's Camerata Singers sang with fair, smooth tone and sure pitch.

Before Schuman's concerto, there was Benjamin Britten's "Suite on English Folk Tunes: A Time There Was," first performed at the Aldeburgh Festival last year. There are five deftly wrought movements, based on songs and dances, of which the most immediately attractive is "Hankin Booby," scored for wind band and percussion, pungent and tangy in tone as a Spanish *cobla*. In the last number, an English horn "declaims" that very beautiful song "Lord Melbourne," handled far more lyrically and less vigorously than it was by Mr. George Wray, the Lincolnshire sailor, brickmaker, and then coal merchant who, when aged eighty, sang the song to Percy Grainger, in Brigg, in 1906, and again in 1908. Britten used Grainger's transcription of the song; recordings of Wray's performances are in the Library of Congress.

The concert ended with an unhappy, incoherent account of Robert Schumann's Piano Concerto, in which Mr. Bernstein seemed to think he was the star and Murray Perahia, the soloist, a kind of continuo player. Since the conductor gets first go at most of the tunes, he can set the paces. They were set slow, and slowed still further by heavily sentimental touches of rubato. Mr. Perahia played along meekly and tidily. If he had taken up the themes at anything like a natural tempo, it would have sounded like a public rebuke to Mr. Bernstein. For all three works there were thorough program notes. A text sheet was provided for the rounds. The only information missing was that the score of the Britten is published by Faber, and of the Schuman by Merion. —ANDREW PORTER

•

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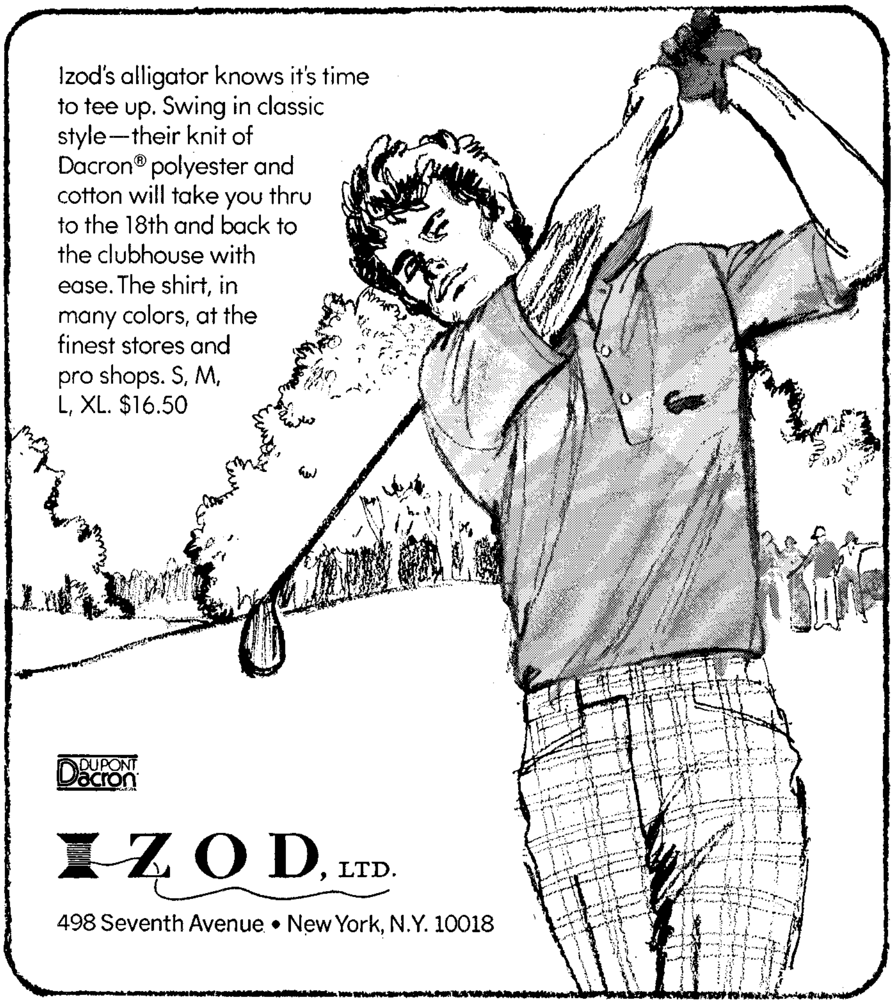

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REFLECTIONS

COMMUNISM IN EUROPE

PARIS

WHEN Enrico Berlinguer, Secretary-General of the Communist Party of Italy, says, "We are not tied by the policies of Communist countries. We do not see the Soviet Union as a guide; no Communist Party, not even the Soviet Party, has a position of guiding influence," he is making a claim of vital, possibly fatal implications for the Soviet Union. If what he says is the truth, a fundamental change in the power of the Soviet state—a dismemberment—is taking place. And even if what he says is a lie it may make no difference; the fact that he has said it may be all that eventually counts.

The revisionism of today's West European Communists is ordinarily taken to be a new challenge to democratic political systems. But it also constitutes a challenge to that variety of Communism it wants (or purports to want) to replace. One must qualify a description of these revisionists, since there is no way, unless they actually take power, to judge their ultimate good faith. But good faith may have less to do with the outcome than many people think.

The power of Russia is jeopardized because until fairly recently the Communist Parties of Europe, whatever the fictions of proletarian internationalism, were under the control of the Soviet government, directed by men willing to collaborate with the Soviet intelligence and political services. These Parties were outposts of Russian national security, skirmishers with the enemy behind his own lines—expendable if Russian *raison d'état* so dictated. Thus, when Stalin made his pact with the Nazis in 1939, the West European Communists were left to explain it all to their erstwhile comrades of the Popular Front. Some argue that today's European Communist revisionism is as expedient and coldly tactical as the Popular Front or the Nazi-Soviet Pact. But this argument overlooks how much the possibility of exercising real political power may be affecting the situation of the Western Communists. What is most important in their situation today is perhaps not that they are saying new things but that their changed policies could bring them out of a nearly three-decade-long period of political isolation that began in the years of Stalin.

"*I bring you the gift of myself.*"

Having lost the chance for a revolutionary seizure of power in the immediate aftermath of the Second World War, most of the West European Communists spent the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties excluded both from government and from opposition coalitions. They were ostracized, and for good reason—they themselves avowed that they were the enemies of "bourgeois" democracy. This period is ended. Through their own actions, but also through the inadequacies of the non-Communist parties, the Italian and French Communists now are in positions where they have the possibility of entering governments. The Communists have no foreseeable chance of gaining an actual majority in any West European parliament. But the Italian Communists, within months, or even weeks, could either lead a governing coalition or form a minority government in Rome. In France, it is imaginable—although not likely—that the Union of the Left, an electoral alliance of Communists with Socialists, could win the parliamentary elections of 1978. In that case, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing would presumably ask the leader of the Socialists, François Mitterrand, to form a government, and Mitterrand would probably—although not necessarily—include Communist ministers in that government. In Spain, the Communists occupy a sizable place in the country's emerging political structure, although how large a one is impossible now to say.

The implications of this emergence from powerlessness and seemingly permanent opposition are poorly understood, even by the Communists. Certainly the American government does not understand that a response once appropriate to the revolutionary challenge of a Communist Party promising to overthrow democracy may be an irrelevant and inefficient reaction to a Party whose claim is that it can make democracy work better than it does now. In the nineteen-fifties and early nineteen-sixties, the Communists of Western Europe offered to overturn society, do away with bourgeois parliaments and class justice, impose a dictatorship of the proletariat, and make all things new. This was a program that thrilled a minority and frightened the majority, to whom it represented a menace that had to be put down by the police. The revolutionary program set the Communists off from the Socialists, from whom, historically, they had broken on precisely this issue.

But what if the Communists of Italy, Spain, and France are telling the truth about their new programs and are now parties of reform and not of revolution, willing to be judged on the merits of their actions and to accept the popular will? There then is little to set them off from the Socialists. The old split between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks is ended; the Mensheviks *have won*. But, of course, it is not so simple.

IN Italy, the Communists have taken up their new reformist posture in a country badly served by its democratic political parties. Against a politically exhausted and corrupted governing party, the Christian Democrats, they have become the only force for change worth considering. This has happened not only because rival forces on the Italian left—the Socialists and the Social Democrats—split up or compromised themselves but also as a result of a genuine doctrinal debate and struggle within the Italian Communist Party. Indeed, the origins of the Italian Communist Party include humanistic and democratic influences that are distinctly different from those which have dominated some of the other European Communist Parties.

In France, the Communists' conversion to reform is very recent and rapid. It comes from a practical need. In the Union of the Left, both Communists and Socialists have run their own candidates in the first stage of a two-part election; the candidate with the bigger vote has then been made the common candidate for the runoff vote a week later, with both parties pledging themselves to support this single candidate. The French Communists have discovered that it is the Socialists who benefit. Typically, the Communists have delivered their vote when a Socialist has been made the common candidate. The Socialists have not supported Communist candidates with equal consistency. Moreover, the overall number of Communist voters has not significantly increased. The number of Socialist voters has. The prospect that their party could actually take power seems to have made the difference for Socialist sympathizers who

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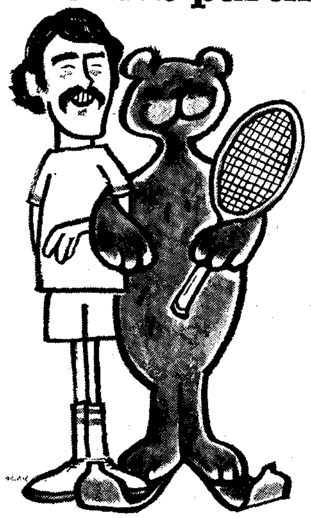

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TENNIS AT ITS PEAK!

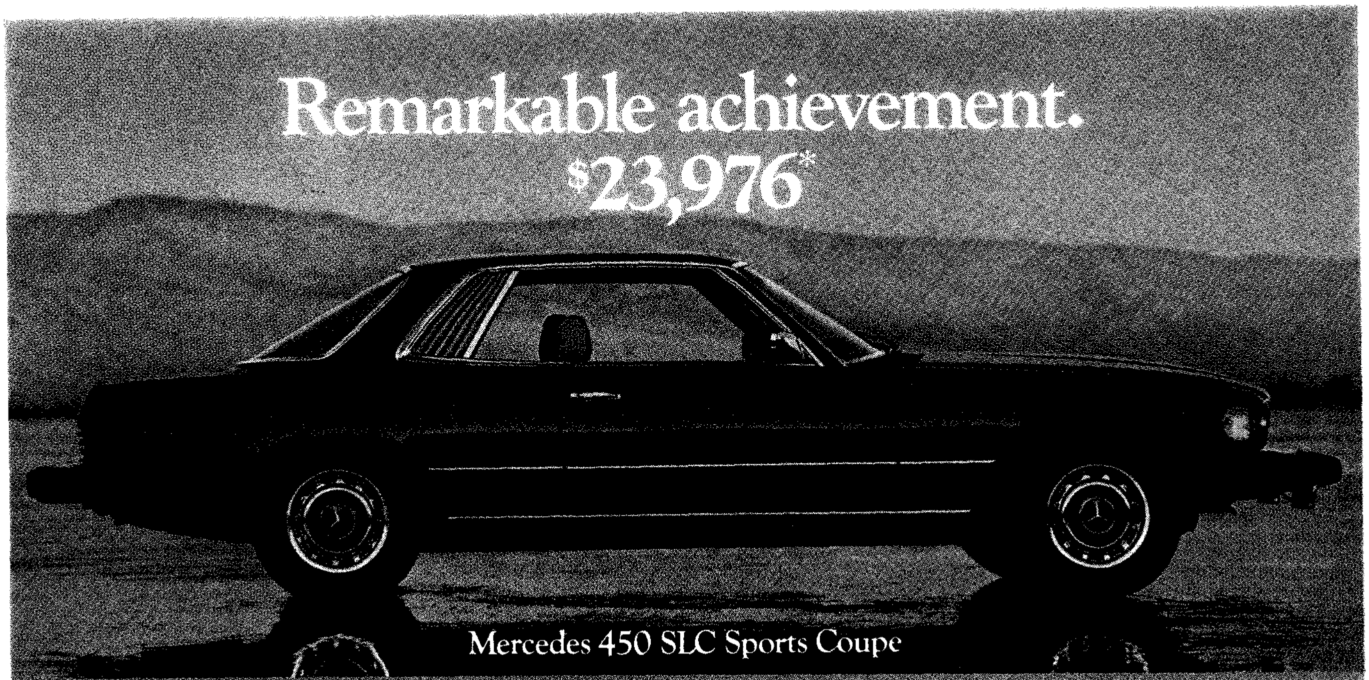
presumably had not voted before or who had cast their votes for parties with a better chance to win. As a result, the Socialists are definitely the senior partner in the Union of the Left.

The present leaders of the French Communists, who led the Party into this alliance with the Socialists, now feel themselves compelled to venture even deeper into revisionism in an attempt to capture the support of some of these new voters of the left and to win some Socialist defections. Thus, late last year French Communist leaders launched a campaign in defense of civil liberties in France. They criticized the Soviet Union on a series of sensitive matters, including the existence of Soviet labor camps and the treatment of political dissent. The leader of the Party, Georges Marchais, sent aides and did not himself go to the 1976 Soviet Communist Party Congress in Moscow in February. With much publicity, the French Communists renounced the term "dictatorship of the proletariat." Their critics quickly pointed out that the Portuguese Communists, who are not famous today for their liberalism, did the same thing in 1974. The point was perfectly apposite: what the Communists of Italy and France may say now, when they are out of power, clearly affords no guarantee of what they will do if they come to power. Their record of treachery in the past—toward ostensible allies as well as enemies—fully justifies the kind of suspicions voiced publicly today by conservative Europeans and officials in Washington, and often spoken in private by people on the left, French Socialists among them.

But the question then is how much freedom of action the Communists really have. The Communists need not be overgenerously trusted if for practical reasons only one course is really open to them. If the Communists in Italy—to take the one place where it is a serious possibility—come to power as reformists, and when in power betray that reformism, they will have jettisoned exactly what brought them popular support and a place in government. And since they remain a minority party only, do not control the police and army of Italy, and, unlike the leaders of Czech and Hungarian Communism in the past, cannot call upon a foreign army to invade their country and put down opposition to them, they must assume that to abandon a policy of reform would be to open the way to being driven from office.

Certainly they could quickly try to radicalize the situation in their country while they are still in power, get supporters into key posts, mobilize the left and labor under their control, and drive the right into extreme actions and "provocations," thus creating an atmosphere of such crisis that they might hope to bring about a revolutionary change of regime "from above." If this should be their plan, it would be a desperate one, in which they gambled everything and risked everything, including civil war and their own survival. Two can play this game. If this were the plan, the Communists would probably find willing collaboration on the right, from the United States government among others. Precisely what the Communists—as well as other Italians—say they most fear today is that if the Italian Communist Party were to form a government, the United States would launch a Chilean-style campaign to break Italy's economy, promote internal social struggle, and bring the country's government machinery to a halt. Such a campaign could probably succeed at least in wrecking the Italian economy; a crucial factor is the foreign debt accumulated by Italy since 1973 and the continued need for international financing of the trade balance in an economy heavily dependent upon imported energy.

If, on the other hand, the Italian Communists, whether in good faith or bad, were to maintain their reformist program in order to stay in power, they would find themselves in a situation no European Communist Party has ever been in. Historically, the programs of collectivization and economic management central to the Marxist-Leninist vision of the state have been unpopular and unsuccessful. One reason (though by no means the only one) that Communist states have been police states is that the power of the police has been needed to coerce people into conforming to economic policies that are ruinous. The opposition was arrested, "economic saboteurs" were killed. Peasants joined collective farms or they were murdered. It was as simple as that. Workers did not strike; if they stopped work they risked arrest. Managers produced what they were told to produce, even when they knew perfectly well that what they were producing was obsolete, unwanted by the public, or useless without some



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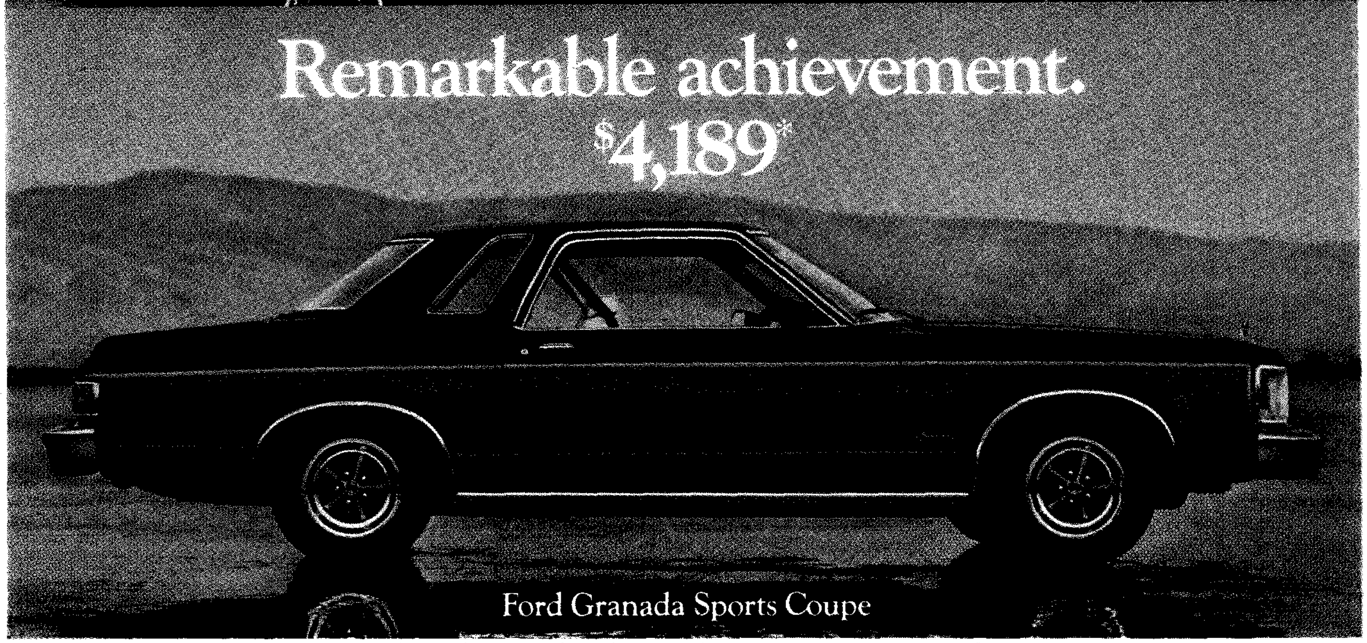

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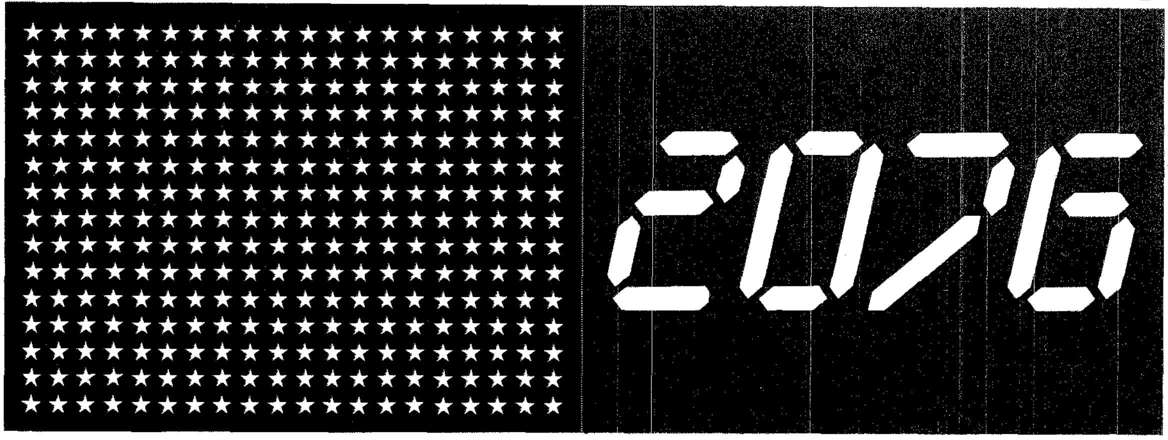

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other product that was not being produced. Thus, the Soviet Union delivered to its farms nearly three million tractors between 1966 and 1974, but only seven hundred thousand of them could be put in use, because of mechanical difficulties, and, besides, no one had thought to train enough drivers and mechanics.

Now the problem faced by any West European Communist Party that comes to power will be that it is not free to murder farmers or jail industrial workers and managers in order to make its economic and social programs work. It will have little choice but to try to find programs able to succeed on their own merits. This is something no Communist regime has ever had to do. Always before, with a monopoly of the coercive power of the state, the Communists were able to claim that success was delayed by political enemies, "wreckers," spies, or other external forces, and that in the meantime a temporary phase of vigilance, coercion, and national hardship was essential. This prospect is not only unprecedented; it could prove to be of the greatest historical significance. A West European version of Marxism, stripped of the power to compel submission to unworkable dogmas, would need truly and not merely theoretically to "revise" the modern ideological inheritance of Marxism. It would confront a supreme test: that of relevance and success in modern conditions, with coercion excluded.

OR such is the abstract prospect. Actually, four possible outcomes must be faced. The first is that the Communists—even without outside interference—will make a mess of things, demonstrating that they are no better and possibly worse than other parties at governing their countries, and consequently will be turned out of power in the next elections. The present ambivalence in the Italian Communist Party's conduct reveals just this fear. As the Italian Socialists angrily have noted, the Communists have for years tacitly collaborated with the Christian Democrats to keep them in power, because the Communists feared the consequences of taking over with only minority support and a less than complete mandate. The famous "historic compromise" calls for a coalition government of Communists and Christian Democrats—in which the Communists might evade responsibility for things that go wrong. The Communists in Italy understand that their good reputation today owes a great

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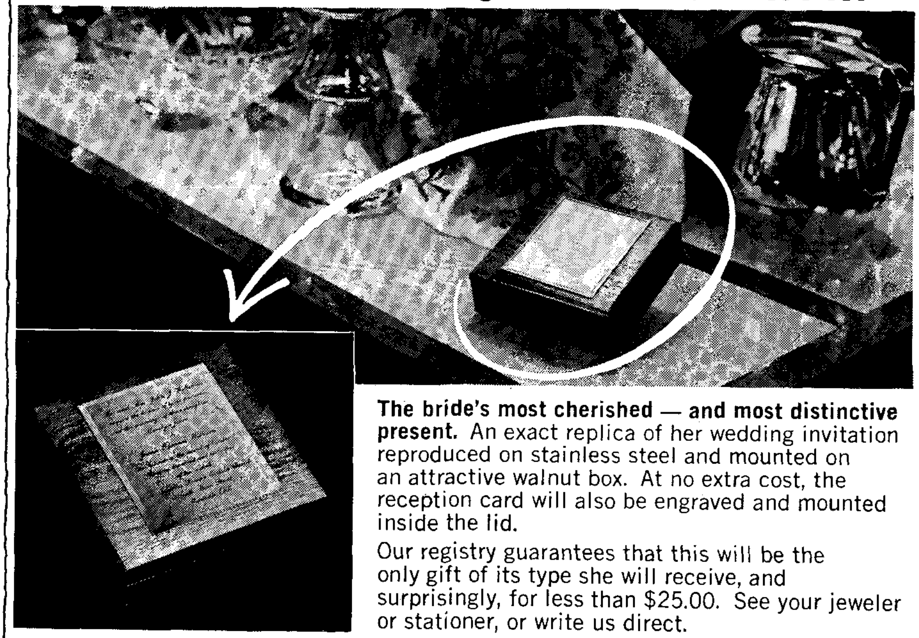

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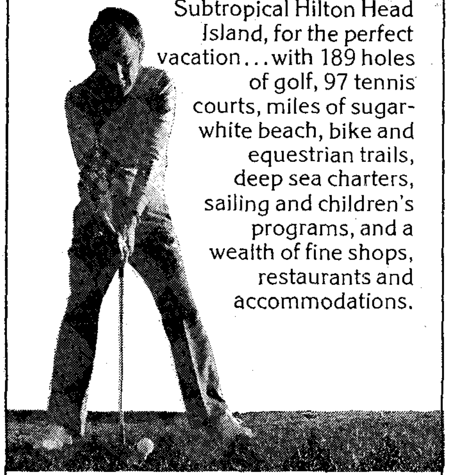

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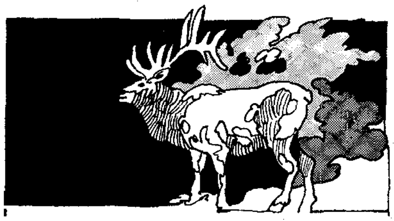

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deal to the fact that until now they have been spared the corruptions as well as the opportunities of power. There is, in fact, no particular reason to think that the Communists would be intrinsically any better at governing than their rivals, and there are serious reasons to expect them to be worse. What they bring to the current situation in Italy is the power to change things, to shock the national system—and their own need to prove themselves through success.

The second and third of the possible outcomes interact with one another and are very dangerous. One is that a Communist government's programs will fail but the Communists will then resist being voted out of power and try to accomplish some kind of coup to stay in control. The other is that the opposition, enjoying money and counsel from abroad, and to the accompaniment of economic and political pressures applied by Washington, will mount a campaign of illegal resistance to a Communist government, and will try—as with Allende's government in Chile—to keep the Communists from being able to apply their programs and govern, and thus provoke crisis, repression, and possible civil war or a coup d'état. These two possibilities are the nightmares, respectively, of the right and of the left; and, of course, there is nothing in the least improbable about either of them. What must be said is that the first is virtually certain to end in the Communists' failure, violent expulsion from power, and being discredited for years to come. This is because minorities do not hold power in defiance of majorities as long as the majority is serious about getting them out of power and the minority does not have a foreign army to call in. Italy, a member of NATO, a rich and vital democratic European community, distant from Russian armies, is an unlikely candidate for the fate of Hungary. The possibility of rightist disruption is also virtually certain to end in bloodshed, quite possibly in civil war, and conceivably in the imposition upon Italy of the sort of rightist or military dictatorship, like the one that existed in Greece, that some American officials seem to think the only suitable form of government for a non-Communist Mediterranean country. This, too, obviously would be a regime the Italians could overturn if they wished to, but things then would become more complicated, since in this case there presumably would be an external agent of change—the United States—extending a guarantee to that regime. Of course,

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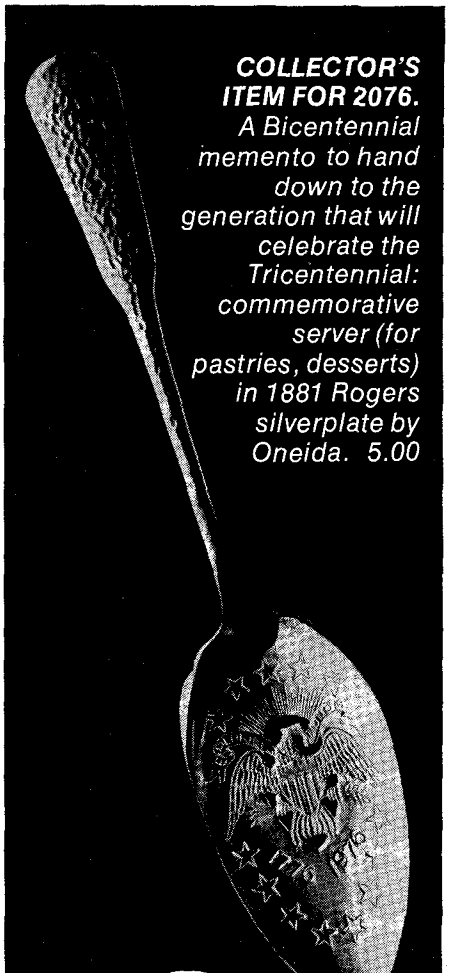

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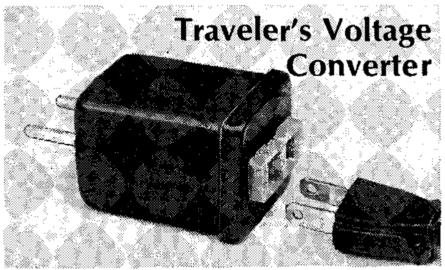

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such a prospect and the one immediately before it complement each other, and it is imaginable that they could develop simultaneously and symbiotically, each contributing to the other, each sustaining itself by reference to the mounting threat of the other, in the end creating for Italy a sustained crisis and loss of liberty to either one of the two varieties of dictatorship.

The fourth possibility is that the Communists will succeed in developing workable programs, and thus win continued popular support. In this case, a Communist Party entering government must convert a theoretical revisionism into a practical one. From saying that Communism is more democratic than bourgeois democracy and that people will be happier and better off, the Communists will have to proceed to making this so. In fact, what they will have to do is abandon doctrine and improvise some new adaptation of the mixed economy, some new dimension of social reform consistent with democratic liberties, some restructuring of the state that could plausibly be represented as "socialism with a human face." And if they are successful? What will that imply for Eastern Europe, and for Russia itself? Even a modestly successful democratic and revisionist Communism in Western Europe would pose a fundamental threat to the fortunes of the unsuccessful and repressive Russian-style Communist regimes of Eastern Europe. The East European system barely survived the shock of nationalist Communism's emergence in Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Albania. But, however deviant those three states have been, it cannot be said that they have been democratic. It was the Czechoslovaks and the Hungarians who tried democracy. A truly democratic Communism places in question the survival of the kind of government that now exists in Eastern Europe.

That this is not an exaggeration is attested by the vehemence of the Soviets' reaction to revisionism in Western Europe. They grasp perfectly well the challenge to them that is made when Georges Marchais says on television that "Socialism is synonymous with liberty" and adds that this notion is valid for all countries, or when he says that "the word 'dictatorship' . . . has an intolerable meaning which is contrary to our aspirations and our views," or when the Italian and French Communist Parties issue joint statements that conspicuously avoid all reference to the Soviet Communist Party, or when—as reliable reports

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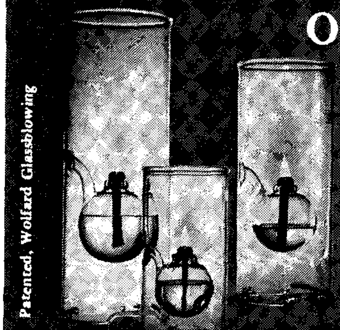

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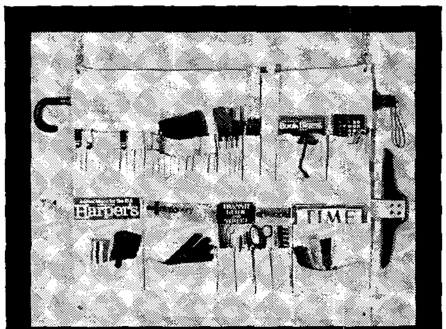

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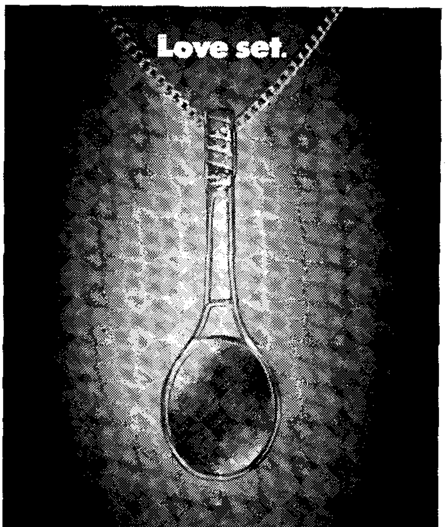
have it—the Spanish Communists insist that the case of Czechoslovakia be placed on the agenda of an all-European congress of Communist Parties, with Alexander Dubček invited to present his views. It is not merely the existing subordination of foreign Communist Parties to the Soviet government that is challenged. Much more important—and the Western Communists themselves may not fully grasp this—the challenge is to the legitimacy of the way in which the Soviet Communist Party and its subordinate East European Parties now govern their own countries.

Thus, the Soviet press calls all of this "bourgeois argumentation." It declares that the sole choice that can be made is between proletarian dictatorship and the dictatorship of big capital. *Pravda* insists that "proletarian internationalism, solidarity, and mutual support" are the foundation of all relations among Communist Parties, and states the political principle that a democratic majority is "not an arithmetical but a political concept . . . which obtains not only as a result of the creation of representative, elective bodies of power but also in the course of direct revolutionary actions by the masses of the people and their independent political activity going beyond the routine framework of the established 'peaceful' life consistent with the bourgeois order." Orthodox Communism, Leninist Communism—that is to say, repressive Communism—displays its fear of the revisionists.

COMMUNISM has bulked so huge in the political imagination and experience of our century that we can hardly see it in any kind of perspective. Marx has been crucial to twentieth-century politics, and his intellectual influence will certainly last. He made it impossible ever again to interpret man's political behavior without considering economics and the social consequences of the economic order. But Communism is not Marx. This movement, which began with the success over its rivals of the Bolshevik faction of the Social Democrats, which under Lenin's leadership fought the great civil war to rule Russia and reject foreign intervention, and which then seized and exploited the confidence and hope of a political generation—surely this has been one of the crucial phenomena of contemporary history. But the men who lead this movement and the people who have given themselves to it in Russia and elsewhere are not, as they claim to be, the penultimate stage in



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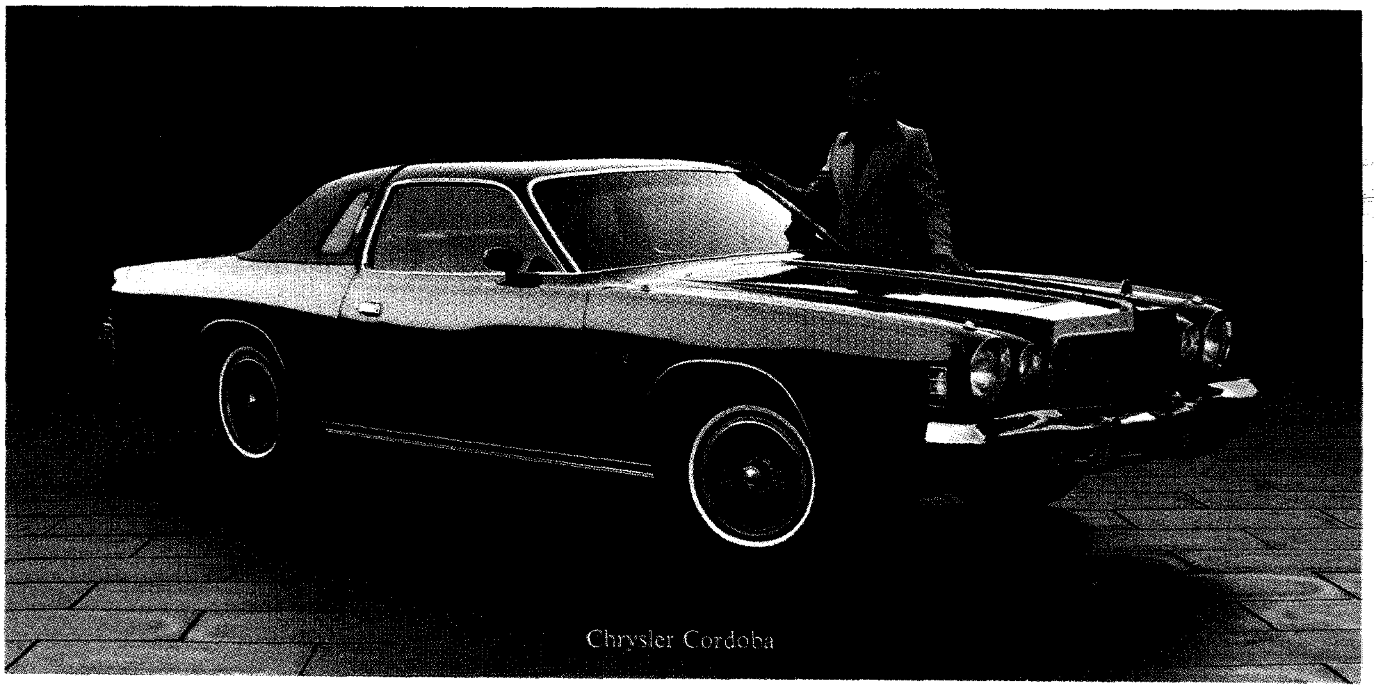

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For more details on Royal Krona crystal, write to [illegible] [illegible] Avenue, Suite 209, New York, New York 10016 (212) 686-3935 the evolution of man's society. Communism, too, will come to an end. For it has not been a success in doing what it purports to do for the people it dominates. It has exacted much suffering, denied the liberties of the people it controls, and given little in return. Why should it expect today to prevail over a revisionism—a heresy within—that acknowledges the force of reality and the practical experience of modern popular government and the management of industrial economies? It was the moral vision of Communism—its vision of an exploited class demanding justice, and even vengeance—that gave the movement force during the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties. The moral force now adheres to those who would discard repression and obscurantism, and would deal with men in terms of free politics and open debate.

Established Communism today is the doctrine of senescent oligarchies and policemen with blood on their hands. There is a spectre haunting Russia and Eastern Europe: it is the spectre of Communism's own obsolescence. The revisionist Communists of Western Europe are themselves compromised by the past, and it is not at all clear that they have anything fundamentally new to say to the contemporary world. Their true role, as Moscow intuitively grasps, is as disintegrators of that orthodox Communism which came to power with the capture of the Winter Palace in 1917.

It is significant that the West European revisionists have not only Moscow to struggle against but an alarmed United States government as well. Objectively—as Lenin himself might have said—the United States allies itself with the oligarchs of the Soviet Communist Party. We prefer European Communism to remain within the control of those reliable men we know in Moscow. Ostensibly, we fear that the revisionist movements are a new danger to democracy; our inner fear is that they threaten a status quo in which we have invested as much as the Soviet leaders. For the old men of Washington, like the old men of Moscow, the past must be perpetuated, and all change feared. —WILLIAM PFAFF

•

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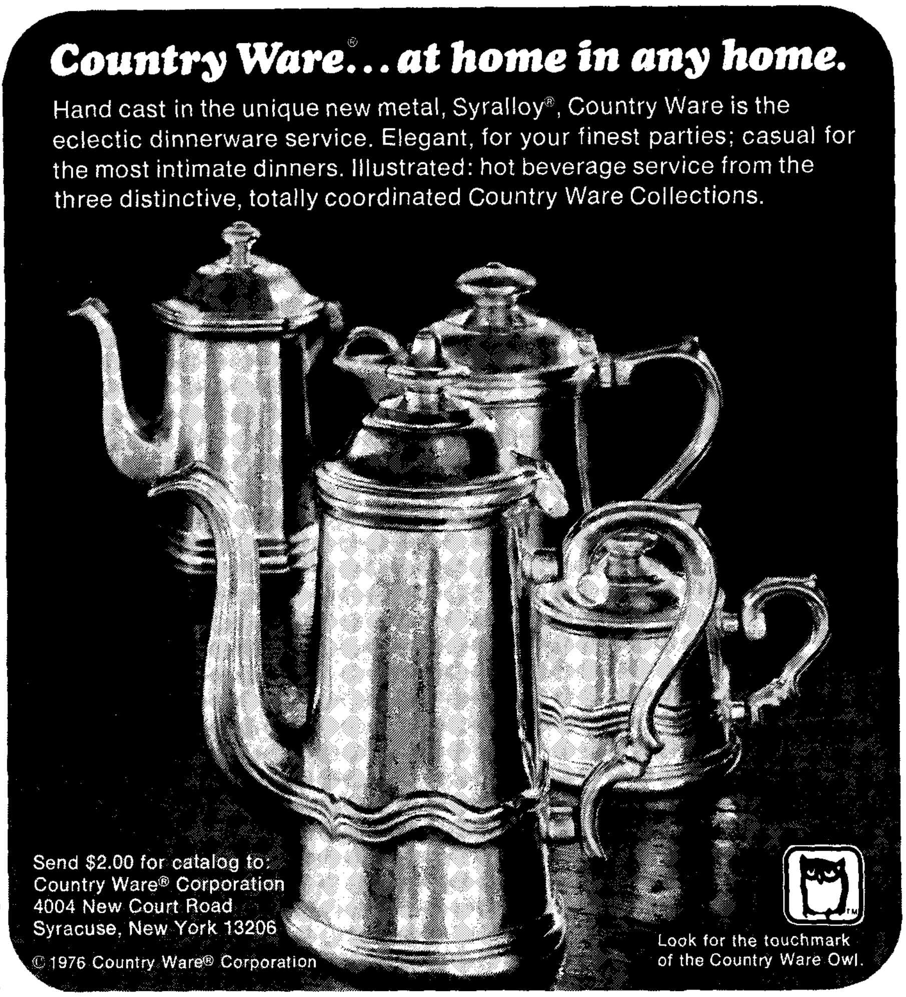
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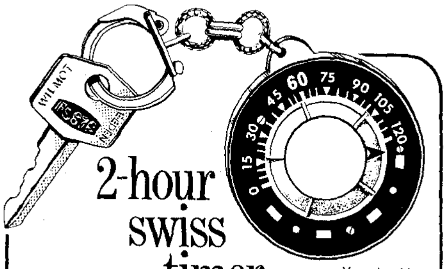

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BOOKS

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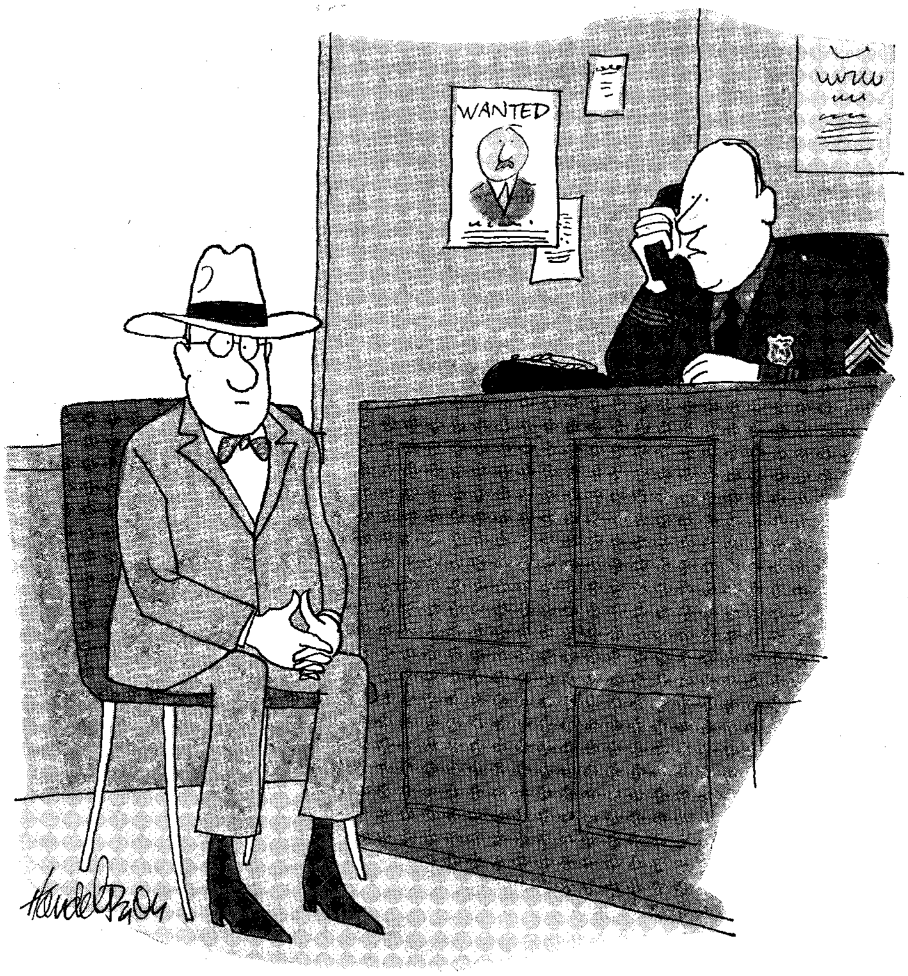
HOMER loved lists: of ships, of major and minor heroes, of gold or bronze artifacts. So have many other tellers of tales. Think of the sonorous catalogues of place-names in Milton, of Balzac's inventories of furniture and professional appliances, of the great roll call of cheeses in Zola's portrayal of the Paris Halles.

Malcolm Bradbury is a master of enumeration. "The History Man" (Houghton Mifflin) is packed with ludicrous or gloomy taxonomies. The female lead, Barbara Kirk, is a Cordon Bleu cook, an expert in children's literature, and a promoter of Women for Peace, the Children's Crusade for Abortion, and No More Sex for Repression. The glass-and-concrete English academe in which her husband teaches burgeons with notices for all seasons. They include the Women's Lib Nude Encounter Group, the Gaysoc Elizabethan Evening: With Madrigals. They call upon the hurrier-by to Adopt an Elderly Person or to Start the Armed Struggle Now/Lunchtime Meeting. Each year, campus fashions change in delicate modulation with the spirit of the day. Just at present the vogue runs to bits of military uniform, fur hats, forage caps and kepis, tank tops and denims, and coats that have lost their buttons. Dr. and Mrs. Kirk's kitchen is an alert tribute to the casual intensity of the hour. There are Caso Pupo goblets, French casseroles, fish dishes, and the dark-brown pot labelled "Sel." At the party that is the crux of the novel we find young guests in Afghan yak, combat wear, wet-look plastic. The fauna ranges from bearded Jesuses and long-haired androgynes to girls with pouting plum-colored mouths. When the Sociology Department at Watermouth University gathers in the cafeteria, the surrounding decorative detail is such as to convert the very food they eat into artifact: "Jackson Pollock hash, Mondrian fried eggs, Graham Sutherland chicken leg are followed by David Hockney ice cream and Norman Rockwell apple pie."

These lists define the brittle, hectic landscape of Bradbury's comedy, which is England in its current dishevelment. Open your door and the jetsam of a broken culture tides in. Here is the civic leader from the local Pakistani community, the young man in dark sunglasses who owns the town's sex shop, which is called Easy Come, or the women's-lib polemicist from London, in an Afro fright wig. The radical Catholic priest has brought his Ouspenskyite mistress to the party. He is deep in interpersonal communication with the man with the Smile badge from the wine store. Later in the evening, they will be joined by the entire cast and stage staff of the nude touring production of "The Importance of Being Earnest," which is running in Watermouth this week. Howard and Barbara Kirk welcome them all. It is their business to conduct life on the broad and rushing front of involvement, of high-finish immediacy. Beyond their windows flash the neon covenants of a better tomorrow—the El Dorado (is it a night club or a vegetarian restaurant?), the Life Again Boutique.

The Kirks embody a characteristic but fairly complicated piece of English domestic history. Bradbury calls them "new people." Howard is a representative product of the opening of educational-social doors in the fifties. He is a North Country grammar-school boy who clawed his way to Leeds University by sheer grit and academic labor. Barbara has made it to higher education owing to a Socialist teacher of English who has pushed an inherently bright but timid girl out of the gray ruck of family expectations. Both graduate in the summer of 1960—Howard with a "first," the talismanic *summa* that leads to high, mandarin chances in the Establishment. A research grant in sociology, an early marriage, and a succession of bed-sitters or diminutive flats follow. But the winds of liberation are blowing. England is shifting into the swing of the sixties. Marx, Freud, the Beatles are loud in the land. The young look back in anger on the bleak suffocations of their roots and upward scramble: "Their saliva began to flow faster; everything started to get a new taste. The walls of limitation they had been living inside suddenly began to give way." Sexual experiment and mutual license are the most evident gestures of the new dispensation. But the revolution is general: in diet and clothes, in mobility and dreams.



"Partial amnesia, Doc. Doesn't know his name, but remembers the Alamo."

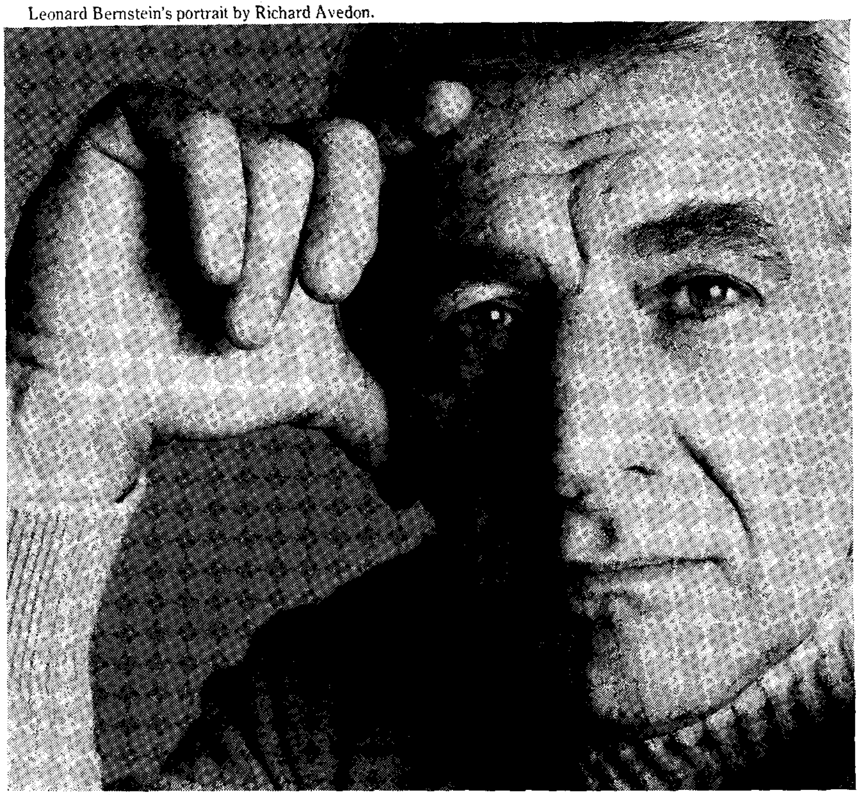
Howard's sociological study "The Coming of the New Sex" is a success. It is a work in consort with the times—a little weak, perhaps, on documentation, but robustly in tune with the energies and challenges of the permissive scene. (Bradbury's handling of the "adult-liberal" idiom of the London reviewing tribe is immaculate.) An offer is made by the new university at Watermouth. The move from Leeds to what looks like a hybrid of Brighton (the University of Sussex) and Bradbury's own University of East Anglia, in Norwich, is at first traumatic. But the Kirks soon rally. They acquire a ravaged terrace house in the derelict town center and turn it into a space of wide-weave curtains and Indian rugs. They find shops that sell real yogurt and home-baked bread. Their autumn party is the true start to the academic year.

This session, there is also a winter party, and the plot ravels between these two saturnalia:

> At the front door, Anita Dollfuss's small, brown, untrained terrier has bitten the ankle of a new arrival: the arrival is Henry Beamish, who has come on foot, looking dishevelled, wearing a big bush hat, and having the manner of one fresh from a dangerous safari. He is taken upstairs for antisepsis, his hat still on and tipped over one eye. "Sit, Mao," says Anita Dollfuss to the dog. In the living-room, faces and voices throw violent sound around; it is the noise of man, growing. "Kant's version of the inextricable entanglements of perceptual phenomena," says someone. "I'm low because I'm high," says someone else. By the wall Barbara is talking to a small, dark girl standing by herself, in a white hat and a dark-blue trouser suit. "What kind of contraceptive do you use?" asks Barbara socially. "What about you, Mrs. Kirk?" says the girl, who has a mild Scots accent.

Every bright shard relates to the pattern. The Beamishes are the Kirks' best friends, and their marriage seems to be coming apart. The entanglements of perceptual phenomena will shortly assume a graphic relevance as one of Howard's students photographs his mentor's amorous turns with a view to possible blackmail. Barbara's cool interlocutor will, in what is perhaps the feeblest, because most diagrammatic, episode in the book, become Howard Kirk's doctrinal antagonist—she stands for the antique private values—and resigned lover.

The moves are familiar: marital abrasions in the groves of academe, departmental Machiavellianism with a dash of ideology, the carapaces of the old and the pimples of the young. There are moments in which Howard and Barbara almost come to question



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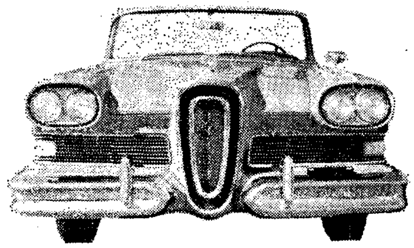

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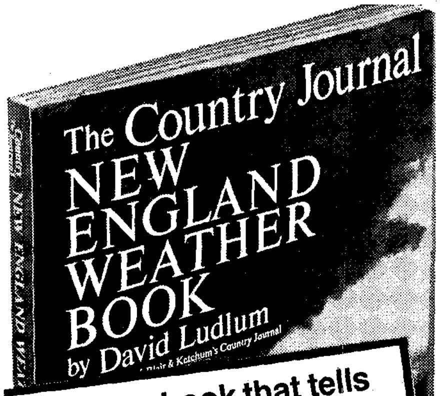

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their own dynamic vulnerability, the ecumenical welcome they have extended to the spirit and demon of the age. Windows have been broken and things said which are nearly irreparable. But brightness does not fall from the air. At the end-of-term jamboree, Mao bites the left-wing Anglican vicar.

It is not the plot that matters. Malcolm Bradbury has an acute sense of the autonomous spiralling of language in a society in which anything can be and very nearly everything must be said. The world of the Kirks is one of vehement confession. (There is irony in their name.) Language streams outward, from the bedroom, from the sociological questionnaire, from the lips of the guru. The game of being is the game of words: probing, corrosive, charged with generational tension and frankness as never before. "Historical inevitability," breathes Miss Callendar, the young instructor in the dark-blue trouser suit, as she yields to Dr. Kirk. And the reply comes pat: "Marx arranged it."

The result is an intense stylization. For all its acid and beautifully gauged actuality, "The History Man" is very much in the manner of Henry James. It has the same density of convention, the same alertness to the flick of intonation. Bradbury rivals the darting portent of phrase and gesture in "The Awkward Age" and "What Maisie Knew." It takes an ear as fine as was the Master's to place that little word "socially" after Barbara's query in the passage I cited, and how James would have approved the absence of a comma (knowing that pace is more than half the battle). All in all, this is one of the funniest, most intelligent novels to come out of England in a long time.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Bernardini Terrace, by Suzanne Prou, translated from the French by Adrienne Foulke (Harper & Row). Two women—one a former butcher's daughter who has married into the richest and "best" family of her small provincial town; the other the lifelong mistress of the first one's feckless husband—are now spending their declining years together in the same house. Long ago, in the worst days of the First World War when everyone in the household was dangerously ill with the flu and no servant would come in to help, the second woman offered her services to the first, was

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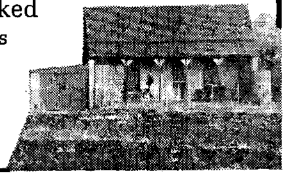

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accepted, and has remained ever since. Her relationship with her rival, even though they are now old women, is still bitter, complex, and markedly sexual. As in Mme. Prou's last (and rather better) book, "The Paperhanger," dark currents of hatred and unspoken resentment form the real foreground of the story, and ordinary events—the two old ladies' everyday doings, their tea-times with some old cronies—serve merely as background. Mme. Prou is never dull, and the charged atmosphere of decaying provincial life is as fascinating as a drop of pond water viewed through the lens of a microscope. Nonetheless, there are a few too many half shadows throughout (even the feckless husband), and admirers of the author will probably be somewhat disappointed. The translation is excellent.

GENERAL

FBI, by Sanford J. Ungar (Atlantic-Little, Brown). During the lifetime of J. Edgar Hoover, when the F.B.I. was good it was very, very good, and when it was bad it was horrid. Hoover infused his agency with a sense of superiority that—considering its position of financial incorruptibility among American police forces—had some justification. In dealing with Hoover's obsession with Communism, the author, who is the Washington editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, prints a couple of long, explicit, fascinating letters from one of Hoover's assistants, William C. Sullivan, who was forced out of the F.B.I. for taking issue with his boss on this matter. But Mr. Ungar does not make the mistake of thinking that because Hoover grossly exaggerated one problem the F.B.I. has no real work. Organized crime—Hoover came late to this field—is real, and there really are Russian spies in this country. The F.B.I. has always performed well in such crimes as kidnapping, violent robbery, and car theft; Mr. Ungar thinks it needs to improve its performance in interstate white-collar crime. But perhaps the greatest problem the Bureau faces—one way or another, it comes up repeatedly in the book—is redefining its relation to the public. Hoover felt that anything less than panegyric was criticism, and that criticism was tantamount to Communism. Thus, when the F.B.I. coöperated with a writer, the result was puffery; critical works, on the other hand, were apt to be unin-

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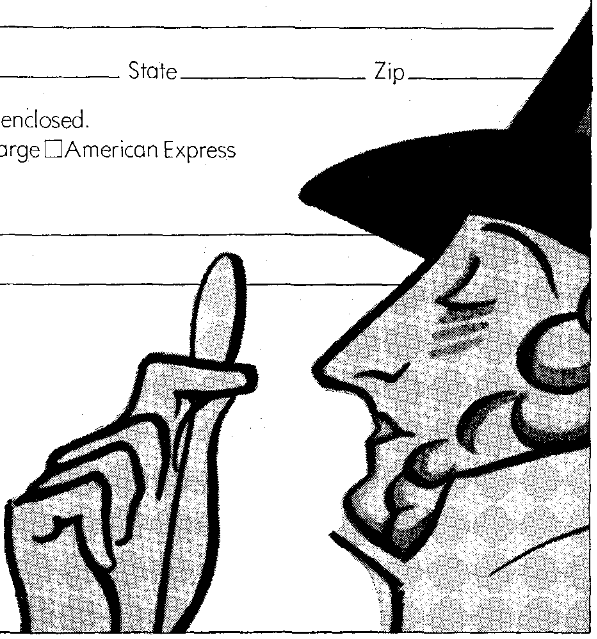

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formed. Mr. Ungar's book breaks with this tradition. The present Director, Clarence Kelley, let him talk to the staff and draw his own conclusions, and the result is a substantial work—intelligent, informative, fair-minded.

OUR TWO LIVES, by Halina Rodzinski (Scribners). The author, the widow of the noted conductor Artur Rodzinski (1892-1958), recalls her marriage to that high-strung artist, and we learn of the appalling nervousness, the state of perpetual terror and dissatisfaction in which performing stars live. Toscanini, a family friend, confided to her that he had "never had one *moment of complete satisfaction*" in all his artistic career, and Rodzinski felt much the same. (But they, of course, had moments of exaltation to match their tantrums and depressions.) Mme. Rodzinski makes both men, and a number of other sacred monsters, comic, horrid, childish, and understandable, but one is left in no doubt that marriage to Rodzinski was servitude; the author is frank about what her devotion to this temperamental type entailed. The nastiest truths deal with the business side of musical life in the United States in Rodzinski's day, when the noble enterprise of music-making was utterly at the mercy of managements. The book is very well written, and offers some comic relief as well.

BLACK HOLES, QUASARS, AND THE UNIVERSE, by Harry L. Shipman (Houghton Mifflin). Professor Shipman, of the University of Delaware, a young—he is twenty-eight—astrophysicist, has written an excellent account of the present status of astrophysical cosmology. He has the dual advantage—rare in a popular-science writer—of being able to write well and of knowing what he is writing about. The former may have its explanation in the fact that he is a descendant of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and the latter in the fact that he is working actively in the field he is describing. The material he presents is part of his daily experience, and this is invaluable when one is writing about subjects like black holes and open and closed universes, which can lend themselves to all sorts of extravagant nonsense. There is no nonsense in this book, and Mr. Shipman gives concise accounts of what is known and how it is known. For a curious reader who has wondered what a black hole is—a region a few kilometres across with a gravitational field so strong that it permanently traps any light falling into it—this book is an excellent place to find out. Short of reading the technical literature, there does not appear to be a better one.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Ripoff, by Arthur Maling (Harper & Row). Brockton Potter, a researcher for a Wall Street brokerage house, is drawn, pretty much against his inclination, into investigating some rarefied chicanery involving twenty-three million dollars' worth of bonds in the hands of a mammoth insurance company. Then the insurance company's treasurer is found murdered, and Potter discovers that there is a contract out on him. This is a business suspense story—a rather promising genre for a writer who knows the financial ropes, as Mr. Maling obviously does. The odd part is that the description of the fiscal shenanigans is more absorbing and convincing, and even more exciting, than the adventitious violence and shootings, which Mr. Maling probably considered obligatory.

Possession, by L. P. Davies (Doubleday). Morgan Astey, newly arrived in St. Martin, a small English market town, to wind up the affairs of a younger brother killed in a motorbike accident, finds the town agog over an outbreak of a peculiar kind of cemetery vandalism, which has overtones of voodoo and satanic ritual; the most recent grave desecrated is his brother's. If it weren't for such things as the denim jeans on the girls, the Cortina that Morgan drives, and the casualness about pound notes, one could imagine oneself back in the twenties or thirties, and it is a rather pleasant sensation.

•

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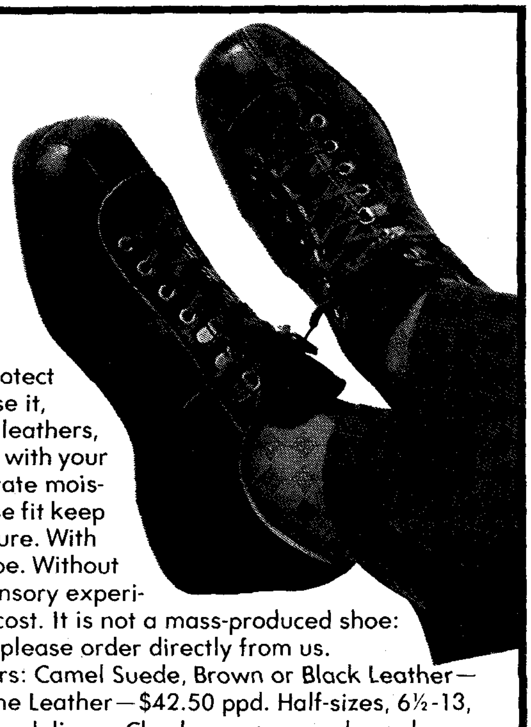

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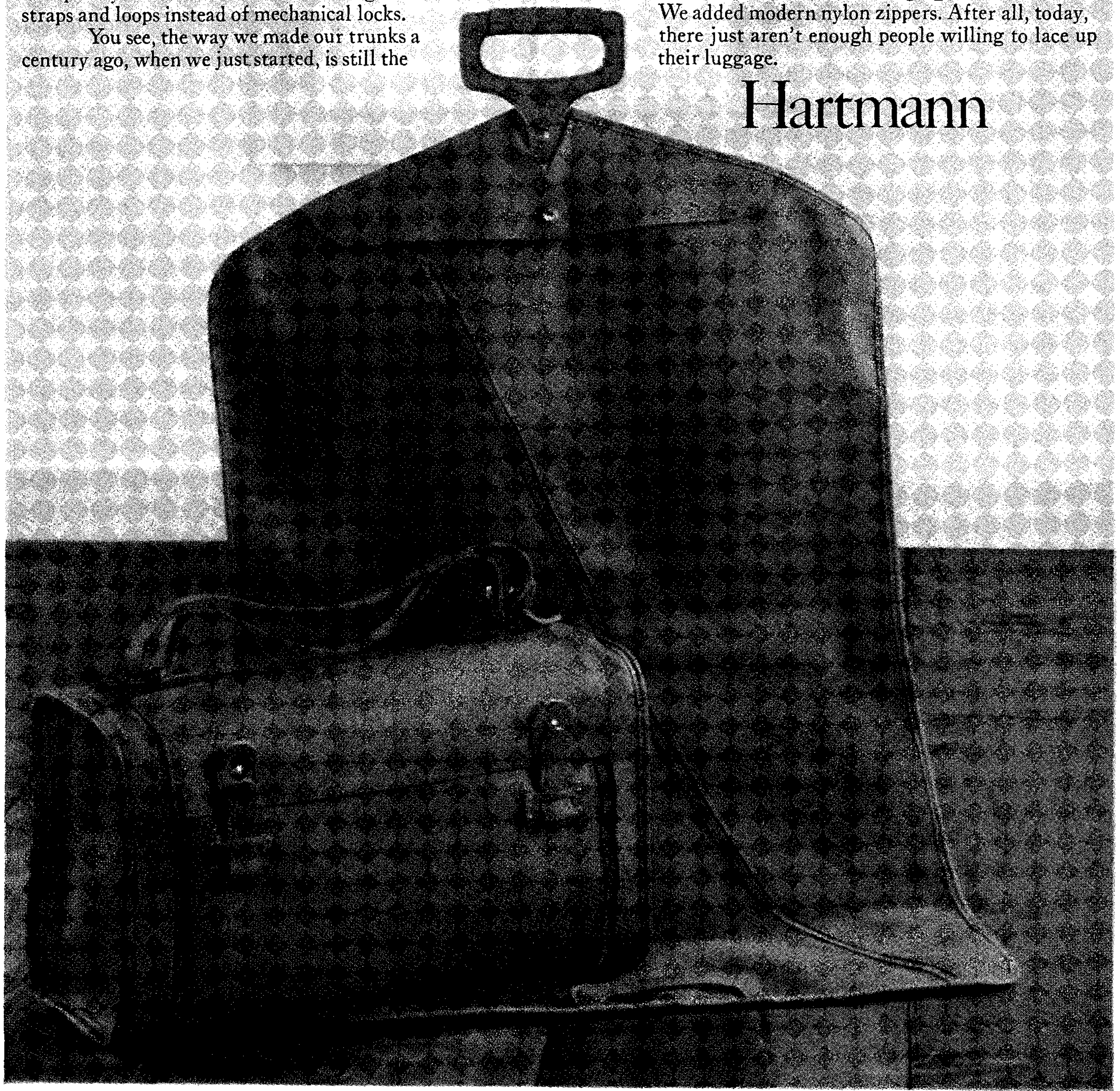

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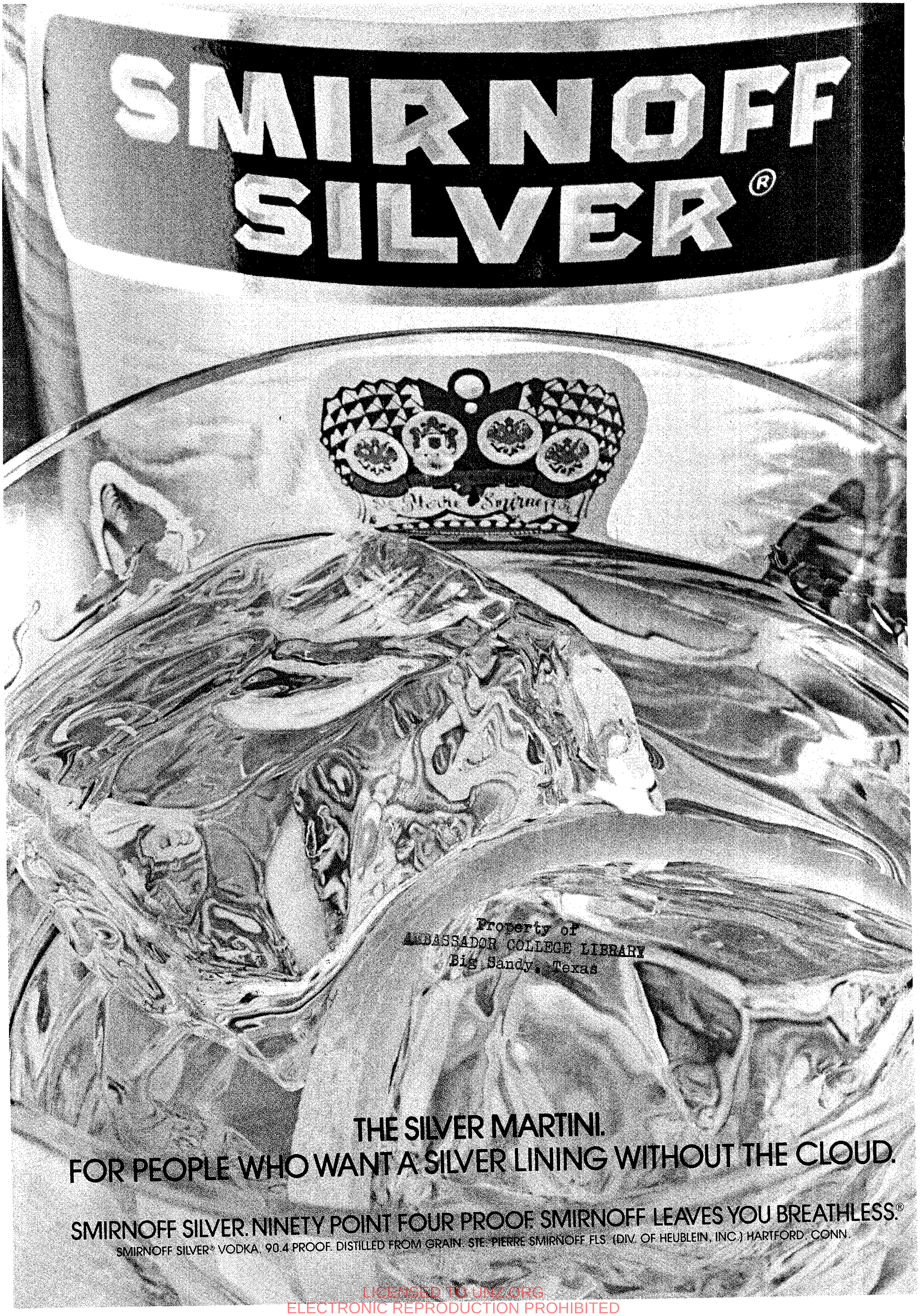

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